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WHY WOMEN DO NOT WISH THE SUFFRAGE.

IN 1895 the women of Massachusetts were asked by the state whether they wished the suffrage. Of the 575,000 voting women in the state, only 22,204 cared for it enough to deposit in a ballot box an affirmative answer to this question. That is, in round numbers, less than four per cent wished to vote; about ninety-six per cent were opposed to woman suffrage or indifferent to it. That this expresses fairly well the average sentiment throughout the country can hardly be questioned. There may be some Western states in which the proportion of women who, for one reason or another, desire the suffrage is somewhat larger; on the other hand, there are Southern states in which it is even less. Certainly few men or women will doubt that at the present time an overwhelming majority of women are either reluctant to accept the ballot or indifferent to it. Why this indifference, this reluctance? This is the question which in this article I seek to answer. Briefly, I believe it is because woman feels, if she does not clearly see, that the question of woman suffrage is more than merely political; that it concerns the nature and structure of society,—the home, the church, the industrial organism, the state, the social fabric. And to a change which involves a revolution in all of these she interposes an inflexible though generally a silent opposition. It is for these silent women—whose voices are not heard in conventions, who write no leaders, deliver no lectures, and

visit no legislative assemblies—that I speak; it is their unspoken thought and feeling I wish to interpret.

Open an acorn: in it we find the oak in all its parts,—root, trunk, branches. Look into the home: in it we shall find the state, the church, the army, the industrial organization. As the oak is germinant in the acorn, so society is germinant in the family. Historically, the family is the first organization; biologically it is the origin of all other organizations. Abraham builds an altar, and his wife and children and servants gather about it for the evening sacrifice: the family is the first church. The herds and flocks are driven daily to their feeding grounds by his sons and servants: the family is the first labor organization. He counsels, guides, directs, controls the children and servants; the power of life and death is in his hands: the family is the first government. The brother is carried off in a raid by robber bands. Abraham arms and organizes his servants, pursues the robber bands, conquers and disperses them, and recovers the captive: the family is the first army. Moreover, it is out of the family that society grows. As the cell duplicates itself, and by reduplication the living organism grows, so the family duplicates itself, and by the reduplication of the family the social organism grows. The children of the family come to manhood, and marry the children of other families. Blood unites them; the necessities of warfare, offen-

sive and defensive, unite them; and so the tribe comes into existence. For the united action of this tribe some rule, some authority is necessary; thus tribal, state, national government comes into existence. These families find it for their mutual advantage to engage in separate industries, and exchange the product of their labor: thus barter and trade and the whole industrial organization come into existence. These families thus united by marriage into one tribe, cemented by war in one army, bound together by the necessity of united action in one government, coöperating in one varied industry, find in themselves a common faith and common aspirations, in a word, a common religion, and so the church comes into existence.

Such, very briefly stated, is the development of society as we read it in the complicated history of the past. Historically the family is the first social organization. Organically it contains within itself all the elements of all future organization. Biologically, all future organization has grown out of it, by a process of duplication and interrelationship. In the family, therefore, we find all the elements of a later and more complicated social organization; in the family we may discover written legibly the laws which should determine the structure of society and should regulate its action; the family, rightly understood, will answer our often perplexing questions concerning social organization — whether it is military, political, industrial, or religious.

The first and most patent fact in the family is the difference in the sexes. Out of this difference the family is created; in this difference the family finds its sweet and sacred bond. This difference is not merely physical and incidental. It is also psychical and essential. It inheres in the temperament; it is inbred in the very fibre of the soul; it differentiates the functions; it determines the relation between man and woman;

it fixes their mutual service and their mutual obligations. Man is not woman in a different case. Woman is not man inhabiting temporarily a different kind of body. Man is not a rough-and-tumble woman. Woman is not a feeble and pliable man.

This difference in the sexes is the first and fundamental fact in the family; it is therefore the first and fundamental fact in society, which is but a large family, growing out of and produced by the duplication and interrelationship of innumerable families. For it must ever be remembered that as the nature of the cell determines the nature of the organism which grows out of the cell, so the nature of the family determines the nature of society which grows out of the family. And the fundamental fact, without which there could be no family, is the temperamental, inherent, and therefore functional difference between the sexes.

Because their functions are different, all talk of equality or non-equality is but idle words, without a meaning. Only things which have the same nature and fulfill the same function can be said to be superior to or equal with one another. Things which do not fulfill the same function are not thus comparable. For of two functions, each of which is essential to the life of the organism, neither can be said to be superior to the other. One branch may be equal or superior to another branch; but it cannot be said that the root is superior to the branch or the branch to the root. One eye may be superior to another eye, but the eye cannot be said to be superior to the ear, or the ear to the eye. Which is superior, a soldier or a carpenter? It depends upon whether we want a battle fought or a house built. Which is superior, Darwin's Origin of Species or Brownin's Saul? This is like asking which is larger, — half an hour or half a yard. Gallantry will bow to woman and say, "You are superior." Egotism will look

with lordly air on woman and say, "You are inferior." But neither gallantry nor egotism will be rational. These twain are not identical. They do not duplicate each other. Man is not an inferior woman. Woman is not an inferior man. They are different in nature, in temperament, in function. We cannot destroy this difference if we would; we would not if we could. In preserving it lies the joy of the family; the peace, prosperity, and well-being of society. If man attempts woman's function, he will prove himself but an inferior woman. If woman attempts man's function, she will prove herself but an inferior man. Some masculine women there are; some feminine men there are. These are the monstrosities of Nature. She sometimes produces such monstrosities in other departments, — grotesque variations from and violations of the natural order, — not that we may follow them and attempt to reproduce them, but that we may see by contrast what Nature really is and rejoice the more in her. This distinction between the sexes — inherent, temperamental, functional — is universal and perpetual. It underlies the family, which could not exist if this difference did not exist. It is to be taken account of in all social problems, — problems of industrial organization, religious organization, political organization. Should society ever forget it, it would forget the most fundamental fact in the social order, the fact on which is built the whole superstructure of society.

It may not be altogether easy to determine the exact difference in function between the sexes; in minor details those functions may differ in differing civilizations. But speaking broadly, it may be said that the work of battle in all its forms, and all the work that is cognate thereto, belongs to man. Physically and psychically his is the sterner and the stronger sex. His muscles are more steel-like; his heart and his flesh are alike harder; he can give knocks with-

out compunction and receive them without shrinking. In the family, therefore, his it is to go forth and fight the battle with Nature; to compel the reluctant ground to give her riches to his use. It is not for woman to hold the plough, or handle the hoe, or dig in the mine, or fell the forest. The war with Nature is not for her to wage. It is true that savage tribes impose this unfeminine task upon her; true that modern nations which have not yet fully emerged from barbarism continue to do so; true, also, that in the cruel industrial competitions of modern times there is, in some communities, a relapse into this barbarism. But whether it is the Indian squaw digging in the corn patch, or the German *Frau* holding the plough, or the American wife working the loom in her husband's place, — wherever man puts the toil that is battle and the battle that is toil upon the woman, the law of Nature, that is, the law of God, written in her constitution and in the constitution of the family, is set at naught. This is not to say that her toil is less than man's; but it is different. It may be easier to be the man with the hoe than the woman with the needle; it may be easier to handle the plough than to broil over the cook stove; but these tasks are not the same. The ceaseless toil of the field requires exhaustless energy; the continuous toil of the household requires exhaustless patience. Being a man, the exhaustless patience seems to me at once more difficult and more admirable than the exhaustless energy. But they are not the same.

For like reason it is not woman's function to fight against human foes who threaten the home. She is not called to be a soldier. She is not to be welcomed with the volunteers nor coerced into military service by the draft. It is in vain to recite the story of Joan of Arc; it is in vain to narrate the efforts of the Amazons. The instinct of humanity revolts against the employment of woman as a soldier on the battlefield. No civilized

man would wish to lay this duty upon her; no civilized woman would wish to assume it. This is not to say that her courage is not as great as his. Greater is it in some sense, — but it is different. For the Spartan mother to arm her son and send him forth with the injunction to come home bringing his shield or borne upon it, and then wait during the long and weary days to know which way he is to come, — this requires, surely, a heroism not less than his: but it is not the same heroism; higher in some sense it is — but it is not the same. In his courage are pride and combativeness and animal passion, sometimes well-nigh devilish passion; a strange joy in giving and receiving wounds, a music that grows inspiring in the singing of the bullets, an almost brutal indifference to the wounded and the dying all about him, which she could never get and remain woman. True to her woman's nature is Lady Macbeth's prayer, —

“Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, *unsex* me here.”

For until she had been unsexed, until she had ceased to be woman, she could not play the part which her destiny and her ambition assigned to her.

For like reason society exempts woman from police functions. She is not called to be sheriff or constable or night watchman. She bears no truncheon and wears no revolver. She answers not to the summons when peace officers call for the *posse comitatus*. She is not received into the National Guard when bloody riot fills the city with peril and alarms. Why not? Is she not the equal of man? Is she not as loyal? as law abiding? as patriotic? as brave? Surely. All of these is she. But it is not her function to protect the state when foreign foes attack it; it is the function of the state to protect her. It is not her function to protect the persons and property of the community against riot; it is man's function to protect her. Here at least the functional difference between the sexes is too plain

to be denied, doubted, or ignored. Here at least no man or woman from the claim of equality of character jumps to the illogical conclusion that there is an identity of function.

This much then seems clear to me, and I hope it is clear to the reader also: —

First, that the family is the basis of society, from which it grows.

Second, that the basis of the family, and therefore of society, is the difference between the sexes, — a difference which is inherent, temperamental, functional.

Third, that the military function, in all its forms and phases, belongs to man; that he has no right to thrust it upon woman or to ask her to share it with him; that it is his duty, and his exclusively, to do that battling with the elements which wrests livelihood from a reluctant or resisting Nature, and which is therefore the pre-requisite to all productive industry; and that battling with the enemies of society which compels them to respect its rights, and which is therefore the primary condition of government.

For the object of government is the protection of person, property, and reputation from the foes which assail them. Government may do other things: it may carry the mails, run the express, own and operate the railroads; but its fundamental function is to furnish protection from open violence or secret fraud. If it adequately protects person, property, and reputation, it is a just government, though it do nothing else; if it fails to protect these primary rights, if the person is left to defend himself, his property, his reputation by his own strong arm, there is no government. The question, “Shall woman vote?” is really, in the last analysis, the question, “Ought woman to assume the responsibility for protecting person and property which has in the past been assumed by man as his duty alone?” It is because women see, what some so-called reformers have not seen, that the first and fundamental

function of government is the protection of person and property, and because women do not think that they ought to assume this duty any more than they ought to assume that police and militia service which is involved in every act of legislature, that they do not wish to have the ballot thrust upon them.

Let us not here make any mistake. Nothing is law which has not *authority* behind it; and there is no real authority where there is not *power* to compel obedience. It is this power to compel which distinguishes law from advice. Behind every law stands the sheriff, and behind the sheriff the militia, and behind the militia the whole military power of the Federal government. No legislature ever ought to enact a statute unless it is ready to pledge all the power of government — local, state, and Federal — to its enforcement, if the statute is disregarded. A ballot is not a mere expression of opinion; it is an act of the will; and behind this act of the will must be power to compel obedience. Women do not wish authority to compel the obedience of their husbands, sons, and brothers to their will.

This fact that the ballot is explicitly an act of the will, and implicitly an expression of power or force, is indicated not only by the general function of government, but also by special illustrations. Politics is pacific war. A corrupt ring gets the control of New York city, or Minneapolis, or St. Louis, or Philadelphia, or perhaps of a state, as Delaware, Rhode Island, or Montana. The first duty of the citizens is to make war on this corrupt ring. The ballot is not merely an expression of opinion that this ring ought not to control; it is the resolve that it shall not control. A capitalistic trust gets, or tries to get, a monopoly which is perilous to commercial freedom; or a labor trust gets, or tries to get, a monopoly which is perilous to industrial freedom. A vote is not a protest against such control, — it is not a

mere opinion that it ought not to be allowed. It is a decree. The voter says, "We will not suffer this monopoly to continue." His vote means, in the one case, If you do not dissolve this capitalistic combination, in the other case, If you do not cease this interference with the freedom of non-union labor, we will compel you to do so. If the vote does not mean this, it is nothing more than a resolution passed in a parlor meeting. The great elections are called, and not improperly called, campaigns. For they are more than a great debate. A debate is a clash of opinions. But an election is a clash of wills. One party says, "We will have Mr. Blaine President;" the other says, "We will have Mr. Cleveland President." Will sets itself against will in what is essentially a masculine encounter. And if the defeated will refuses to accept the decision, as it did when Mr. Lincoln was elected President, war is the necessary result.

From such an encounter of wills woman instinctively shrinks. She shrinks from it exactly as she shrinks from the encounter of opposing wills on a battlefield, and for the same reason. She is glad to counsel; she is loath to command. She does not wish to arm herself, and, as police or soldier, enforce her will on the community. Nor does she wish to register her will, and leave her son, her brother, or her husband to enforce it. If she can persuade them by womanly influence she will; but just in the measure in which she is womanly, she is unwilling to say to her son, to her brother, or to her husband, "I have decreed this; you must see that my decree is enforced on the reluctant or the resisting." She does not wish that he should act on her judgment against his own in obedience to her will; still less that he shall, in obedience to her will, compel others to act in violation both of their judgment and of his. And yet this is just what suffrage always may and sometimes must involve. The question, Shall woman

vote, if translated into actual and practical form, reads thus : Shall woman decide what are the rights of the citizen to be protected and what are the duties of the citizen to be enforced, and then are her son and her brother and her husband to go forth, armed, if need be, to enforce her decision ? Is this where the functional line between the sexes is to be drawn ? Are women to make the laws, and men to enforce them ? Are women to decree, and men to execute ? Is woman never to act as a private, but only as a commander-in-chief ? Is this right ? Is it right that one sex shall alone enforce authority, but the other sex determine when and how it shall be exercised ? Is this expedient ? Will it promote peace, order, prosperity ? Is it practicable ? Will it in fact be done ? Suppose that in New York city the women should vote for prohibition and the men should vote against it ; is it to be expected that the men would arm themselves to enforce against their fellow men a law which they themselves condemned as neither wise nor just ? To ask these questions is to answer them. The functions of government cannot be thus divided. In a democratic community the duty of enforcing the law must devolve on those who determine what the law shall be that is to be enforced. It cannot be decreed by one class and enforced by another. It is inconceivable that it should be decreed by one sex and enforced by the other.

This is the negative reason why woman does not wish the ballot : she does not wish to engage in that conflict of wills which is the essence of politics ; she does not wish to assume the responsibility for protecting person and property which is the essence of government. The affirmative reason is that she has other, and in some sense, more important work to do. It is more important than the work of government because it is the work for the protection of which governments are organized among men. Woman does not

wish to turn aside from this higher work, which is itself the end of life, to devote herself to government, which exists only that this higher work may be done. Nor does she wish to divide her energies between the two. This higher work, which is itself the end of life, is Direct Ministry to Life.

What are we in the world for ? The family answers the question. We marry. Children are given to us to protect, govern, nurture, train. They grow to manhood, and in turn they marry, and to them in turn children are given to protect, govern, nurture, train. The first parents linger a few years that, as grandparents, they may have the pleasure of the little children without the responsibility for them, and then they die. Their work on earth is done, and they go forward to we know not what work in a life to come. The end of life is the rearing and training of children. As the family is historically the first organization, as it is biologically the unit out of which all other social organisms are formed, so its protection and maintenance are the objects for which all other social organizations have been called into existence and are maintained. Struggle for others, as Professor Drummond has well shown, is an even more vital element in human progress than struggle for self ; and in the family this struggle for others receives its first and finest illustration. Political economists have told us that self-interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plough and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher. Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I

felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, 'Here is your chance, father, to get us bread.'" It is this vision of the children, dependent on us, that inspires us all in the battle of life. It is for our homes and our children we maintain our churches. They are not spiritual restaurants where we pay for our own food passed over the counter to us by an attendant priest; they are the instrument, which some of us think God has created, others of us think man has devised, to help us endow our children and equip our homes for life. It is for our homes and our children we tax ourselves to maintain the public school; for our homes and our children we maintain government, that our loved ones may live in peace and safety, protected by law, while we, their natural protectors, are away earning the bread wherewith to feed them; for our homes and our children we fight when peace and safety are endangered, and government is assailed by foreign foe or domestic violence. Whether we cultivate a farm, or operate a factory, or manage a store, or build and conduct a railroad, or paint pictures, or write books, or preach sermons, or enact and enforce laws, — whatever we do, the end of our activity is the nurture and training of children in this primary school, which we call life, in preparation for some life, we know not what, hereafter.

In this work of direct ministry to the individual, this work of character-building, which is the ultimate end of life, woman takes the first place. The higher the civilization the more clearly is her right to it recognized. She builds the home, and she keeps the home. She makes the home sanitary; she inspires it with the spirit of order, neatness, and peace; she broods it with her patient love, and teaches us to love by her loving. Her eye discerns beauty, her deft fingers create it, and to her the home is indebted for its artistic power to educate. If she has not the artistic sense, no pur-

chased beauty, bought of a professional decorator, can supply the vacancy. She instills into the little child the love of truth and purity, the subtle sense of honor, the strong spirit of courage and high purpose. If her home duties do not absorb her time and energy, she seeks the field of charity or education, or accepts the invitation which these fields offer to her. She becomes a director in or a visitor to some of the innumerable charities in which life is ministered to the unfortunate, the feeble, the incompetent. If we accept Micah's definition of religion, To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God, then we may say that, with rare exceptions, woman chooses to leave to man the sterner task of administering justice, and delights herself in the ministration of mercy. She does so because in these unpaid ministries of mercy, sometimes in institutions, sometimes in private and unorganized service, is the direct impartation of life which is her highest joy. If she has no home in which she can and does minister, she instinctively seeks the schoolroom as her field, and there, substituting for the mother, imparts life, and endows with intelligence, and equips with culture the children intrusted to her charge. If necessity drives her or ambition entices her to other fields, her womanly instinct still asserts itself. If she enters the law, it is generally to be a counselor rather than a combatant; if literature, her pen instinctively seeks the vital rather than the materialistic themes. She is a minister to life. And when mistakenly ambitious women would persuade her to leave this ministry for the woodman's axe, the farmer's plough, or the policeman's truncheon, she does not even entertain the proposition enough to discuss it. When she looks out of the window of her home or her school and sees the platoon of policemen on a run to quell a riot, or a fire engine dashing by to extinguish a fire, she has no wish to join them; the boy's eager request,

"May I go, mamma? May I go?" awakens no like desire in her. For in her subconscious self is the knowledge that she is doing the work which makes it worth while to quell riots and extinguish fires. She is more than content that her sons, her brothers, her husband shall protect the life to which she ministers, and shall determine how it can best be protected, if she is left to minister to it directly, in peace and safety.

And she is right. If she were to go into politics, she would leave undone the work for which alone government exists, or she would distract her energies from that work, which she knows full well requires them all. Can she not do both? No! no more than man can. He cannot be at the same time in the market winning the bread, in the forum shaping the public policies, and in the home ministering to life. Nor can she. She must choose. She may give her time and thought and energy to building a state, and engaging in that warfare of wills which politics involves; or she

may give her time and thought to the building of men, on whose education and training, church, state, industry, society, all depend. She has made her choice and made it wisely. Necessity, born of an imperfect industrial system, may drive a few thousand women into battle with Nature in bread-winning vocations; ambition may call a few women down and out from the higher vocation of character-building to participate in public debate before the footlights; the clamors of an ill-instructed conscience may force a few more to leave the congenial work of directly ministering to life, that they may undertake the more indirect ministry through village or city boards, state legislatures, and the Federal Congress; but the great body of American women are true to themselves, to the nature God has given them, and to the service He has allotted to them, — the direct ministry to life, — and will neither be forced nor enticed from it by their restless, well-meaning, but mistaken sisters.

Lyman Abbott.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE prevalent optimism concerning the present condition of American education as a whole is broken by an almost unanimous confession of failure in one particular. The typical young American of to-day, it is generally admitted, does not know the Bible as his father knew it. "It is apparent," began a resolution of the National Educational Association at its 1902 meeting, "that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils in our schools." In all the comments that have been provoked by the rest of the resolution there has been scarcely any attempt to question the truth of this preamble.

A few years ago, public opinion, within the churches, at least, was shocked by President Thwing's revelation of the ignorance of a number of college students whose acquaintance with biblical allusions and quotations he had tested by means of an examination paper. Since then, the decadence of American education in this respect has been the topic of many jeremiads from the pulpit and in the press, journalists lamenting that the style of speech and writing has consequently deteriorated, and preachers bewailing a resultant lowering of the moral standard.

These complaints are probably of a more doleful tone than is warranted by

the actual situation. We are told, for instance, that it is no longer possible to introduce scriptural allusions into a speech, as they would not be understood by a modern audience. Yet Mr. Hay's funeral oration on President McKinley, delivered as recently as last year, contained many notable traces of the influence of biblical thought and phraseology. The very novels of the circulating library give evidence that a certain familiarity with the Bible is still a point of contact between author and reader. Glancing at random through a catalogue of fiction, we come across such titles as *Unleavened Bread*, *In Kedar's Tents*, *The Mantle of Elijah*, *A Book of Remembrance*, *When the Gates Lift up their Heads*, *The Hosts of the Lord*, *By the Waters of Babylon*, *A Damsel or Two*, *Vengeance is Mine*, *They that Took the Sword*, *They that Walk in Darkness*. And how, on the theory of hopeless decadence, are we to account for the large and constant sale not only of Bibles but of Bible dictionaries, commentaries, and other works of exegesis? There was never a time when the issue of scholarly books of this class, whether at high prices or low, was so good a commercial investment for a publisher. And, as far as the colleges are concerned, it may be argued that the present deficiency in biblical knowledge does not mean that the Bible is exceptionally neglected, but simply that it shares in a general declension of literary interest. President Thwing's statistics must be set beside those of the Professor of English at a leading New England college, who found — as reported in the summer of 1901 — that of a division of forty sophomores, ten could not give the names of six plays of Shakespeare, fourteen did not know the author of *In Memoriam*, twenty-six could not mention any book by Ruskin, and thirty-five were similarly ignorant of the title of a single poem by either Wordsworth or Browning.

But, with all allowance for exag-

geration in many of the complaints of a general indifference to Bible study, there is undoubtedly room and need for improvement. As the majority of the population passes through the public schools, the introduction of biblical teaching into these schools throughout the country suggests itself as the most obvious means of bringing about the desired reform. The advocates of this policy may be divided into two classes, — those who base their argument upon the value of the English Bible as literature, and those who emphasize its use in propagating the Christian religion.

The position of the former class is represented by the resolution of the National Educational Association, which, after noting the decrease in familiarity with the Bible as a masterpiece of literature, went on to say that "this is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some states as a subject of reading and study. We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many school laws and state constitutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed." One cannot but sympathize with the motives which prompted this resolution. Both the impoverished style of so many writers for the press and the low standard of popular taste which is satisfied with inferior stuff as its daily intellectual food indicate a lack of acquaintance with good models. Turgid journalese could scarcely give pleasure to any intelligent reader if he came straight to it after reading a chapter in one of the Gospels. It is not clear, however, that this evil would be remedied by the addition of Bible teaching to the school curriculum. What is wanted is voluntary contact with good literature in adult life. Is this secured

by compulsory contact with good literature during childhood? An opportunity of testing the efficacy of this prescription offers itself already. As things are, masterpieces of English literature receive attention in our schools, with the results which we see. It would be unreasonable to expect that any substantial difference would be made by the use of another text-book. For that matter, the Bible is much less suited than the usual text-books for employment as a means of literary instruction in schools. For generations Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Burke, have been regarded from a literary point of view, and there has grown up around them a mass of literary comment which makes the work of the teacher comparatively easy. But until quite recently the literary side of the Bible has been ignored, except for an occasional eulogy of the sublimity of the prophets or of the simplicity of the evangelists. Professor R. G. Moulton's lectures and publications on the literary study of the Bible might almost be quoted as an example of educational pioneering. If children are to be taught the Bible as a literary masterpiece, the provision of an adequate number of competent teachers must first be secured.

Again, owing to the religious implications of the Bible it is impossible to teach it even as literature or history without becoming involved in questions of acute controversy. It is a thin and ineffectual criticism which concerns itself only about an author's manner to the neglect of his matter, and any teaching of literature which limits itself in the same way is equally unprofitable. But the moment the matter of the Bible is seriously considered strife is inevitable. Nay, in these days it is more difficult than ever before to treat even the manner of the sacred writers without provoking an acrimonious religious discussion. The burning question of theology just now is the higher criticism. Now the higher criticism is in essence an affair of language and literature, not

of dogmatics, and it is by students of language and literature rather than of dogmatics that it will have to be settled. Yet the various theories concerning the date and style of the books of both the Old Testament and the New are believed to have such an important bearing upon the creeds of the Christian Church that a clergyman's reputation for orthodoxy is now as seriously affected by his opinions on these subjects as it would have been half a century ago by his views on predestination. It may be urged that it is possible to teach children the Bible in a literary way without making them acquainted with the critical controversy. That is perhaps true, but they cannot be so taught unless their teachers have taken a position on one side or the other. A teacher cannot satisfactorily expound the book of Jonah to his class, even as a literary production, unless he has made up his own mind whether it is a record of plain fact or a work of the imagination. So, too, there is no admittedly historical book which can be taught as history by a teacher who has not definitely adopted or rejected the doctrine of verbal inspiration.

And while these practical difficulties confront the proposal to teach the Bible in schools as a masterpiece of literature, it must be remembered that whatever literary influence was exerted by the Bible in former generations was achieved by other means. The old-fashioned saturation of style with scriptural idiom and phraseology was not produced by any conscious selection of the Bible as a literary model, but was an indirect result of that very emphasis upon its theological importance which the National Educational Association deprecates. As the Nation has pointed out, quoting Ruskin as an example, the English of King James's Version became second nature to our forefathers "by means of repeated reading and compulsory memorizing under a father's eye and at a mother's knee," and "the imaginative associations" and "the indelible mem-

ory of epithet and description" were "borne away formerly by children who read in a trembling and holy reverence."

The other and much larger class of advocates of Bible study in public schools is composed of persons who put religious considerations in the forefront. They do not object to ally themselves with the former class in the agitation for a change, — they will even quote Renan and Huxley in support of their demand, — but they do not really mean the same thing. Their concern is with the Bible as a moral force rather than as a masterpiece of literature. Their position is represented by the following resolution passed at a Summer School of the South, held at Knoxville: "Conscious of our dependence upon the God of our fathers, and believing that the highest and truest civilization can be attained only by following the precepts of the great teacher, Jesus Christ, we favor the recognition of the Bible in our public schools." To the advocates of this cause the instruction of the young in the morality of the Bible is one of the elementary obligations of any nation that calls itself Christian. The Birmingham woman who said of Dr. R. W. Dale that "he ought to be ashamed to want no Bible when he has got his living out of it all his life" was an extreme instance, but her difficulty in understanding the position of those who profess earnest interest in Christian evangelism while refusing this short and easy method of promoting it is shared by many other members of the class.

Now it is plain that the requirements of the religious advocates of Bible study in schools will not be met by the kind of teaching that satisfies its literary advocates. No home missionary purpose is served by research into the history of biblical words and expressions now obsolete, or by comment on the descriptions of natural phenomena in the Psalms. So far from promoting religious culture, it is to be expected that an exclusively literary and historical

treatment of the Bible will actually impair its moral impression upon the young. If the Bible is used as a *corpus vile* for lessons in linguistics, it is likely to be placed by the pupils in later years on the same shelf with their arithmetics and grammars and other discarded relics of the schoolhouse. A mechanical instruction in the letter of the Bible given without reverence or enthusiasm — and that is what literary instruction would come to in the hands of most teachers — not only contributes nothing in itself to spiritual edification, but is likely to give children of an impressionable age a deplorably low idea of the purpose which the Bible was intended to serve. The case is different with men and women who have first known it as a text-book of the Christian religion, and who, when already established in the faith, discover in it a new interest as they approach it from the literary side.

The teaching of biblical literary forms, then, is something quite different from a Christian education. It is only by a confusion of thought, which regards the Bible itself as a religion instead of a religious instrument, that the advocates of a Christian education can content themselves with the kind of teaching that is desired by the National Educational Association and has been commended by Renan and Huxley. The heart of a religious education is instruction in faith and conduct, and the heart of a Christian education, in particular, is instruction in Christian faith and conduct.

Now the doctrines on which this kind of instruction must be based differ vitally from the truths on which secular instruction is founded in being intimately concerned with questions of religious controversy. Accordingly, if you once begin to treat the Bible in the public schools as a religious and ethical text-book instead of merely a literary model, you violate the principle of the neutrality of the state in matters of religion. When the purpose of the incul-

cation of doctrines is introduced, even the choice of the Bible used as a text-book becomes a question of the support of the creed of one church as against that of another. In such a case, as Archbishop Magee pointed out, even the reading of the Bible without comment is sectarian teaching. "For I ask in the first place, what Bible is to be read in the schools? Is the Bible to be read from the Authorized or the Roman Catholic Version? If from the former it is decidedly sectarian as regards the Roman Catholic, who will not accept that version; and if from the latter it is sectarian as regards the Protestant. Is it to be from the Old Testament and New Testament? Then it is sectarian as regards the Jew; and if from the Old Testament only, then it is sectarian as regards the Christian, who demands the New Testament also. You cannot read the Bible in the school without teaching certain opinions about the Bible as held by different sects, according to the nature of the Bible you use."

The state, having pronounced on one set of religious controversies by deciding the question of the canonical books and choosing the particular version which is to receive its imprimatur, must next proceed to make an official discernment between the various conflicting doctrines that appeal to that particular version for sanction. It is necessary to make it quite clear whether the religion which bears the state's seal for use in its schools is Trinitarian or Unitarian, and, if the former, whether Sacerdotal or Evangelical. When the true national faith has thus been defined its purity must be safeguarded by legislation, on the lines of the Test and Corporations Act of Charles II., to regulate the appointment of teachers. This means, of course, that state establishment of religion which has hitherto been supposed inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the American government. It is idle to say that the case is made different by the circumstance that the pro-

posed instruction in a religion especially sanctioned by the state is to be given in schoolhouses instead of in churches, by teachers instead of by clergymen, to children instead of to adults. Religious equality is alike violated in either arrangement. The provision of a "conscience clause" would mitigate the unfairness of the arrangement but would not remove it, and would not affect the fact that any such scheme would be radically inconsistent with the principle of religious equality. Indeed, if we admit the contention that there lies upon the state the duty of giving biblical teaching because such teaching is essential to the training of good citizens, there is no room for a conscience clause at all, and this teaching must be made compulsory in every instance.

It may be argued, in reply to these objections, that there is an easy method of avoiding any such complications. Why not remove controverted doctrines altogether out of the content of the school teaching? Trinitarian and Unitarian will not agree on the question of the divinity of Christ: say nothing about it to the children, and there will be no breach of the peace among the parents. Sacerdotalist and Evangelical are at issue respecting justification by faith: ignore the conflict of creeds on this matter, and no conscience will be wounded. There are certain ethical maxims which are accepted by all the denominations: excise from the curriculum everything but these, and the problem of a universally acceptable scheme of religious education is noiselessly solved. Whatever our church connections, we believe in certain elementary precepts of morality, — that it is right to be kind to others, that it is wrong to steal, and the like. Let us make these the staple of our teaching, showing our pupils that the welfare of society demands the conquest of natural inclinations in these respects. Let us purge our syllabus of the dross of dogmatic controversy on such mysteries as the person of Christ, the signifi-

cance of the atonement, the conditions and means of salvation, and let us teach the golden residuum as a working creed.

The programme sounds attractive, but when it is carried out what have we? Nothing more nor less than the endowment of Utilitarianism, with the proviso that the Bible shall be used as its textbook. What we have gained is the establishment of the religion of Jeremy Bentham, warranted by the state to contain the essential elements of non-aggressive Christianity, and maintained at the cost of the whole population indiscriminately. There is no one who need complain very loudly of this solution, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, the Greek Church, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians, the Reformed Church, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and any other religious body which believes that the dynamic force of Christianity consists in what is distinctive of it, not in what it possesses in common with other religions and systems of ethics. Christianity and Utilitarianism may agree upon an ethical code, but the mere statement of moral laws is not all that is wanted. We must find a motive adequate to secure obedience, and the motives which the Christian pulpit preaches as the strongest, namely, those connected with the personality of Jesus Christ, must be tabooed in schools that are contented with that irreducible minimum which is sometimes advocated as a basis of agreement for all the churches. During the Bradlaugh controversy Sir Henry Drummond Wolff contended that no one should be admitted to the House of Commons who did not believe in "some deity or other." This policy was thought to be scarcely adequate as a preservative of the orthodoxy of that assembly, but the kind of teaching which has been recommended by many as a satisfactory means of promoting Christian belief among the young

has even less right to the label of "Christian."

But it will be said that it is possible to exceed this minimum considerably without provoking dissension; that there can be supplied a form of instruction which is not only religious but Christian, containing those doctrines which are believed by the majority of Christians but excluding all distinctively sectarian dogmas. The recent history of national education in England shows, however, that it is a delusion to suppose that the problem can be solved by providing so-called "undenominational" religious instruction.¹ The legislation of 1870 supplemented the existing system of schools by a new type, the board school, in which the religious difficulty was believed to be overcome by a compromise of this kind. It was provided that the Bible might be read and expounded in these schools, but with the limitation that there should be used no catechism or other religious formulary which was distinctive of any particular denomination. Any parent was entitled to withdraw his child from this teaching if he disapproved of it. In some instances this "undenominational" instruction has turned out to be scarcely more than a biblical Benthamism; generally, however, it has included teaching in what the Evangelical churches regard as the essentials of Christian doctrine. It has not been any the less dogmatic because no formulated catechism has been employed. It would at least fulfill Dr. R. Wallace's definition of a dogma as "a religious idea expressed in language more or less grammatical."

The working of this scheme has sadly disappointed the hopes of its supporters. Instead of quieting sectarian differences the board school system has intensified them. The old Nonconformist grievance against the denominational schools remains, for these schools have only been supplemented, not superseded, by board schools; while the institution of the operation, without reference to the changes that will be introduced by the recent Education Act.

¹ The following account of English conditions applies, of course, to the system hitherto in

board school has created an entirely new grievance, which is acutely felt by the Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Nonconformist protest is directed entirely against the denominational schools. The adherents of the Protestant non-established churches particularly complain that in 8000 parishes the children of Nonconformist parents have to be sent to distinctively Anglican schools; that the conscience clause is an inadequate protection against the religious teaching in such schools, which is often strongly antagonistic to Nonconformist principles; that these schools, though drawing most of their support from public funds, are not under public control; and that the undue multiplication of schools of this type limits the number of educational posts open to Nonconformists, and thus acts as a religious test for the teaching profession. Accordingly, the reform which they advocate includes (1) the establishment of school boards everywhere in districts of sufficient area, with the consequent provision of a Christian unsectarian education within reasonable distance of every family, and (2) direct local representation upon the management of every school that receives public money. With the religious teaching given in the board schools the Nonconformists are generally satisfied, and they have every reason to be, for as a rule it is very much the same as the teaching given in the Sunday-schools attached to the various Nonconformist churches.

But it is otherwise with the Anglicans (with whom the Roman Catholics may be bracketed in this connection). They are dissatisfied with this undenominational teaching, and feel it incumbent upon them to maintain, wherever possible, schools distinctive of their own faith. They regard it as a grievance that in addition to the subscriptions required for these denominational schools they are compelled to contribute, everywhere by taxes and in many places by rates, to the support of the

board schools. If the board schools were kept free from religious teaching altogether, this double expense would still appear to them an unfair burden; but their grievance is the heavier when a part of this payment goes to the support of a type of teaching which they believe to be unfriendly to their own beliefs. The undenominational religion taught in most of the board schools is as objectionable to the Sacerdotalist¹ as the Sacerdotalism of the Anglican or Roman Catholic school is to the Nonconformist. This is a position which the average Nonconformist has not yet succeeded in understanding. There is nothing distinctively Congregationalist or Methodist or Presbyterian about the board school teaching, and why should not the Sacerdotalists be content, as the Nonconformists are, with the undenominational religion of the board school, adding to it afterwards, by means of the Sunday-school and other agencies, the distinctive tenets of their own churches? What is here overlooked is that the parallel is not exact between the two cases. With the Anglican or Roman Catholic his own denominational teaching is of the essence of his Christianity, while with the Nonconformist such matters are secondary. The former knows nothing of the Nonconformist distinction between a question of ecclesiastical order and one of practical theology; to the former these two are not only of equal importance, but so closely associated that one cannot be adequately taught without the other. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sacerdotalists hold the Nonconformist doctrines plus others peculiar to themselves; they hold even the elementary doctrines with such implications as to result in their actual transformation. The case of the Anglicans has been clearly put by Rev. W. H. Carnegie as follows: "What we assert is this, that those vital religious

¹ Sacerdotalist is here used as a convenient word to include both the Roman Catholic and the dominant type of Anglican.

truths of which the dogmas of the church are the scientific expression cannot be apprehended apart from one another, that in order to teach even one of them fully we must teach them all, and that therefore to draw an artificial line round certain of them which we are not allowed to pass is to destroy the vitality and real significance even of those inclosed within that line." The comparative degree of importance to be attached to the various sections of a creed is obviously a matter to be decided by its own adherents. As Lord Salisbury said to a Wesleyan Methodist deputation a few years ago: "We must start with the presumption that every body of men know what religion they really do believe, and that they are in the last resort to say what is its nature; and it is not open to the Wesleyans to go to the Anglicans, or for the Anglicans to go to the Wesleyans and say, 'This is the essential part of your religion, and that is not.' It is they themselves and they only who can judge." Accordingly, if the Anglican declares that the board school religious teaching is lacking in truths which he regards as vital, it is no answer to say that, according to the creed of another church, the truths in question are not among the fundamental principles of Christianity. Any form of undenominational religious teaching means the selection of certain dogmas as suitable for instruction, and the exclusion of others: in the case of the English board schools the selection is satisfactory to the Nonconformists and unsatisfactory to the Anglicans, so that, in this phase of it, the so-called "compromise" is actually a victory for the Nonconformists. It is strange that the injustice suffered by Anglicans under this arrangement is recognized by only a few prominent Nonconformists, such as Dr. Mackennal, who has reminded his friends that "we have no more right to force undenominational or undogmatic teaching on those who think religion can only be taught denominationally or

dogmatically than they have to force their teaching upon us," and that the success of such a policy "would be the triumph of one type of religious teaching over another by political ascendancy."

At present, it is impossible to predict what escape will be found from the educational deadlock in England, where the problem is complicated by the fact that a denominational system was already in possession of a great part of the field before the principle of compulsory education was introduced, so that there are powerful vested interests to be considered. Which of the many suggested schemes for a settlement will ultimately prevail cannot be foreseen by the wisest of political soothsayers; but the one thing certain is that the existing system has broken down irremediably. Undenominationalism, which, as Dr. Joseph Parker well said, "needs a body of police to watch it and a college of divines to define it," has not only shown itself to require more delicate adjustments than are possible in the machinery of the state, but has been revealed in practical working to be a stimulus to strong sectarian feeling, and a cause of injustice in that sphere in which injustice is most resented. If this is the result in England, what might be expected from the adoption of a similar policy in a country like the United States, where there is no tradition of an established church to make the idea of sectarian privilege familiar, and where there is so much less homogeneity both in race and in religion?

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the teaching of religion is the work of the churches and not of the state. If for any reason it has fallen into neglect, the duty of repair lies upon those organizations which have been formed for the express purpose of the spread of Christianity. It is well for the churches themselves that they should be thrown upon their own resources in this respect, and cease hoping to obtain assistance from Cæsar in the establishment of a kingdom which is not of this world. If

it be true that the hold of religion upon the younger generation is weakening, it can be strengthened in two ways, one direct, the other indirect. The direct method is the more earnest fulfillment of Paul's exhortation to Timothy: "Give heed to teaching." The task of building up the character of those who have not yet had to face the temptations of the world must be regarded as equally sacred with that of rescuing the fallen, and as much time, skill, and money must be spent upon religious instruction as upon evangelism in the conventional sense. It is open to the churches, without offense to the principle of religious equality or injury to their own independence, either to supplement the secular instruction of the public schools by religious instruction given by their own teachers at their own expense, or to establish and maintain, for the benefit of their own adherents and others who may prefer that type of education, distinctively denominational schools which will be free from public control because they will do without public assistance. In any case, it is absurd to suppose that the provision of instruction for an hour or two on Sundays can be regarded as a sufficient discharge of the churches' obligation for the training of their own children. Indirectly, the churches will do much to amend the present deficiencies

if they can awaken the dormant parental conscience. Since biblical, and even since Puritan, times there has been a manifest decay, among heads of families, of the sense of responsibility in spiritual matters. First the father transferred his own share of parental duty to the mother, and in many cases it has afterwards been passed over *en bloc* to an outsider. In England one of the most lamentable features of the present educational controversy is the suspicion of insincerity in the arguments of so many Anglican clergy and country squires, who, while anxious that the children of the poor should have the privilege of a full Christian education, send their own sons up to Oxford and Cambridge in a condition of amazing ignorance respecting the main events of scripture history, and the similar inconsistency of so many well-to-do Non-conformists, who, while loud in their protests against the exposure of the cottager's family to ultra-ecclesiastical influences, allow their own boys and girls to obtain much of their religious training from Anglican, and even Roman Catholic sources. In America no less mischief is done to the spread of true religion by the spectacle of the church member who demands that the state shall set up in every schoolhouse a light that has not yet been kindled within his own home.

Herbert W. Horwill.

UMBRIA.

DEEP Italian day with a wide-washed splendor fills
 Umbria green with valleys, blue with a hundred hills.
 Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock faint as a cloud
 Rumors Rome, that of old spoke over earth, "Thou art mine!"
 Mountain shouldering mountain circles us forest-browed
 Heaped upon each horizon in fair uneven line;
 And white as on builded altars tipped with a vestal flame
 City on city afar from the thrones of the mountains shine,
 Kindling, for us that name them, many a memoried fame,
 Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the heart like wine.

Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
 With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
 Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
 Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
 O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
 And over this Umbrian earth—from where with bright snow spread
 Towers abrupt Lernessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
 To western Ammiata's mist-appareled head,
 Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves—
 Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine
 Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
 Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
 O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
 Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
 Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
 Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
 Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
 Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
 Now as in distant Todi, loftily towered—a sign
 To wearying travelers—lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
 Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,
 As Night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
 Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
 With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
 Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

Laurence Binyon.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

I.

I HAVE been asked occasionally to join the great army of reminiscence writers: and I have indisputably one qualification for the function. I have passed the line at which retrospection has to take the place once filled by anticipation. If I can expect little from the future, I must remind myself that, as the poet undeniably observes:—

“Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had
 my hour.”

Old happiness remembered is still an inestimable treasure; it may, even if forgotten, have left us the happier by softening and mellowing our characters:

but alas, if heaven cannot destroy the fact, heaven—or some other power—has a turn for obliterating the memory. Any one who, like me, has had much to do with biography must have been painfully impressed by the singular rapidity with which its materials vanish. Again and again I have had to lament the fact. Not long ago it became my duty to collect anecdotes of a friend who died young enough to leave many surviving contemporaries deeply attached to his memory. He had been famous, among other things, for his conversational charm; for a rare power of embodying subtle thought in quaint humor which made his good sayings part of the intellectual currency of his ac-

quaintance. But when one tried to collect the phrases, the process was like trying to speak to a friend seen distinctly but through a closed window. And the experience, though painful, was normal. A vague general impression remains of some brilliant passages of talk; but the specific instances are forgotten; or even if remembered, have lost the context which gave them point. Boswell is still unique. No one has inherited his capacity for the dexterous touches which reproduce the dramatic effect as well as the bare words. I must confess too that my memory for facts is treacherous. I can picture vividly a certain passage in my own life which, I may add, was of a distinctly creditable kind. The discovery of a contemporary document not long ago proved to me that my motives had been materially different from what I imagined — and decidedly less admirable. The authentic history which I supposed myself to remember was a pretty little romance which I had unconsciously composed by a judicious manipulation of partial recollections. The disillusioning document has itself disappeared, and I have forgotten its contents. All that I know is that my own story of my own conduct is a misrepresentation. Clearly I am not qualified for autobiography, nor, to say the truth, do I regret the circumstance. I have no reason to think that the story of my “inner life” would be in the least interesting and, were it interesting, I should still prefer to keep it to myself. When, therefore, I summon up remembrance of things past, I am forced to confess that my little panorama is full of gaps, often blurred and faded and too probably distorted in detail. Yet I preserve a good many tolerably vivid impressions of the people among whom I have lived and of the influences they have exerted upon me. Some of these may be worth a record. If my confession implies that they must be taken with a certain reserve, an impression is in its way a fact.

Among the most distinct are those left by fourteen years’ residence at Cambridge. To me, as I suppose to most men who as weakly children were cut off from much active share in school life, the period in which I first called myself a man and became conscious of an independent individuality stands out with especial vividness. The world was so interesting then. Perhaps it is for that reason that I cherish a strong affection for the University and even for its material surroundings. I love the sleepy river — “canal” or even ditch as scoffers may call it — which slides past the old cottage gardens on its way to wriggle through the broad level of the fens and to girdle the venerable pile of Ely. Have I not run along its banks exhorting our college boat for as many miles as would have taken me to the Mississippi and back? Not even the Alpine scenery is dearer to me. The local sentiment is somehow bound up with the superstitions which thrive in the region; and I absorbed them pretty thoroughly. I believed in the Cambridge ideals. To me, for example, “senior wrangler” is still a title exciting an almost superstitious veneration. I have, in later days, been able to speak to poets and philosophers, to statesmen and even to bishops without actual collapse. But when in company with a senior wrangler I am conscious of being formed of inferior clay. Had I belonged to the Sister University, a similar fusion of sentiment would perhaps be more generally intelligible. I need only appeal to Matthew Arnold. A man must be dull indeed who could be insensible to the charm of the group of towers which rises above the Isis and of the scenery whose spirit informs the inimitable Scholar Gipsy. Every one must admit that the region is a fitting shrine for the genius of the place, — for that devotion to “lost causes” and “impossible loyalties” upon which Arnold dwelt with such loving eloquence. As the Isis to the Cam, so, it may be held, is Oxford

to Cambridge. It is the contrast between romance and the picturesque on one side and humdrum prose and monotonous levels on the other. We boast, indeed, of our poets at Cambridge; but if, for some mysterious reason, we have been more prolific in poets than Oxford, it is hardly because we have provided them with a more congenial atmosphere. They thrive, perhaps, in a bracing climate. A Cambridge career induced Coleridge to become a heavy dragoon; Byron kept a bear to set a model of manners to the dons of his day; and the one service which the place did for Wordsworth was to enable him for once in his life to drink a little more than was consistent with perfect command of his legs. Cambridge has for the last three centuries inclined to the less romantic side of things. It was for Puritans against the Cavaliers, for Whigs against Jacobites, and down to my time was favored by "Evangelicals" and the good "high and dry" school which shuddered at the development of the "Oxford Movement." We could boast of no Newman, nor of men who, like Froude and Pattison, submitted for a time to the fascination of his genius and only broke from it with a wrench which permanently affected their mental equilibrium. "I have never known a Cambridge man," as a reverent disciple of the prophet lately said to me, "who could appreciate Newman." Our version of the remark was slightly different. We held that our common sense enabled us to appreciate him thoroughly but by the dry light of reason, and resist the illusions of romantic sentiment. That indeed was the merit of Cambridge in the eyes of those who were responsible for my education. To have sent me to Oxford would have been to risk the contamination of what was then called "Puseyism." I escaped that danger pretty completely. My family—as this indicates—belonged to the second generation of the so-called "Clapham Sect;" the "Saints" as they were

called by way of insult; the men who swore by Wilberforce, and fancied that they had accumulated a capital of merit by the anti-slavery crusade which entitled them for the future to live upon credit. They were, said their enemies, effete Puritans, as morose as their ancestors, but without the dignity of still militant fanaticism; Pharisees who hated innocent and artistic pleasure but found consolation in solid material comfort, blinded adherents of a dogmatic system, which had long ceased to represent intellectual advance. I will not argue as to the justice of this accusation against the sect in general. I am content to say that though my childish reverence for certain members of the sect was necessarily of the instinctive variety, it does not seem misplaced to my later judgment. I have met no men in later years who seem to me to have had a higher sense of duty or deeper domestic affections. If they had obvious limitations, believed too implicitly in Noah's ark, and used language about the "scheme of Salvation" which does not commend itself to me, they impressed me (very unintentionally) with the conviction that a man may be incomparably better than the creed which he honestly takes himself to believe. The essential Puritan may survive, as the case of Carlyle sufficiently showed, when all his dogmas have evaporated; and I confess that, rightly or wrongly, he is a person for whom I have profound respect and much sympathy. At Cambridge, however, by my time the epithet "Evangelical" generally connoted contempt. The Oxford Movement might be altogether mistaken, but we agreed with it that the old "low church" position had become untenable. At Cambridge we rather shrank from all vagaries high or low. Our state, an adversary might say, was not the more gracious. If the Oxford school represented "reaction," it was at least, as Arnold put it, not of Philistine variety. A mistaken or im-

possible idealism is better than the mere stolid indifference which chokes all speculative activity. To the radical meanwhile the two universities represented two slightly different forms of obstructiveness. They were simply Anglican seminaries; bulwarks of the establishment which was an essential part of the great conservative fortress; mediæval in their constitution and altogether behind the age in their teaching. My undergraduate career fell at a period when such criticisms were about to lead to a practical result. A parliamentary commission began to overhaul us soon afterwards and initiated a process of reconstruction which has been going on ever since. Stanch conservatives at that time prophesied fearful results. The English were to sink to the level of foreign universities: an awful descent! They were to be "Germanized," — to be contaminated by "neology," whatever these appalling phrases might mean, generally to be trimmed and clipped in conformity with the fads of "damned intellectuals." In fact, the universities had somehow worked out a system which had become so thoroughly familiar to their own members and so consistently elaborated as to have the character of a natural organism while to the outsider it appeared to be radically illogical and grotesque.

The essential point was, one may say broadly, that Oxford and Cambridge were, properly speaking, not universities at all but federated groups of colleges. Each of the seventeen colleges on the banks of the Cam was an independent corporation, governed by statutes imposed by the founders, perhaps, as in the case of my own college, by a founder who had died five hundred years before. Corporations, it is known, have no souls and very little conscience. The reformer might prove with the help of Adam Smith that they do more harm than good. It is a plausible opinion that Henry VIII. would have done a service to education if he had swept them away with

the monasteries. To the stanch Tory, however, the modern reformer was as sacrilegious as the old king. His theory embodied what may seem to be an odd inversion of ideas. The colleges had been founded in order to promote education. The practice which had grown up would rather correspond to the theory that education was useful to promote the welfare of the colleges. A main and often the sole aim of a clever student was to become a fellow of a college, and if he acquired some intellectual training in the process, that was rather an incidental advantage than the ultimate justification of the system. The so-called university meant simply a loose federation such as was consistent with the acceptance of a thoroughgoing doctrine of "state-rights." Its main function was to provide boards of examiners, which tested the fitness of candidates for fellowships. It followed, again, that the colleges were not coöperative so much as competitive bodies. They did not distribute among themselves different educational functions, but each accepted the same test for admission to its privileges. In Cambridge, we were content with the two old "triposes" by which alone intellectual excellence was measured. We were, it might seem, so dominated by the great names of Newton and Bentley that any branch of study except mathematics or classical scholarship seemed inconceivable. To teach a youth philosophy would be to train him in talking humbug; and history or the physical sciences meant more cramming with facts. The outsider might urge that the course was strangely narrow, and that the university was nothing but a continued high school. Perhaps he might fancy that a little Germanizing would do no harm.

Certainly we needed reform; and if change means reform, as I hope it does in this case, we have certainly got it. But the question occurs, Why did I love the place in spite of its admitted short-

comings? Was my conscience seared? Were not the colleges mere nests of abuses? The name "don" may suggest visions of the indolent bigoted dullards who disgusted Gray and Gibbon and Adam Smith, or the pedants whose ignorance of the world provoked the scorn of Chesterfield in the eighteenth century. Skill in writing Latin verses and solving mathematical conundrums may be compatible with intellectual torpor and devotion to port wine. When I search my memory, I can turn out a story or two to suggest that the type was not quite extinct. The peculiar position of a college fellow, for example, had its temptations. He held his post during celibacy, and after a time naturally began to feel yearnings for a domestic hearth of his own. That meant that he could not adopt teaching as a career for life, but as a stepping-stone to something else. The "something else" was normally a college living. After a few years spent in lecturing, he could become a country parson and try how far his knowledge of the Greek drama or the planetary theory would qualify him to edify the agricultural laborer. Meanwhile waiting for a vacancy was at times demoralizing. The best living of one of the colleges was held by an old gentleman, who had been described in a book of reminiscences as a specimen of the low moral standard prevalent at the end of the eighteenth century. He had the conscience to be still alive when the book appeared in the middle of the nineteenth. Meanwhile expectant successors would pay him visits, and find the old cynic smoking in his kitchen and unblushingly proclaiming his intention of prolonging his existence indefinitely. They could not bear it; and the last of them, a man whom I remember, sought consolation in the resources of the college cellar. A catastrophe followed. One day the fellow came to the college hall, not only in a state of partial sobriety, but with a disreputable compan-

ion who had hung about Cambridge levying contributions on some vague pretense of being a political refugee. Finding himself in respectable society, the disreputable person suddenly arose and proposed the health of the great John Bright. In those days he might as well have proposed Beelzebub. An explosion followed. The scandal was beyond concealment; the fellow was requested to leave Cambridge, and soon afterwards fell into a canal after dinner and was drowned. A week or two later, the living for which he had been waiting became vacant, by the death of the old incumbent, and had the fellow held out a week or two longer he might have succeeded to the pastoral guidance of that bit of Arcadia. This anecdote, I must add emphatically, represents the rare exception; very few of us took to drink; though now and then a man might be soured and become a crabbed, eccentric cynic of the ancient type.

The normal result, however, was that the official tutors were not troubled by any excess of zeal or hankering after the ideal ends of a university. They often did their duty honestly enough, but with a sense that it was not the duty of a life. As teachers, they were therefore eclipsed by the private tutors or "coaches" who did the real work of preparing for examinations. The university professoriate had become still more emphatically a superfluity. It included, indeed, several men of real distinction, but they could rarely gather an audience. Nobody, for example, cared to study modern history. Professor Smythe, who died just before my time, though chiefly remembered as the tutor of Sheridan's son, wrote some very able lectures upon the French Revolution. One of them (they were repeated annually) always drew an audience because it was known from previous experience that in the course of it he would burst into tears upon mentioning the melancholy fate of Marie Antoinette. That was a phenomenon worth observation.

But speaking generally, if all the professorships had been abolished, no difference would have been perceived by the ordinary student. If the ideal university supposes a body of professors devoted to the extension of knowledge and of students accepting them as guides into the promised land of science and philosophy, we were certainly far enough from its realism. The most striking illustration of another peculiarity of the system of those days is given in the curious *Memoirs* of Mark Pattison, — a man whose devotion to thorough scholarship and the cause of rational inquiry fully redeemed certain obvious weaknesses. He was fretting at this time under the oppressive spirit of the old Oxford atmosphere. He had come to hold that Newman, who had for a time attracted him, represented mere obscurantism and obsolete theological dogma; and was hoping that the reaction which followed Newman's secession would favor his own ambition to carry out desirable reforms. Election to the headship of his college would enable him to initiate a change for the better. The catastrophe which followed not only vexed him but, by his own account, altogether demoralized him for years. The headship of a college was then a most delightful position; it meant a good income, a comfortable house, and, if desired, a wife; and, moreover, it depended solely on the conscience of the holder whether it should or should not be treated as a sinecure. In Cambridge, more, I believe, than in Oxford, it was taken to be a kind of haven of dignified repose; and the fellows who were elected to it sometimes found the trial too much for their virtue. Pattison, who sincerely desired the post with a view to active reform, found that the other electors were not only totally indifferent or rather hostile to his schemes, but capable of opposing him by the meanest intrigues. They detached one of his supporters, in spite of an explicit promise, by treachery worthy of the most corrupt

political wire-pulling: and he thought himself justified, as he explains, in taking revenge by a counterplot. He punished his opponents by securing the election of a man whom he describes as a "ruffian" and a "satyr." The morality of the proceeding seems questionable in spite of Pattison's casuistry, but if certain scandals current in my time were well founded the case was not exceptional; or exceptional only as far as an election to a mastership rarely involved any question about reform. It was frankly decided, as a rule, by personal interests, and though I do not think that any of our masters could be described as "satyrs," they were men whose chief merit might be that their election vacated a college living, and who were fully content to be mildly respectable rulers of the King Log variety. Their juniors often regarded them as contemptible old fogies. "Our master," I remember a fellow saying, "is intellectually an idiot, socially a snob, and physically dirty; but otherwise unobjectionable." But the post was so comfortable that even reformers scarcely proposed to spoil it by imposing active duties on the holders. We despised them, but could not deny that it would be very pleasant to succeed them in our own days of fogydome.

Perhaps I have said enough to confirm the suggestion that we were a nest of abuses. I must disavow the conclusion. The system implied a distorted conception of the true function of a university, but given the conception it was carried out with a fair amount of energy and public spirit. The mischief was the "topsy-turvy" theory which subordinated education or the promotion of intellectual activity to the interests of the corporate bodies. The pivot of the whole system had come to be the distribution of fellowships as the prizes for competition. That was carried out with perfect honesty. The elections were invariably conducted with absolute fairness. I never heard even a suspicion

that the successful candidate was not the best man, or elected for any reason but his merits. The endowments intended to help students had become the prizes for which study was pursued. Education was expensive because (among other causes) the competition led to the substitution of private for official tutors. The complex machinery was worked for ends which ought to have been subordinate. Still its working implied a thorough spirit of fair play and hearty respect for really energetic labor; and these are not bad things in their way. I can best illustrate the point by an instance or two. I have spoken of my veneration for senior wranglers. The concrete embodiment of the genus for me was Isaac Todhunter. He was a striking case of a man designing a scheme of life and carrying it out systematically. When I was his pupil he was beginning to execute it by living the life of an ascetic recluse. His chief room in St. John's College was devoted to his pupils, and furnished only with benches and tables at which we were always scribbling our lucubrations. Two little closets opened out of it, one his bedroom, the other the den where he examined our work. A table and a couple of chairs were the only furniture, and the walls were covered with books, each in a brown paper cover inscribed in exquisite handwriting with the title. The little man with his large head and delicate little hands always reminded me of a mouse, dressed in superlatively neat though certainly not fashionable costume. He labored from morning till night, taking indeed an hour's constitutional round the so-called "parallelogram" of footpaths — an essential part of our Cambridge habits — and spending another hour or so upon his dinner in the college hall at four. The rest of the day was devoted to the unremitting labors of teaching and of writing very successful text-books. Some fifteen years of such work enabled him to carry out the plan of life upon

which he had resolved. He had saved money enough to give up the drudgery of teaching, married, and wrote books for the learned upon the history of mathematics. Of their merits I cannot speak; but the man impressed me mightily. I came to know in later days that, besides being of most amiable and simple character, he had many accomplishments outside his special branch of knowledge. But to me he represented the stern deity Mathesis; an embodied, categorical imperative, appealing to my conscience. I can still hear his regular adjuration, "Push on," which showed, I fear, too great a superiority to the frailty of the average youth. The flesh resisted, and to this day I have a personal dislike to the harvest moon, — one of the phenomena which he pressed upon my attention, and which I found hopelessly uninteresting. It was no fault of his if I gave three years to a study for which I had a very moderate aptitude. Perhaps it did me some good, — at least by teaching me respect for abilities and energies to which I could make no pretense. One may fancy one's self to be a philosopher or a poet without much ground for it, but a mathematician gives with such palpable proofs of his superiority that one can have no illusions as to one's own talent. Cambridge too, though the senior wrangler element was dominant, included other influences. Our most conspicuous representative in those days was the great Whewell — then Master of Trinity — "Science his forte and omniscience his foible" — according to Sydney Smith's phrase, which has perhaps become his most lasting monument. There were indeed no limits to his intellectual appetite. His writings treat of philosophy, ethics, political economy, mathematics, and the inductive sciences in general, besides church architecture and German literature, and even include respectable experiments in English verse. He was our greatest man, — the one resident whose fame was understood to have

spread through England and even Europe. He looked the character. He was a man of splendid physique; tall, powerful, and with a brow worthy of an intellectual gladiator. He was the son of a Lancashire tradesman, and might have been taken as a promising champion had he stepped into the ring at a north country wrestling match. I recall him as I once saw him stalking through a howling mob at an election and apparently capable of knocking half a dozen of their heads together. He was said, not without some ground, to be rough and overbearing; and his early training had not given him the urbanity which makes a man to assume dignity without stiffness bordering on insolence. There is, I fancy, a slight reminiscence of him in Thackeray's Dr. Crump in the *Snob Papers*. But he was thoroughly magnanimous, a fair fighter, and incapable of petty spite; not only, as I have good reason for knowing, a man of very warm affections, but also capable of most generous consideration for his subordinates. By my time we had forgiven the roughness, and were heartily proud of the man. For over fifty years he had been identified with Trinity. On his deathbed he had himself raised to take a last look at the great court, the most imposing of college quadrangles. Since Bentley had stalked in stately predominance through the same court, no one had been so impressive a ruler. His love for the place was shown by munificent benefactions and the foundation of a professorship, which was to be specially devoted to the cause of promoting international peace. Eminent men have held it, — and it is hardly their fault if that cause has not been very perceptibly advanced by their labors.

Whewell, though a Conservative, did more than any one to introduce new studies to the university. His fame has declined, partly because the advance of science has inevitably made his chief book antiquated; while philosophy, if

it has not advanced, has at least deserted his position. A philosopher who would lead youth must clothe his doctrine in the last new fashion. Whewell had not that charm; and the shortcoming, if it were one, made him the more representative of Cambridge.

At this point I feel that I may naturally be expected to speak of some spiritual guide who pointed to the promised land. I should acknowledge a debt of gratitude to some Carlyle or Emerson or Newman, who roused my slumbering intellect and convinced me that I had a soul. It was, however, one of the great advantages of Cambridge that there was no such person in the place. Spiritual guides are very impressive but sometimes very mischievous persons. Prostration before a prophet is enfeebling. Bagehot points out the evil results upon his friend Clough of that most admirable person Dr. Arnold. Arnold's pupils suffered from an excess of moral earnestness: they were liable to a hypertrophy of the conscience, and took life too seriously at starting. They became prigs, or the very enthusiasms gave way to cynicism as their illusions came into rough conflict with later experience. Our prosaic Cambridge spirit was free from that evil. Our teachers preached common sense, and common sense said, Stick to your triposes, grind at your mill, and don't set the universe in order till you have taken your bachelor's degree. The advantage, I admit, would have been questionable had it meant simple suppression of thought, — a rigid confinement of the intellectual vision within the blinkers imposed by the ambition for success in examinations. But the practical working was different. Clever young men will be interested in the questions of the day. We talked what we took for philosophy and politics and literature eagerly enough; and our discussions had the additional zest of being more or less trespassing into forbidden ground, and often involving a certain neglect of our

duties. We made orations at the Union Debating Society; but admitted to ourselves, though we did not perhaps state in public, that we were very young and not competent to instruct the nation at large. A society to which I looked up with special reverence was the so-called "Apostles," — of which Maurice and Tennyson and Arthur Hallam with other brilliant contemporaries had been the founders and first members. In my day, its most famous member was Clerk-Maxwell, the great physicist, whose mathematical genius was already recognized. He was a fascinating object to me: propounding quaint paradoxes in a broad Scottish accent; capable of writing humorous lampoons upon the dons; and turning his knowledge of dynamics to account by contriving new varieties of "headers" into the Cam. I had not the honor of any close acquaintance, and felt myself unworthy of so high a distinction. Dimly, however, I understood, for the society shrouded itself in mystery, that he and a small knot of geniuses (there was another member or two whom, in those days, we took to be specimens of the class) met weekly to discuss the profoundest problems. Henry Sidgwick, who became a member a little later, has declared that to such discussions he owed a greater intellectual debt than to any other of the influences of his youth. I even once fostered, though not too presumptuously, the hope that I might myself become a member. My claims, alas, if they were considered, were not considered to be sufficient; and I only felt elevated by the consciousness that I was at least a contemporary of great rising luminaries. My own intellectual ambition was satisfied by an effort or two before the more popular audience of the Union. There I can only remember that — for some mysterious reason, perhaps because my father had been in the Colonial Office — I delivered an oration upon the affairs of Cape Colony, — I do not remember that my hearers were

deeply moved, though my views, if adopted, would have prevented the Boer war. There, too, I heard the present Sir William Harcourt indulge in a scathing impeachment of some unfortunate official. When one of my elders asked me soon afterwards who was the coming man among the young men of the day, I replied emphatically that Harcourt was the man; but what crimes that official had committed, or whether he was permanently crushed, or, like Warren Hastings, survived the exposure, is more than I can tell.

I mention these shadowy memories to show that our intellects were not confined within the prescribed studies. Sir Walter Besant, in his *Autobiography*, describes his own experience during my time, and seems to me to exaggerate our backwardness. Besant says, for example, that he heard nothing of Browning or Thackeray. I certainly heard of both; and one of the most thorough Thackerayans of my acquaintance was a fellow of Besant's own college, — which shows that one man's experiences are not conclusive. Yet in Christ's College, to which he belonged, he was a friend of Seeley and Calverley, — certainly among the most brilliant writers of their generation; and the famous examination in *Pickwick* set by Calverley proves that their enthusiasm was not confined to classical literature. Happily for us, the doctrine that English language and literature should be made a part of our education had not yet been proclaimed. We read what we liked and because we liked it, — the only kind of reading that is of much use according to my experience. An examination in *Pickwick* might now, I fear, be taken seriously, and compulsory cramming might conceivably make even *Pickwick* more or less repulsive. We had our enthusiasts for Dickens, who had fierce encounters with the partisans of Thackeray. *Vanity Fair* was the first book I ever bought for myself, and it had devotees who could say in how many places

Sedley was misprinted for Osborne. There was another sect professing Brontë mania; Tennyson of course was known by heart up to date; and Browning was just dawning upon us. I read Pippa Passes at least and felt its charm, though not without some bewilderment, and happily did not break my shins over Sordello. There was no want of literary interest among our seniors. At Trinity, beneath the majestic Whewell, there was a group of able scholars. Among them was the dignified Thompson (Whewell's successor), great on Plato and the appreciative friend and college contemporary of Tennyson and Thackeray and Edward FitzGerald, who once a term elaborated some stinging epigram to sharpen our wits; and Munro, the editor of Lucretius, lover of Old English authors and the embodiment of simple good fellowship; and W. G. Clark, one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, who left a permanent record of his tastes by founding a lectureship in English literature; and the librarian Brimley, who died prematurely after writing (among other things) an article of which Tennyson was reported to have said, "That is the way in which I like to be criticised." The criticism, it is superfluous to say, was the reverse of the "this-will-never-do" variety. It appeared in the short-lived Cambridge Essays, — an attempt to found a new Quarterly in conjunction with a similar volume from Oxford; which, if I am not mistaken, failed like some other periodicals chiefly because it counted upon too high a standard of public taste.

There was another literary centre at Cambridge which had its influences. Daniel Macmillan (whom I just remember) and his brother Alexander were already conducting the business which rose to eminence under Alexander's later management. In the modest shop of those days, and still more in a smoking-room at the back, I felt that I was really entering the inner shrine of a literary workshop. There I was thrilled by

meeting a live lady novelist and an actual editor, to whom I ought to have been grateful — perhaps I was — for rejecting my first attempt at an article. Alexander Macmillan himself was one of the publishers to whom I owe it that I have never been tempted to adopt the conventional author's view of his enemy. It is needless to say that he was a very shrewd man of business; and he had one (among many other excellent) qualities which I have noticed in others of the craft. He believed implicitly in his authors. He had the most genuine enthusiasm for Maurice and Kingsley and "Tom" Hughes, whose works he was then publishing. I had heard some of Maurice's lectures at King's College, London, and they had, I may here briefly say, impressed me with a boyish sense of reverence. Kingsley became professor of history at Cambridge in my time, and then and afterwards I saw a good deal of him. The appointment was in some ways an unlucky one. The critics of the Freeman School fell upon him; he could, they admitted, perhaps write a spirited historical novel, but was quite incompetent for scientific history; and Kingsley was modest enough to agree with his critics; — a creditable but an unpleasant frame of mind. He was in truth a very attractive but far from a very strong man; I have always delighted in his books, and I believe in his genius. But a change had come over him. As a young man he had denounced the existing order as a disciple of Carlyle, and as a "Christian Socialist" had apparently sympathized with the revolutionary spirit. The fiery zeal of Yeast and Alton Locke had now strangely cooled. In Two Years Ago he discovered that the Crimean war had worked a great moral change on the country, — this queer doctrine, one must remember, was accepted by Tennyson in Maud, — and the poet who had in the Poacher's Widow in Yeast denounced the British squire for his callous indifference to the laborer now discovered

that the squire was a reformed character and a mainstay of social reform generally. Perhaps Kingsley's early vehemence meant the feverish and over-excitability of temperament which leads to premature exhaustion. Perhaps his hearty sympathies and power of social enjoyment made it impossible for him to preserve an attitude of antagonism to his own class. Anyhow he had "rallied" or been reconciled, and his later works lost the old fire and ceased — a poor compensation — to offend the respectable. Kingsley was a man of most quick and generous sympathies, not of very deeply rooted convictions, or, as he showed too clearly in the Newman controversy, of any logical closeness. If his intellect, however, had its weaknesses, it was impossible not to feel the charm of his character. His biography naturally exhibits him as always in his professional robes, and sinks the delightful companion full of graphic discourse upon literature or art or sport, who used to escape from the graver donnish circles and smoke as steadily as Amyas Leigh in Macmillan's den or the rooms of some young college fellow. I always remember Macmillan listening respectfully but uncomfortably while Kingsley was wrestling with his stammer to denounce another object of his hearers' respect, as "a d—d—damned l—l—liar." My memory, I have said, is not happy in the choice of fragments to be preserved. With Kingsley I associate an occasional visitor, Tom Hughes, most genuine and simple of mankind. I had the good fortune to be tutor to Hughes's younger brother, — a lad who might have stepped straight out of Tom Brown's School Days. Though, like his elder, he was not specially strong in the department of brains, — Euclid, I fear, was an almost impenetrable mystery to him, — he was of so sweet and pure a nature as to exercise a quite abnormal charm upon his companions.

My relations to Kingsley and Hughes rested, I fear, to a considerable extent

upon a basis of non-intellectual sympathy. Tom Brown was taken then as a manifesto of Muscular Christianity. The theory of that sect was that a man should fear God, and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. How the athletic doctrine came to be associated with the religious views of Maurice's disciples is a problem which I need not examine. It may perhaps be soluble by readers of Kingsley's *Hypatia*, who notice how clearly he prefers the heathen Goths to the ascetic monks of Alexandria. According to Kingsley, true Christianity was opposed to all asceticism, and meant therefore, among other things, a due regard for the *corpus sanum*. Anyhow, Tom Brown's zeal for a combination of football and Arnold's sermons struck us in those days as making a happy ideal. Modern educationists tell me that the passion for athletic sports has become a nuisance. What ought to be a permitted recreation almost becomes a duty, or even a profession. In those early days the athletic zeal was still spontaneous and sincere. I really believed that I was acting from a high sense of duty when I encouraged my pupils in rowing, and I enjoyed the supreme triumph of seeing our boat at the head of the river as much as the great victory in the mathematical tripos, when, for once, we turned out a senior wrangler. Though (perhaps because) Nature has not qualified me for athletic excellence, I caught the contagion of enthusiasm. It is a natural sentiment for an author. Hazlitt gives one defense of the creed in his essay upon the Indian Jugglers. The perfection of their performance excites the admiration of the author who admitted that even his own essays — and presumably other people's — fell short in many ways of absolute faultlessness. Whether the ethical advantages of athletics are as great as I fancied is another question. I preached that part of the Kingsley-Hughes creed with a zeal of which perhaps I ought to be ashamed. So far indeed as I am per-

sonally concerned, I have nothing but satisfaction in recalling my monomania. The one pursuit in which I am not contemptible is walking, and I still think with complacency of the hot day in which I did my fifty miles from Cambridge to London in twelve hours to attend a dinner of the Alpine Club. That admirable institution was just started at that time, chiefly by Cambridge men; and I am still a loyal though decayed member. To it I owe many of the pleasantest little pictures preserved in my memory; not merely of exciting climbs and sublime views, which are all very well in their way, but of delightful association with like-minded chums in Alpine valleys, not yet too tourist-ridden, where companionship in little adventures might be congenial to more intellectual intercourse and help the formation of permanent friendships. The athleticism of Cambridge in those days had the same merit. The college boat club was a bond of union which enabled me to be on friendly terms with young gentlemen whose muscles were more developed than their brains, and so far favorable to the development of the wider human sympathies. Interest in such pursuits is at any rate antagonistic to the intellectual vice of priggishness.

Though in those days the cult, having still the charm of novelty, was preached with indiscriminating fervor, I see that my reminiscences have led me to diverge to rather undignified topics. The literature of athletics is abundant and popular, and I can always study it with more satisfaction than would become a dignified man of letters. Even the records of the prize ring have a charm for me, and I have a lurking regard for Tom Sayers. But it is not my purpose to record the achievements of old heroes on the river or the cricket field, or of those who sought glory on the snows of Mont Blanc or the crags of the Matterhorn. We — the Society of which I am thinking — were a set of young men not far removed on either side from

thirty, and undoubtedly we had both legs and stomachs. Anything might serve for a pretext for social gatherings. We were certainly not above enjoying the "gaudy" or college feast; performances which I recall with a certain shudder, when we could sit, like the proverbial alderman, trying our digestions with substantial eating and drinking for longer hours than I like to remember, and yet deriving a certain sanction to the proceeding from drinking to the pious memory of the founder in the grace cup which he had bequeathed. It seemed to be not prosaic gorging, but celebrating a quasi-religious ceremony. But whatever the pretext, there was no want of really intellectual intercourse. It may be a natural illusion, but it seems to me that I have never listened to better conversation than I heard on such occasions. At that time of life one still believes in arguing. One has a touching faith in one's power of putting one's own ideas into other people's minds, a fact which seems to become more impossible the longer one lives. The demon has not yet whispered that nothing can be said which has not already been said and said much better, or that arguing means only airing your own strongest prejudices. In polite circles, a man who really argues is suspected of rudeness; he becomes afraid of treading upon his neighbor's toes if he says what he really thinks. He talks from the lips outwards, or confines himself to the anecdotic variety of conversation. But in those days one could enjoy conversation in the true Johnsonian spirit, considered as a strenuous game of intellectual gymnastics, where you honored the man who fairly set his mind to yours and could give and take a "swashing blow" with thoroughly good temper. If you did not really convert, at least you got your own opinions properly marshaled and arranged, and received a valuable stimulus in elaborating your own scheme of things in general. The arguments in detail have long vanished from my mem-

ory, but I remember occasions on which they were prolonged for periods which show how deeply we were interested. I am afraid that such discussions would now send me to sleep in a few min-

utes. The question remains, What did we talk about, and in what direction were the minds of my contemporaries tending? Of that I shall have to speak.

Leslie Stephen.

(To be continued.)

WILD JUSTICE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

It was in the dark, before dawn of a December morning, that Marden Sebright woke. Some vague sound below, a stirring about somewhere downstairs, had called him out of troubled sleep to a still more troubled waking. For an instant he lay staring at the faint blur of the window, aware only of that and of a world of unhappiness. Then he remembered. It was the last morning at home. His mother was up and about. He rose, ashamed, groped round in the dark, broke the ice in the tin basin on the stand, dashed the cold water over his hands, face, and head, fumbled into his clothes, and felt his way slowly down the narrow stairs that led between lath walls from the loft rooms to the kitchen.

"Good-morning, dear," said his mother's voice, as the door shut clinking behind him.

The room was lighted by one kerosene lamp that burned pale and strangely yellow on the bare table near the window. In the white frost on the pane it had melted watery circles, through which shone the winter dawn, — the deep, sad, mysterious blue that is neither darkness nor daylight.

"Good-morning, mother," said Mar-

den quietly. With his hand still on the latch of the little deal door, he stood looking at her. She had just taken a lid from the stove, and through the open circle below thin tongues of flame quivered upward, showing her plainly, — this little woman in black, with gray hair and gray eyes, who stood in the flickering light and smiled at him. She looked very beautiful to him then. And she must have looked so to others once; years ago, she must have been an English "hawk blonde" of the gentler type, — a type that appeared with a difference in Marden's thin, fine features and bright gray eyes.

Now, as he stood looking at her, her eyes were large and shining.

"Why, mother," he said before he thought, "you have n't been crying, have you?"

She put the lid slowly back. Like all the other pieces in the top of the stove, it was bent and warped with age. It fell into place clattering. The fire crackled, and shone through the gaps and chinks in the uneven surface. Then came a silence, so long that while mother and son stood there looking at each other it seemed to Marden as if his words still sounded in the quiet room, and as if they had not been said gently enough.

When she spoke, her voice was quite steady, a sweet and level voice.

"Yes, Marden, I have been, a little."

"Oh" — he broke out, then stopped blankly, and turned to another question. "What did you come down and build the fire and do all these things for? You might have let me, this — this" —

"I wanted to do it for once," she said simply.

He crossed the room at a stride, and they kissed each other. There were no further words between them, and no further glances. But as they moved about the bare little room, bringing the knives and spoons and the cheap, heavy dishes from the shelves to the table, they stayed very close together. It was meagre diet on the pine table, — a few slices of bread, two bowls of steaming oatmeal, and cold water in the clumsy cups that were meant to hold coffee.

As they sat down, Mrs. Sebright thriftily blew out the lamp, and left the room in dusk.

"The sun's rising already," she said.

And indeed it was: through the watery circles in the panes they could see that the mysterious deep blue had gone, and that a gray light was slowly turning into day.

They both sat peering through the frosty window.

"Can you see her?" asked his mother.

Marden winced.

"No," he answered. "Not yet. But of course she's still there."

Silence fell once more, while both made a pretense of eating. His mother was the first to speak again.

"It's ten days to Christmas," she said, then paused, and then went on timidly, "Sicily's a long voyage. Remember about writing to me, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," said he, "I'll write on board, and mail it the first time we land."

"Lee said he would," she continued sadly, "and it's been ten years now without a word beyond hearsay. But, you're not like Lee, dear."

"Lee!" cried the younger son in a hard voice, "Lee! Oh mother, if ever I

meet him! — No, no, o' course I must n't — I would n't" —

"No, dear, you must n't. Lee meant — but he's different. He's more like — Some men don't think much about such things!" She paused and sighed.

"When a boy goes out into the world, and to sea — Dear, you must never, never forget what I warned you against. It was so hard to tell you — but your father — poor John, I'm afraid he was n't always a good man."

"Always!" cried Marden, his cheeks glowing and his gray eyes flashing in the twilight. "Good! See where we are now, through him and Lee. Poor, and half-starved, and ragged, and shivering, in this mean little dead town; and me having to go to sea to keep us both alive, and leaving you alone in winter!"

"Hush, Marden, hush," his mother said, and there were tears in her voice. "We must n't be bitter — this morning of all others. We ought to be glad, too, that Captain Harlow is so good to us, for if it was n't for him I don't know how we'd weather through till spring."

Marden made some inarticulate sound. Then he fell to eating, as a lad of twenty must, in spite of sorrow. Slowly through the frosty panes came the first of the sunlight, and shone faintly upon the old shotgun and the powder-horn hung high on the wall behind the stove, and upon the picture below, — a picture stiffly daubed in blue, black, and white of "the Bark Gilderoy, off Tristan da Cunha." Over these and a hanging bunch of last year's red rowan berries the light stole softly.

"Sunlight!" said his mother. "See now if she's there."

They turned eagerly to the window, pressing their thumbs against the pane to make peep-holes in the frost that already had gathered white again. Outside, the snow-fields and the stringy, shivering larch by the door were plain in the low-slanting light; then the ice and black open water of the bay, the

island and its fir trees, and beyond, rising to the pale winter sky, the hills of the American shore, with broad fields of snow cut by fences that looked like black strings tied full of knots. In the middle of the bay was what they both had feared to see, — a gray old three-masted schooner, the *Merry Andrew*, lying at anchor.

"There she is," said Marden. "And see, she's swung on her anchor-chains, and pointing bowsprit up-river. The tide's going already, mother."

"They'll be —" faltered his mother, "they'll be — before long — Is your bag ready?"

"In the corner, all ready," he replied, pointing toward the door, where there lay a long canvas bag such as sailors carry, lumpy, dingy, bolster-like, and pursed at the top with a web of cords.

"Lee took your father's bag with him, you know," said his mother, evidently for the sake of saying something. "It was better than that one. It had 'J. S.' painted on it, — John Sebright, — and then underneath, 'Bark Gilderoy.' He had it all along, when we were both young and everything went well, — and later when we lost the *Gilderoy* — and all those down-hill years; and he kept it after we had to stay here ashore. I wonder if Lee's got it still?"

Marden was silent. He thought of his father seldom, and bitterly. But now it was with a touch of pity that he recalled him sitting in the big chair by the stove, — a hulking wreck of a man, broad, squat, with a great, hopeless face mottled in purple veins. He could almost smell again the rank pipe and ranker West India rum, and hear the growl of defeat from under the fierce white mustache, "Here we are in stays, by Christ, in stays, that's where we are!" Then from this vision the lad looked across the table at his mother, gentle, gray-haired, smiling in her sorrow, and a wave of anger rose in his heart, and was overwhelmed in a greater wave of pity.

"Oh, mother," he cried, choking, "you are — you are — in all the world" — His voice was stifled again. "If ever I'm of any use in my life, it's all — it's all" —

He was on the verge of breaking down utterly; and no one can tell whether her bravery, great as it was, would have sufficed for both. But suddenly, in the tense quiet of the room, there sounded a knocking at the door that shut them in from the outside world. It was a strange series of raps, uncertain, hesitating, fumbling.

The woman's face grew very white. The boy pulled himself together, and rose.

"They've come," he said. "It's the *Maltee*."

The knocking sounded sharp on the frosty wood as he crossed the room. The door swung open, letting in a flood of freezing cold and of sunshine; and there on the half millstone that formed the doorstep was a little black ape of a man, in a blue reefer and teamster's cap, with gold rings in the stubby lobes of his ears.

"*Eccomi*," said this swarthy apparition. His bright little eyes looked up and down, up and down, quick and distressed, like a monkey's. "Time now. Alla-board. Ebba-tide. You come, by damn, we go."

Angelo the Maltese was never given a bigger part to play in this world than that of an incapable sea-cook and a distorter of the simplest messages; but now for one instant it fell to him to speak important lines in the obscure tragedy of the Sebrights. To them his faltering knock at the door had sounded like the thunder of the Commander's statue; his mumbling, broken English, the words of a Fate large, inexorable, and as cold as the wind that blew into the room from over the bay and the dazzling snow-fields. But Angelo did not guess his own importance, for he remained cringing in the doorway, against

a background of bright snow and black water, looking up and down, up and down, with his troubled eyes, scraping and shuffling his heavy brogans on the flint millstone.

He pulled from the breast pocket of his reefer a dingy letter.

"Alla madre. Cap'na Harlow send. Pay — un mése — one mont' pay. You write gotta him?"

While Marden took his threadbare jacket and cap from the peg by the door, his mother, at the table, signed the receipt for twenty-five dollars, one month's pay in advance, on paper that was a blur before her brimming eyes. Her life, like that of many women, had been one of partings; but they were none the easier for that, and now it was as if she were selling her youngest son, who had never left her before, and selling him to go with strangers into a strange country.

Even Angelo with the monkey eyes did not see how they parted.

When the boy came out, he stumbled at the millstone step, to be sure, and the world of snow and sunlight reeled before his eyes; but his chin was high, the canvas bag rode light as a feather on his shoulder, and he swung so briskly along the narrow path in the snow that the Maltese had close work to follow with his sea-legs.

They were hardly down over the knoll from which the gray cottage overlooked the bay, when a woman in black, with an old plaid shawl about her head, stole out of the door, and followed slowly along the path. She made no attempt to overtake the two men, nor did they look back. On the bank at the edge of the shore she halted, and stood watching them as, in the morning sun, they went crashing their way down the beach, over ice thin as paper, that splintered underfoot and broke tinkling into broad plates for yards around, to show the gray pebbles or black mud-flats beneath.

Beyond the ice, where the water

smoked in the sun, lay a ship's boat with a dark Italian sailor and a fat water-cask in it. Angelo hopped in lightly. Marden was about to follow, when he turned, and at the sight of his mother standing on the distant bank, started and made a step landward. There was a growl in the boat. He pitched the bag to one of the sailors, waved his cap in answer to his mother's hand, shoved off, and jumped into the bow. The boat turned, and pulled slowly away through the mist that from all the open water rose like smoke, and drew slowly down with the tide. And through the smoke the heart in the boat and the heart on the shore were aching for each other across the growing distance.

The woman on the shore saw the boat pull under the stern of the gray *Merry Andrew*, and rise with a creak of tackle to the davits; saw the men going about the deck, black and small as ants; heard the chirrup of blocks on the headsails, fore and mainsail, and even, in the stillness, the clinking of the capstan pawls, till suddenly it was drowned in the half-hearted quaver of a chanty raised by Captain Harlow's Americans on board, heaving short:—

"Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool,
Sometimes we're bound for France;
But now we're off for Sicily
For to give those girls a chance.

"Walk her round, boys-oh-boys,
We're all bound to go.
Walk her round, my bully boys,
We're all bound to go."

Then she saw the gray schooner wear round before a fair wind and tide, and, with the peak of the dingy spanker crawling up against the snow-fields of the American shore, draw slowly out of sight behind the evergreens of the island.

As for the boy, those few minutes were a dream in which he stumbled about the deck hauling on frozen ropes, and worrying that his mother should stand there so long in the snow before the house.

II.

"YOUNG FLOOD."

Thus it was that the schooner *Merry Andrew* of Hinkley, Maine, took on another cask of water, shipped a fore-cast hand to fill her crew, and was off for Sicily. Among the frozen islands and headlands of Etchemin Bay her master, Cyrus Harlow, steered her warily, and through the bold water under many an evergreen crag, till she won to open sea. With a good bottom, and a light cargo of shooks for orange-boxes, she rode handily out on the long swell of the wintry North Atlantic.

When a boy has been brought up at his mother's side, — apron strings or not, — he is hardly at his ease among the rough men of a sulky and half-frozen crew, part Yankees who curse at him for a young blue-nose lubber, and part Italians who curse the less only that their teeth are chattering the more. But if a boy is quick with his hands, and stows his tongue, and looks at you with clear eyes that are not afraid, you can easily let him alone, or perhaps forget that he is on board. "A good enough lad," said the second mate, three days out. "No one minds the boy." And they let it go at that.

Of course the boy's heart ached at first, and sorely. The thought of what he had left behind, and how, and why, rankled in him for many a day, while he staggered about the slewing deck, or choked down Angelo's greasy food at the duskiest corner of the heaving table, or lay in his bunk stark awake and miserable, hearing the timbers creak and strain, watching the lamp swing the shadows across the roof of the fore-castle, that was stifling with tobacco, and woolen socks steaming, and tar and oil-skins, and the brute smell of cooped-up men. But as his first sea-sickness quickly left him, who was son and grandson to

English sea-captains, so his health and youth pulled him through the vast misery of the first longing for home. His conscience often upbraided him for his rising spirits. Of course he would not forget his mother and her loneliness. But then there was so much to see and learn and live through! To sail southward in a vessel sheeted with ice; to beat dizzily and wearily all day into a blind whirl of snowflakes; on a calm morning to see the snow, that strange white creature of the land, so odd and out of place about ship, lying ankle-deep along the deck, or capping the deck-house with a dome, or drifted over the anchor-chains, or caught like thistle-down in the dirty fold of a frozen sail; and then, little by little, week by week, as the sun grew higher and warmer, to be sailing into spring weather, with the sweet smell of clean beech and maple rising from the hold, while the Italians thawed into laughter and left their reefers in the fore-castle, till all the crew went about the deck sweating, in their blue undershirts, with tattooed arms bare: all this, and the slow process of time on the ocean, the lazy afternoons on deck, the long yarns and longer silences by starlight, and at last the sight of the great rock Gibraltar rising vaguely ahead in a shimmer of brown morning haze, were enough to make the thoughts of a healthy boy fly forward rather than astern.

On the ninety-seventh day the *Merry Andrew* tied up at the long stone quay in Palermo, on the island of Sicily. Then there were stirring times. Captain Cyrus Harlow brought papers out of his cabin and went ashore, flushed with the new dignity of international affairs, blowing his great nose like a herald's blast before him. Angelo and the other Italian became mad creatures, and jabbered with gestures as of life and death among the stevedores who bundled the shooks up from the dark hold. And Marden loafed on deck with the Yankees, happy to watch these swarthy peo-

ple work so fast in the heat that quivered on the quay, to admire the foreign city with its strangely fashioned houses all of stone, to follow with his eyes the long line of the quay and breakwater, the dark blue platoons of soldiers drilling in a distant field, and the Conca d' Oro sheltering all in a semicircle of mountains. All the unaccustomed sounds and colors and smells of this, his first city, went to Marden's head. He was glad just to be alive, to lean over the rail and watch the giddy ripples of sunlight that the waves set shivering along the foot of the pier, or to gaze northward to where Mt. Pellegrino overlooked the sea, or to whistle, or to shred a bit of oakum with his fingers, and all the while think of nothing. Such kinship had he with his brother Lee.

They stayed ten days at Palermo discharging. So Marden found time to wander through the streets, under the heavy balconies of the houses, past little half-hidden buildings older than the Saracens, and churches that reminded him of a picture in his *Arabian Nights*. At the Quattro Cantoni he lounged nearly a whole bright afternoon, looking down the long streets to the mountains and the sea. There were nights of shore leave, too, when the sailors trooped along the quay in the cool of the Sicilian evening, and bought fruit dirt-cheap, and for ten cents a long-necked bottle of Italian wine.

"Why the hell don't ye git some to take aboard fer goin' back?" they would ask Marden. And when he answered that he had n't the money to spare, "You're too young to be so damn close," was their retort. For all that, it was a good-humored group of mariners that pushed along the streets, staring into the lighted windows, or at some pretty, dark, Sicilian woman in a doorway. Yet always after a while the group mysteriously separated. The men disappeared, Marden noticed, alone or in pairs down some obscure side street, laughing loudly. Then Buntty Gildart, the second mate and a philosophical married man, took

the boy carefully in tow, and they went back aboard ship together early.

"Ye see, boy," Buntty would say apologetically, as they two came along the quay together, "ye see, they has to be quiet ones in a crew, jest like everywhere else in the world, as a man might say." And he would wag his colorless beard sadly, and halt, and look out over the harbor with something like a sigh. Then changing the subject with laborious tact, he would exclaim, in the surprised tone of a good child, "This town's got a pop'lotion of three hund'ed and ten thousand!" or, "The old man tells me it's only a fortnight to Jerusalem and all them holy places. Think o' that, boy!"

The crew came back at different hours after midnight, in different stages of disorder. Marden felt toward them an odd mixture of repulsion and envy, and was ashamed of something that he could not quite name.

On the last night ashore, however, a strange thing happened. The crew had halted before the mouth of an alleyway, and were looking in to see whether the fierce eddy of Sicilian men and women there meant a riot or a family rejoicing. Marden, on the outskirts of their own group, felt a plucking at his elbow, and turned to look down into the ugly face of Jerry Fox, with his harelip and bulging, froglike eyes. The creature winked, beckoned, and then waddled off on his bowlegs round the nearest corner. Wondering at this sudden and secret friendliness, the boy followed.

"See 'ere, podner," grunted the harelip, slipping his arm through Marden's and dragging him along the street, "the homeliest man in the crew's got ter have the handsomest man fer ter tow alongside of. That's a square deal, ain't it? And say, mate, I ain't a-goin' back aboard no more o' the Andrew. The old man makes me tired. Sick of him. I'm a-goin' to duck out to-night. Don't say nothin'. But you come along fust an' I'll show you a good time."

Before Marden could free himself, the misshapen creature had pulled him along, halted squarely in front of two women in a lighted doorway, and began to address them in wonderfully bad Italian. At his words, and the sight of his froglike face, the older woman broke into clear laughter, that showed her white teeth and set her ear-rings swinging; but the younger, a mere girl, turned upon Marden a pair of dark, steady eyes, so large and starlike that the lad stood wondering, delighted, yet afraid. He would have given worlds to know what to say to the owner of such eyes. But just then the rest of the crew, swinging noisily round the corner, with loud cries and laughter surrounded the two truants and swept them along. The rest of the evening went quickly, for they would have to sail for Trapani in the early morning; and after visiting a maze of wineshops, they all trooped aboard, laden with bottles, jugs, and small kegs, like pirates from the sack of a town. All but Fox, for he kept his word and deserted, no one saw where; at which Captain Harlow swore next morning, loud and nasal, for several miles along the northern coast of Sicily.

From Trapani the *Merry Andrew* cleared with a cargo of salt for Boothbay, Maine. The voyage home was longer, and to Marden, whose thoughts were now homeward bound so fast, was tedious. Ten days out from Gibraltar they ran into a dead tropical calm, with the sun blazing down from overhead in intolerable heat, the deck like the top of a great stove, and the ocean dead and blank to the high, taut line of the horizon. All day long the tar dripped from the rigging like raindrops on the deck, and the crew lay about as dead men.

When this had lasted nearly a week, and it seemed possible that the water might run short, there came a memorable night when a little coolness stole from somewhere over the blank ocean, and Captain Harlow allowed the Italian wine to be served out in place of water. The

amount was moderate, to be sure, yet that evening the *Merry Andrew* was another ship, officers and men. Forward, from sunset till long after dark, there rose the merry sound of harmonicas, rough songs, and shuffling heel and toe. Aft, the captain — sun-dried Yankee as he was — relaxed to the extent of two bottles with the first mate, by lantern-light and starlight. Marden, who stood useless at the wheel, was forced to listen to the talk, which ran seriously upon Jerry Fox and the causes of desertion in general.

"I've seen men, Mr. Spinney," the captain said, with a vinous buoyancy in his voice, "I've seen men go plumb to hallelujah over women that if they'd 'a' brung me my food to the table, I could n't 'a' eat it." Then, to Marden's surprise, the captain addressed him, turning so that the lantern-light threw a sinister shadow of his great nose across half his face. "Sebright," he said, speaking with fine irrelevancy, "I sailed under your father on the *Gilderoy*, and a sour man he was; but his wife was an angel, as we all knowed, at sea or ashore." He gave no explanation of this, but rising to his great height, and weighing the empty bottle in his palm, added, "They's only two kinds o' women, Mr. Spinney, — they's angels, and they's brimstone devils." And he flung the bottle overboard, where it sank in a bright splash of phosphorus.

"They's dummies, sometimes," replied the first mate sagely. But the captain did not hear, for he was clumping down into his cabin, to be alone.

Marden stood and wondered. Up forward, the reedy mouth-organ wheezed, and the heavy soles smote the planking faster and harder. But the boy was looking overhead, past the dim blackness of the topmast, into the deep multitude of stars. He remembered having heard somewhere that Cyrus Harlow had married most unhappily. Then, all at once, while he was pitying the gaunt captain, he understood the mention of his mother,

so that he wondered still more, and suddenly saw as it were further into her life, in clearer light and truer proportion, — its relation to other persons, dead, or mere names to him, its complexities, and its sadness. The thought of her now alone so long came with a new poignancy, making him astonished to recall that he had been sometimes happy on this voyage, forgetful in the pleasure of new sights, new experiences, and life at young flood. The starry eyes of the Sicilian girl shone in his mind, and he was strangely and bitterly ashamed. "That's like father or Lee," he thought. "I'll be damned if I'll take after them." On the heels of this a bit out of the Bible came to him. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing;" and he repeated it, looking up into the stars. "That's their kind," he thought, "father and Lee, — seeing things for themselves everywhere, and not a thought or a worry." As for him, he would stay ashore at home after this, for good, and not care if he never saw a thing in all his days. And he would find something, make something, to work at for his living. He was eager to get home and begin. The situation there was bleak and desperate enough, to be sure; but as he thought it over and over, there seemed to be a chance of some kind, surely. The stars grew more friendly while he looked at them, pondering; the half-tipsy songs and shuffling became the music of the homeward bound; and when he turned in that night, he lay in his bunk cheerfully figuring out his wages over and over.

It was late in July before the Merry Andrew lay off his native town, and sent him ashore in a boat — to the wharf in the village, for there was not time to land him up on his own beach. The unpainted houses along the straggling main street seemed flat and small and widely spaced, the church steeple lower, after the cities he had seen. As they rowed in on the young flood, the distances between old landmarks seemed

to have changed, and the landmarks themselves to be the same yet not the same as before. In the hot noon stillness the village wore a blighted and ghostlike appearance. But the land breeze brought across the harbor the sweet smell of the Canadian fields of clover, still uncut and still blooming. And the boy, with his pockets full of money, and his eyes straining for a glimpse of the gray house on the knoll beyond the town, was on fire to be at home again.

Heber Griswold, their nearest neighbor, met him at the head of the slip as he hurried up, dragging his canvas bag.

"Hello, Heber!" called Marden, breathless and happy, and would have shaken hands.

Heber acted queerly, however, part offish and defiant, part cringing. He was in his best clothes.

"I seen the Andrew a-lyin' off there," he said in the tone of a set apology, "and I know'd you was a-comin' home. Ye see — ye see, Mard" —

But Marden had caught sight of something in his hand, something that he knew, — the brass key that always stayed in the lock inside of the front door to the house.

"What are you doing with that?" he cried in the sharp voice of fear. "Is she away? Heber, is my — is she" —

The wharf tilted like a deck underfoot as he saw the man's face unmask and his eyes answer.

"Last April," faltered Heber, "last April it were — By God, Mard, I'm sorry" —

But Marden had snatched the key and was running down the village street, the canvas bag bobbing over his shoulder.

III.

A DEBT TO MEMORY.

He ran on blindly, through the street, and out through the fields knee-deep in

timothy and clover. A few of the village people at their doors, looking curiously after the brown-faced young sailor with the wild gray eyes, knew him for Marden Sebright only when they saw him scramble up the distant knoll to the deserted house.

Brushing through the rank chickweed that choked the path, Marden, still in a frenzy of haste, reached the door and thrust the key somehow into the lock. Then, as for the first time in his life he tried to unlock the door from without, it came over him suddenly that there was no use in hurrying so. Sick with despair, he stopped, and looked round him in a hateful calmness. He saw the windows, with the white shades pulled down, looking at him like blank eyes; saw the caraway weeds, the yarrow, the everlasting, and the red flowers of the tall London Pride, growing high and wild along the front of the gray shingle; felt the heat of noon beat down on the millstone doorstep; heard in the stillness the wiry hum of innumerable flies; and all was flat, and dead, and meaningless.

At last he opened the door. With bared head, slowly and quietly, as if coming into some dread presence, he entered, closed the door gently, and stood looking about him. The kitchen, with the white-shaded windows dimming the sunlight, was cool and dusky. There was the familiar, indefinable smell of home, and his heart sank lower as he recognized it. A single fly buzzed on the pane. Even to the dusty branch of red mountain ash berries hanging under the Gilderoy, everything was in order, as he had known it; except that the door into his mother's room — the only other room on the ground floor of the little house — now stood open. With a new and deeper reverence he went slowly in, and paused. Here again all was in order, as in the time that seemed so many years ago; here again were silence and the yellow dimness of muffled sunshine. In all the room the only moving

thing was the black shadow-pattern of the woodbine leaves, quivering at the top of the white curtain. He was still calm as he drew near the table by the other window, at the end of the room. On it lay, as if just put down, some unfinished work of his mother's, — some knitting or other, neatly smoothed out, with the ends of the needles thrust carefully through the black ball. The tears springing to his eyes, he looked again, and there beside it on the table lay a letter in his own handwriting — his letter from Palermo, with the money — unopened. It had come too late; she had never once heard from him. And turning suddenly, he ran and knelt by the bed, flung his arms upon it, and burying his face, burst into such a passion of weeping as comes only once in a man's life.

When he came out of the house again he was no longer a boy. There was a hard look on his face: the features, always thin and delicate, had taken on a determined sharpness; out of the swarthy brown of his tan, the gray eyes looked startlingly and piercingly bright. In the carriage of his sinewy body there was far more of the soldier than the sailor.

In front of the Griswold house, at the nearest end of the village street, he met Heber, — an encounter which, if he had only known, was not strange, for the good creature had been watching at a window all the afternoon. In reply to his question, Heber took him along the road that led up the hill and into the little burying-ground, a rough clearing among the funereal pointed firs.

"Over there," said Heber, who had barely concealed a sombre pleasure in his office. He pointed to a corner where the sunlight still lay. "The rector had the stone put up," he added, as he turned away and left Marden alone once more.

Two stones of plain slate stood there under a stringy hackmatack. One he knew already; it bore the name "John Sebright," and the dates. On the other,

made like the first but unspotted by the gray moss, was the name "Margaret Lee Sebright."

He stood there for a long time. It was evening before he returned to the house, and the last of the sunset shone pale over the jagged silhouette of fir-tops on the point, behind which the river flowed down unseen to the bay. He sat on the doorstep, thinking, far into the night. Outwardly he was master of himself, but in his heart the dreadful desperate calm was swept away from time to time by a flood of strange emotions: void, helpless wonder at what he should do with the fragments of a life so shattered; black hatred of his father and his brother, who had made such things possible, and of himself, who seemed equally to blame; aching jealousy that his brother should have borne his mother's name of Lee. These thoughts he tried again and again to crush out as undutiful, — to drown even in bitter imaginings of the last days of his mother's life. But they appeared again and again, each time more powerful. Still more powerful, mingling with and mastering all his other emotions, was a new-born hatred of the sea, of all ships and sailors; a hatred as vast as the ocean itself, that lay beyond the village and the islands, under the evening star.

Somewhere round midnight, before he went to bed in one of the two rooms in the loft, he entered his mother's room, looked slowly about to see that everything was as it had been, then withdrew, and locking the door, hid the key behind the old spyglass on the kitchen shelf. Hereafter that room was to be a holy place.

The next morning his life began, alone; and alone it continued for five years, in house and village. He had already determined to stay ashore and at home for the rest of his life. It was a vow. He did not think it an act of expiation, though he came to look upon his voyage, necessary as it had been, in

the light of a fault beyond atonement. To stay now seemed merely the one course possible. He felt vaguely, without quite putting it into words, that he had this thing to be devoted to, as a door-keeper to the temple. And so he remained, alone. The villagers were kind, and would have been companionable. But theirs was a world apart from his; and although Marden was good to them in return, and indeed became known for innumerable little kindnesses, it was chiefly for a reason that they never dreamed of — that in the same spirit he would have died for the sake of the meanest person in the village, so lightly did he value his time or his life. Like Hercules in the *Alcestitis*, — a Hercules in shabby clothes, — he held his life out on his hand for any man to take. And they, seeing him grow into a young man of few or almost no words, a young man strong, clean, and straight in his ragged jacket, with a thin, sad face and the eyes of a prophet, — they pitied him as a "queer feller," and left him more and more alone.

In the same years the village began to prosper. As in many other little decayed seaports, men and women from the cities began to come there in the summer, and finding the village "quaint" and the air pleasant, came again and brought others. Thus there was money to be had for fish, and lamb, and green peas, for the simple work of sailing a boat that you had been brought up in, or if you were a boy, of following a golf-ball over the pasture lots and learning a new game. At about the same time a shrewd Yankee came and saw the abundance of clams in the long stretches of beach at low tide, and began shipping them away by barrells to Boston and New York. Since this gave work to some eight or ten men in the town, there was no ill-feeling beyond perhaps a little envy at his cleverness. Between these two new industries, the village began to enjoy a queer kind of

mouldering prosperity, so that people had no longer, in the words of Heber Griswold, to live through the winter on a greased rag.

One of the earliest neighbors to go to work for the Yankee was Marden. He could not deal with the summer people, who, besides being whole civilizations distant from him, came to represent in his mind the pitiable, empty possessors and disbursers of money that once would have meant so much to him. Under the Yankee, however, it was different. It was plain business, with few words; one was not expected to be a "character" into the bargain; and although Marden often raged to think that he had been too dull to find this means of livelihood when it was needed, he took a degree of comfort in working hard and steadily, out of doors, at a work that kept him along the beach, often within sight of his house. In the first season he became far and away the best among the clam-diggers. On almost any day, when the ebb-tide had bared the dreary waste of greenish brown seaweed and dun flats, he might be seen, an active form stooping along the edge of the bright water, always alone. With fork and basket he worked over the wide sands from one to another of the beds, where the flats were riddled as with buckshot holes, from which little jets of clear water now and then spurted up, bright in the sun. He took solace, not in the money he was laying up, but in the steady work with his hands that kept his lonely mind from running too much in strange channels. Always he hated, with a growing hate, the sea that he worked beside.

So things went on in these five years. Often he longed for some companion to step from the warm lighted circle of human beings that he seemed to stand outside of, in the dark; yet as often as the chance came to talk, he found to his sorrow that he had no words, or few, or empty, and retreated as a ghost from among his kindly fellow beings. In this

world there had been only his mother; in the next — But that was a further darkness in which he found only sickening doubts. And meantime, as a young man often will, he could feel himself growing old.

One hot, bright noon, while he was retreating up the beach with his muddy basketful of clams, before the rising tide that slowly drove him shoreward, his eye caught the flutter of something pink at the edge of the land near the house. Looking closer, he saw — with a touch of surprise, for the place was almost never frequented — that it was a woman who stood there at the foot of the bank. She was looking out toward him, but as he straightened up, she stooped and began plucking busily among the beach-grass. Without much further thought, he fell to digging once more; yet as often as he looked up, there she was still, and when finally the tide made him give over the day's work and turn homeward, he found her standing in the nook formed by the two projecting banks between which the path from the house came scrambling down to the beach.

Into this nook the sun beat fiercely. The woman had turned her back, and, with one foot on a rock, was tying her shoe. Her pink calico dress, bright against the tawny gravel and parched grass of the bank, clung about her in the wind as close as if it had been wet. She had firm shoulders, — rather broad for a woman of middle stature, — a wide, comely space between the shoulder-blades, a trim waist, and the ankle of a racer. Marden noted all this calmly (as he would have studied the build of a ship), and contrasted her with the summer women from the city.

"They trail their feet," he thought ungallantly, "like the cows coming down the lane."

He was about to carry his fork and basket past her up the bank, when she turned.

"Hello," she said cheerily, flashing a

pair of bold eyes on him. "You scairt me. I did n't hear you comin'."

"That's a lie," thought Marden, but he stopped and said quietly, "I'm sorry."

"Oh," she cried, "you don't need be so sorry as all that!" And at the sight of his solemn face she burst into loud but not unpleasant laughter.

Marden, completely at a loss, was silent; and while he groped for words, the woman watched him with the eyes of raillery. Her whole body, slight almost to thinness, trembled with active merriment. Her cheeks were flushed, and her black eyes of a strange watery lustre and fire. They were not at all those of the Sicilian girl at Palermo, yet somehow he vaguely identified them, and suffered the same dumb confusion before their light. At last, to his great relief, the woman spoke.

"You're Marden Sebright, ain't you? I've seen you on the w'arf, — and heard a lot about you besides," she added, with a slyness that seemed unnecessary.

"I hope," said Marden, "I hope" — but as he did not know exactly what, he stopped. He felt strangely drawn toward this woman, whoever she might be. He had gone about so much alone, so ghostlike; and she was so very much alive and full of high spirits.

"Oh, it was all nice," she cut in, "awful nice things, all of it, what I heard."

"I'm glad of that," replied Marden, and balked, and felt himself a fool.

"I been waitin' a long time here to have a talk with you," she said plaintively. "You're different from these people. They don't understand. And I hurt my finger foolin' with a rock while I was waitin'. See." — And she suddenly thrust out her hand for him to take. He put down his basket and fork, very clumsily indeed, and took it as one might handle a knife-blade. It was pale brown, and very small beside his own. Along one finger-nail was the faintest sign of a bruise. Her bracelet shone bright in the sun, — a silver chain, and a

round silver bangle perforated with star-shaped holes.

"I'm sorry," he said, and then added with blunt honesty, "but it ain't as bad as it might be. A stone-bruise *can* be pretty bad sometimes. You see, if it gets" —

But there was that in the mocking lustre of her eyes which cut him short in his pedagogy. Still holding her hand, he felt a great weakness come over him, a weakness overwhelmingly strong. Her face, the triangular face of a kitten, with her eyes of liquid fire, was turned up toward him earnestly in the fierce noon sunlight, and was no longer flushed, but pale. He felt that he ought to tell her something — something that she understood already and expected. But there was a long silence.

"You must be awful lonesome," she said slowly, "livin' there all alone sence — for so long."

A light broke in upon Marden somehow, like the sun burning through a fog. In a flash his mind sped over the consequences. By his simple logic, if he should love this woman, he would marry her, and she would come to live — His whole nature suffered a revulsion, an upheaval. He put the hand slowly and coldly away from him. And she, who was looking only for such treatment as she had learned to expect from other men, found his gray eyes suddenly quiet, distant, full of undecipherable thoughts; and she half wondered at and half despised him.

"I am," he replied at last. Then picking up his things from among the gravel, "Good-by," he said, and clambered up the path without looking back.

All that afternoon he walked furiously up-river through a quiet hill and valley region that, but for the gulls flocking it, might have been the Scottish highlands. All that evening he paced before the silent house, in the darkness. Sometimes he could have laughed aloud at the figure he had cut; sometimes he

felt the deepest degradation. He was vexed, feverish, thrown out of his reckoning. "It happens to every one," he kept telling himself; but that was just the trouble, — why should a thing so common, so laughably simple, so short in point of time, take on this enormous proportion

in his life? And why did he seem now so much weaker and coarser? Not till late that night did he find himself calm again and fit to go indoors.

At last, addressing the stars, he said, "Captain Harlow was right about them."

And he opened the door and went in.

Henry Milner Rideout.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIFFERENTISM.

READERS of books have sometimes debated the question, "What was the greatest book produced during the eighteenth century?" Was it Goethe's *Faust*, or Jonathan Edwards on the Freedom of the Will? Was it Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, or that romance of Fielding's which Gibbon declared would "outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria"?

It is hard to answer such a question, and very likely it is foolish to try. An easier task is to name the wittiest book of that century. One may do so without much fear of contradiction. The wittiest eighteenth-century book, surely, — although Wordsworth does call it, and in *The Excursion* at that, a

"dull product of a scoffer's pen," —

is Voltaire's *Candide*, or *Optimism*. Written in 1759 to satirize the doctrine that ours is the best of all possible worlds, *Candide* presents, in the form of a swiftly moving story, Voltaire's impression of the world as it really is. He exiles his young hero *Candide* — "a person of the most unaffected simplicity" — from his native castle in Westphalia, separates him from his beloved mistress Cunegunde, and sends him over Europe and America to seek for her and incidentally to observe our mortal situation. *Candide* is accompa-

nied by an old philosopher named Martin, who has long served as a bookseller's hack and has lost all illusions. As they pass from one European capital to another, *Candide* still maintains in spite of every disappointment and misfortune that "there is nevertheless some good in the world."

"Maybe so," says Martin, "but it has escaped my knowledge."

Reasoning thus, they arrive at last at Venice, where they hear much talk about a certain noble Venetian, Signor Pococurante, whose name signifies "The-Man-who-cares-little," and who is said to be a perfectly happy man.

"I should be glad to meet so extraordinary a being," says Martin, and accordingly our travelers pay a visit to the noble Pococurante. They find him dwelling in a palace on the Brenta. Its gardens are elegantly laid out and adorned with statues. The master of the palace is a man of sixty, rich, cultivated, bored. He shows the travelers his collection of paintings, among them some by Raphael. "I have what is called a fine collection," he admits, "but I take no manner of delight in them." He orders a concert for his guests, but confesses that he himself finds the music tiresome. After dinner they repair to the library, where *Candide*, observing a richly bound Homer, commends the noble Venetian's taste.

"Homer is no favorite of mine," answers Pococurante coolly; "I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him. . . . I have asked some learned men whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet. Those who spoke ingenuously assured me that he had made them fall asleep, and yet that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries."

The conversation shifts to Virgil, Horace, Cicero; to the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, to the drama, to English politics, and finally to Milton; but Signor Pococurante finds in all these subjects little or nothing to praise. Candide the optimist is grieved. He has been taught to respect Homer and is fond of Milton.

"Alas," he whispers to Martin, "I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt."

"There would be no such great harm in that," replies Martin.

"Oh, what a surprising man!" exclaims Candide to himself. "What a prodigious genius is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After finishing their survey of the library, they go down into the garden. Candide politely says something in praise of its beauty.

"It is laid out in bad taste," replies Pococurante; "it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan."

At last the two travelers take leave of their host. "Well," says Candide to Martin, "I hope you will own that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

"But do you not see," answers Martin, "that he likewise dislikes everything he possesses? It was an observation of Plato long since that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of food."

"True," says Candide, "but still there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising everything, and in perceiving

faults where others think they see beauties."

"That is," retorts Martin, who generally has the last word, "*there is a pleasure in having no pleasure.*"

Few pages of imaginative literature are more admirably written than these whose bare outlines I have been copying. No group of inquirers concerning the intellectual habits and the moral hopes of mankind is more skillfully composed than that formed by the three men who saunter through the library and garden of this palace upon the Brenta: Candide the puzzled young optimist, old Martin the pessimist, grimly delighted, and Pococurante the indifferentist, with his perfect courtesy, his refreshing frankness, his infinite capacity for being bored. In this last personage, particularly, there is something which touches the fancy, provokes curiosity, and possibly, in spite of all disapprobation of the noble Venetian's faults, invites to a closer acquaintance. One may venture therefore to consider the type of mind which the Venetian senator represents, and to discuss, in their bearing upon the life of the modern man, some of the old and new forms of indifferentism.

For Signor Pococurante is by no means a mere clever invention of Voltaire's. We have met the gentleman before. The type is older than the eighteenth century; older than the Horatian doctrine of *nil admirari*; older even than the Hebrew king who, like the Venetian senator, had his men-singers and women-singers, his banquets and palaces and pleasure-gardens, and grew tired of them all. The weariness of the mind in full possession of its treasures, as that of the body surfeited with its pleasures, is a familiar fact in human history. Pococurantism — the caring little for things that are worth caring much for — lurks deep in human nature. But there are certain conditions that bring the seed of it to full

flowering. Every cultivated circle of men and women, every highly organized society, has its Pocourantes; nay, there is some drop of their blood in all of us who have had free access to the fine excitements of the senses, to the wide interests of the mind. Once liberate a man through education and opportunity, once make him a free citizen of the great world of thought, introduce him to affairs, to art and literature, and you give the indifferentism latent in him a chance to develop itself. Is there an educated person who has not noticed among his friends — and, if he be gifted with any power of self-analysis, in himself — this tendency to regard with dissatisfaction, with finical criticism, with satiety, objects which are not only worthy but which once filled him with admiring joy?

Salient examples of this familiar phenomenon are always to be found in communities where the academic type of character is strongly marked. In every university town you will hear much talk of the local Signor Pocourante, some scholar of fastidious temper, of taste scrupulously refined, against whose severe standards of criticism, whether in architecture, poetry, or politics, the heathen rage. How useful such personages often are! Their smiling indifference to the popular verdict strengthens the wavering independence of weaker men. The very irritation produced by their criticism is often proof that the faults they perceive are real faults, and should be remedied. How characteristic of such men is the following passage from the Memoirs of Mark Pattison: —

"It is impossible for me to see anything done without an immediate suggestion of how it might be better done. I cannot travel by railway without working out in my mind a better time-table than that in use. On the other hand, this restlessness of the critical faculty has done me good service when turned upon myself. I have never enjoyed any self-satisfaction in anything I have ever

done, for I have inevitably made a mental comparison with how it might have been better done. The motto of one of my diaries, 'Quicquid hic operis fiat pœnitet,' may be said to be the motto of my life."

Undoubtedly, this restlessness of the critical faculty contributes to human progress. And how upright may be the character of the super-subtle critic, how singularly attractive his personal charm!

Yet after all, in spite of *Candide's* ingenuous opinion, the fact that "nothing pleases" a man does not prove him a "prodigious genius." That he is "above everything he possesses" does not demonstrate any native power, any insight of imaginative sympathy. Nor do academic communities present more pathetic figures than the pocourantists who are without fame, influence, or many friends; whose refinement of feeling has degenerated into querulousness, and whose exalted standards of action are chiefly displayed in their inability to co-operate, to any useful purpose, with our American world as it actually is.

No one has yet written, I believe, the History of Academic Sterility. Whoever may do so will consult Gray and Gibbon as to the moral stagnation of the English universities in the eighteenth century, and Mark Pattison as to their intellectual apathy in the middle of the nineteenth. "The men of middle age," says Pattison in speaking of Oxford, "seem, after they reach thirty-five or forty, to be struck with an intellectual palsy, and betake themselves, no longer to port, but to the frippery work of attending boards and negotiating some phantom of legislation, with all the importance of a cabinet council — *belli simulacra cientes*. Then they give each other dinners, where they assemble again with the comfortable assurance that they have earned their evening relaxation by the fatigues of the morning's committee."

But we need not look abroad for such examples of pedantry, of the false air

of accomplishment, of arrested development. Fortunate is the American institution that has none of this sterile stock; these men who have been surrounded by books, museums, galleries, only to discover at last that they have no pleasure in them. To describe adequately such types of barrenness one must employ those terrible metaphors used long ago to portray secret causes of spiritual failure. A. wins at last his professorship; his desire has been granted, but leanness has been sent into his soul. B. possesses all the apparatus of scholarship, but by middle life there is no more oil in his lamp. The lamp goes out, while the man lives on. Yet in the same county, perhaps, there will be men of straitened means, with few modern facilities for research, slender libraries, little converse with fellow scholars, who are nevertheless steadily, quietly, building up a national, an international reputation; while the pococurantist, with everything he needs at his elbow, fairly choked with the riches and pleasures of the scholarly life, not only brings no fruit to perfection, but even fails to produce any fruit at all.

One may be pardoned for thus alluding to the academic type of indifferentism, since its features are so familiar. But there are many varieties of indifferentists, up and down the world, and all of them are worth studying. What sort of man was that Gallio, whose unconcern for sectarian controversy has proverbialized him as the man who "cared for none of these things"? I imagine that Gallio was a companionable soul, full of savor, but who knows? And who can tell us authoritatively about the real Horace, that ripe specimen of the genial pococurantist, whose bland worldliness, dislike of being bored, and frank indifference to the ambitions and passions of the hour, make him such a charming figure? Old Omar Khayyám is a more subtle pococurantist, of the pessimistic species; and Edward Fitz-

Gerald, Omar's sponsor, was on many sides of his complex personality as perfect a Signor Pococurante as was ever bred by university training and subsequent insulation from the world. Is there not some humanist who will analyze the secret springs of indifferentism in men like these? Is it a defect of the will, or a surplusage of philosophy? Is it a strange torpor of the mind, or is it rather the result of a too keen intelligence? Or is it merely "temperament"? Professor Flint, who has recently dissected Agnosticism¹ with the practiced skill of a Scotch logician, might be asked to make a diagnosis of Pococurantism as well. His book would be interesting reading, but I imagine that Gallio and FitzGerald would put it aside with a quizzical smile.

It is not too fanciful to say that there are indifferentists produced by ignorance, as well as by a surfeit of knowledge. Whole classes and races are apparently doomed to a happy-go-lucky, semi-tropical indolence of body and spirit, — amusing enough to the traveler, but yet dull and blind. It may stretch our Italian word too far, to make it cover these coarser forms of indifference to excellence, — forms that spring from sheer unconsciousness rather than from satiety with the objects of intellectual curiosity. Likewise it may be taking too much liberty with the word to apply it to that unconcern for the ordinary tastes and pleasures of mankind which results from absorption in some supreme issue. How many a mediæval saint demonstrated his sainthood by caring for none of these things that move us to such transports, such pursuits, such struggles! "Did you enjoy the lake?" runs the famous story about St. Bernard, who had been journeying all day beside the waters of Geneva. "Lake?" replied the saint in mild surprise, "what lake?" There may be a strain of ethical nobility, no doubt, in this for-

¹ *Agnosticism*. By ROBERT FLINT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

getfulness of sensuous beauty. But the type of soul represented by the dreaming saint has always been rare, and seems to be growing rarer. Few high-minded men and women are now content to press into the solitary ways of lonely spiritual rapture; the path of progress leads them no longer to cells in the high Alps. The men and women most keenly alive to spiritual issues are insisting upon the social duties, the validity of social instincts, the claims of the innumerable close-woven bonds of human relationship. The true saints, whether of the mediæval or modern type, are never, strictly speaking, Pococurantes. They care infinitely, whether for one or many things, but it is true that their sense of values has been so reversed, as compared with that of ordinary men, that, like the risen Lazarus in Browning's poem, the things which seem trivial to us are all important to them, while their great concerns are our trivialities. Yet in this very detachment from the average standard of judgment, in their sense of superiority to their surroundings and possessions, they illustrate, singularly enough, a suggestive phase of indifferentism.

It is evident that I have just been choosing extreme examples. But somewhere between the peasant, who is indifferent to ideas because his eyes are darkened, and the saint, whose inner light makes the world of ideas a mere flickering unreality, stand men like Horace and Horace Walpole, Montaigne and Goethe, Franklin and Jefferson, the speculative, amused, undeluded children of this world. Such men do not lack interest in human affairs, but they weigh all things coolly, and register the gravity or the levity of our mortal predicament with the same smile. Even if no pococurantists themselves, they are the begetters of Pococurantism in others. For behind such representative figures, sharing their recurrent skepticism, but wanting their robust curiosity, their unimpaired sanity, are grouped the

great majority of privileged, educated men. Few of them escape some touch, sooner or later, of the temper of indifferentism. With one it is a mere sophomoric affectation, — a pretense of unconcern, — while with another it deepens into lifelong habit. But to all of us at times the mood of "caring little" comes. Subtle are the disguises, puzzling are the contradictory manifestations of the loss of interest in the normally interesting. The child pokes into the inside of its doll, and straightway possesses one delightful mystery the less; the worldling finds his game not worth the candle; the statesman sees his great plans crumbling like a house of cards, and often realizes that at heart he cares for them as little. And all this disillusionment may come, as it did to our Venetian senator, without making the man discourteous or unkind. Indeed it sometimes seems to deepen the pococurantist's humaner qualities, as if disillusionment were the sign of initiation into a world-wide fraternity, the seal of our mortal experience.

Here is a well-known passage from the autobiography of one of the most gentle, honest, and unquestionably great men of our own day. It is the passage where Charles Darwin confesses his loss of interest in certain things which had once moved him deeply. The words are frequently commented upon as illustrating the atrophy of unused faculties. That is indeed their obvious purport, but as you read them, note how perfectly they echo, more than a century afterward, the very tones of Signor Pococurante's confession in his library: —

"I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly

pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. . . .

"This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The famous naturalist's experience has been that of countless men whose devotion to their own chosen field has left them more and more oblivious of general human or æsthetic interests. There are plenty of Latinists who read Virgil not for the poetry but for material for a theory of the subjunctive, and they gradually forget that there is any poetry there. It would be easy to multiply examples of this narrowing influ-

ence of over-specialization. And it is instructive to note that in every field except the one selected for his concentrated activity, the specialist often offers a curious parallel to his arch-enemy the amateur.¹ Sooner or later, both tend to become pococurantists as regards the majority of subjects of human intercourse. "I went into that a good deal at one time," says Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*. It is the typical remark of the typical amateur. "Poetry and pictures formerly gave me great pleasure," says Darwin. "I was once persuaded that I enjoyed Homer and Raphael," says our Venetian senator. The three confessions are identical; the amateur and the specialist have now arrived at the same point as the born pococurantist.

There are other examples of intellectual and moral indifferentism no less striking although widely different in their source. A jaded American millionaire, trying to get pleasure out of a too long deferred holiday in Europe, is one of the most depressing of pococurantist spectacles. For twenty or thirty years he has been amassing a fortune, with the pluck and energy which we all admire. And here he is set down in Paris or Dresden or Florence, ignorant of the language, the history, the architecture, the ideas of the country. He is a good fellow, but he is homesick, listless, indifferent: he speeds his automobile along some famous Roman road without once kindling at the thought of Cæsar or Napoleon; the Mediterranean means to him Monte Carlo; and nothing in his trip gives him so much real satisfaction as to buttonhole a fellow American and talk to him about the superiority of New York hotels. He is taking his holiday too late. He has no longer any oil in his lamp. Curiosity, imagination, sympathy, zest, have been burned out of him in that fierce competitive struggle where his life forces have been spent.

¹ See *The Amateur Spirit in the Atlantic* for August, 1901.

He is the victim of a system, — of the quantitative rather than the qualitative test of excellence. None of our contemporary hallucinations leads more certainly to ultimate weariness and indifference than this too exclusive glorification of "men who do things." We worship size, efficiency, tangible results. With the late W. E. Henley in his automobile poem we cry: —

"Speed —
Speed, and a world of new havings,
Learning and Drink
And Money and Song,
Ships, Folios and Horses,
The craft of the Healer,
The worship of God
And things done to the instant
Delight of the Devil
And all, all that tends
To his swift-to-come, swift-to-go
Glory, are tested,
Gutted, exhausted,
Chucked down the draught;
And the quest, the pursuit,
The attack, and the conquest
Of the Unknown goes on —
Goes on in the Joy of the Lord."

It is a fascinating, record-breaking schedule for the road-race for Success, but a man may without cowardice confess that he is afraid of it. One sees too many broken-down machines in the roadside ditch. Study the faces of the Men Who Do Things, of the Men of To-Morrow, as you find them presented in the illustrated periodicals. They are strong, straightforward faces, the sign of a powerful, high-g geared bodily mechanism. These men are the winners in the game which our generation has set itself to play. But many of the faces are singularly hard, insensitive, untouched by meditation. If we have purchased speed and power at the cost of nobler qualities, if the men who do things are bred at the expense of the men who think and feel, surely the present American model needs modification.

For there has been a good deal of human history made upon this planet be-

fore the invention of the automobile, and one of the most obvious lessons of that history is the moral indifference which is apt to follow upon great material success. We perceive that something is wrong even with the courteous superiority of Signor Pococurante. We feel that it is a flaw in an otherwise kindly and attractive character. But what shall we say of the moral insensibility, the sheer recklessness of human life, the selfish indifference to the welfare of weaker individuals, of weaker races, in which the present decade abounds? It is a new form of Pococurantism, and one far more dangerous than any dilettante type, because it attacks stronger men.

"Speed, and a world of new havings,"

no matter who or what may lie in the path! That is its watchword. It has taken new accents in our own days, but it is after all the old hoarse shout of Philistinism, trusting in its sword and spear and shield.

Nor are its less militant aspects any less fundamentally barbaric. "How pleasant," says one of the citizens in the Easter Sunday scene in Faust, "to sit here and empty your glass and think of the people fighting far away!"

"On Sundays, holidays, there's naught I take
delight in
Like gossiping of war and war's array,
Where down in Turkey, far away,
The foreign people are a-fighting."

But beneath even this softer and more smug Philistinism, — wrapped comfortably in material progress, full of good nature, of benevolent sentiment, of jocosity, — what indifference there may be toward the good old cause of worldwide liberty and fraternity, what essential hardness of heart!

It is a long journey from Venice in the eighteenth century to America in the twentieth. Yet the decaying commercial republic of Italy, drawing to itself even in its decline the treasures of the East and West, offering to the stranger,

with a sort of splendid affluence, both its best and its worst, presents more than one likeness to the vast, prosperous America of to-day. Among our countrymen who have enjoyed full opportunities for culture, there are few who have not at times shared the listlessness, the apathy of that Venetian nobleman who was cloyed with his own treasures. How can it be otherwise? How can the man or woman of normal power constantly respond to the multifarious stimulus of these swift days of ours? Who can adequately react even to the news contained in the morning paper? Here is the life of the whole world brought daily to the door. But who is ready to weigh it, sift it, assimilate it? No wonder that men and women of fine fibre are conscious too often of that lassitude which comes from wandering through the rooms of a great museum, a weariness like that which oppresses the conscientious sight-seer at a World's Fair.

We cannot rest, meditate, dream, without missing our train, breaking our engagement. We hurry on, through this crowded, absorbing, splendidly rich and varied life of contemporary America, a race of a few athletes and millions of nervous dyspeptics. We are a restless people, hypnotized with transient enthusiasms. To-day we plan a marble archway for a naval hero, build it to-morrow in plaster, and the day after tear it down. We idolize the phrases of the Declaration of Independence for two or three generations, and then suddenly make the discovery that they are mere generalities, good enough for the library, but inapplicable to practical affairs. All the wealth of our physical resources, all the marvels of our tangible success, are not enough, it appears, to save us from the Old World vice of indifferentism, from the swift relapse into disillusionment.

Let us come back to Voltaire's parable. He was a master of dialectic weapons, and in this novel about the quest of happiness he scores his point

with impeccable precision. Signor Pocourante is not happy. Candide is searching for a perfectly happy person, and he does not find one, even in that admirably furnished palace upon the Brenta. A man's life, in other words, consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Yet the road to happiness is not through caring little, — as the Stoics will still have it, — but through caring much, and continuing to care much. It is the ardent, luminous mind, not the smothered, hypercritical mind, which has the truer perception of values. The disillusionized man is not necessarily the wise man. Hamlet was wiser, more truly philosophical in the university at Wittenberg, where he was doubtless taught "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!" than he was later, when, in the stress of unequal conflict with the world, he added the sad personal footnote, "And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"

In actual human intercourse, furthermore, your disillusionized man or woman is, to put it plainly, apt to prove himself a bore. It is amusing enough for a while to hear some melancholy Jaques wittily rail and sneer, but it soon grows tiresome. The most agreeable companion in the game of life is what golfers call the "cheerful duffer," who plays shockingly, it is true, but who is always hoping and struggling to beat bogey on the next hole. It is in the mood of the awkward idealist, and not of the graceful pocourantist, that most of the good work of the world is done.

There is plentiful absurdity, no doubt, in the popular interpretation of what has been so widely heralded as the doctrine of "strenuousness." As a counter-gospel to that of mere fault-finding inertia or obstructionism, strenuousness is well enough. But superficially understood, it may mean nothing more than the cult of activity for its own sake; "hustling," as we love to say, for the mere end of being a "hustler." No

nation ever needed such a doctrine less than we. We have already too much headlong hurry that does not count: like the nervous pulling on and off of sweaters by the substitutes on the side-lines of a football-field, it shows feverish activity and energy, but it does not advance the ball. The real purport of the strenuous doctrine is rather this: that life is infinitely significant; that it should not be frittered away, either in finical criticism or in foolish, irrelevant activities. It is meant to be used,—intelligently, fully, generously. Those are fine lines of Henry van Dyke:—

“Life is an arrow — therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow —
Then draw it to the head, and let it go!”

It is the good fortune of some men and women to feel instinctively this potential value of human life. Others learn it tardily, after the oil in the lamp is low. But nothing is more inspiriting than to see human beings make the great acceptance, and devote themselves to some generous service. The bow is meant to shoot with, and not to hang on the wall. It improves with age, and so should men and women. “We grow simpler,” wrote Thackeray, “as we grow older.”

For, after all, these contemporary forms of indifferentism are not final. We shall doubtless specialize more, rather than less, and yet the narrowing tendencies of absorption in one’s own specialty may be resisted. The lassitude that marks the reaction from great and long-continued effort is perhaps inevitable; but in those hours one may refresh himself from the deep fountains that spring up within the soul. One’s individual success or happiness may tempt him to regard the less fortunate with an indifferent eye, but in a democracy like ours Dives and Lazarus may always be trusted to shift places, if you will but give them time.

To avoid that cold, paralyzing touch of indifferentism, one can at least endeavor to live simply. There is even

now apparent, in the press, in many strange pulpits, and in the private talk of men in every section of the country, a wholesome tendency to praise this “simple life.” It is perhaps a by-product of prosperity, for the doctrine it praises is more easily followed by the rich than by the poor. A fine simplicity of mind often accompanies great wealth, while poverty is as often the cause of perpetual duplicity and fear. But fortunately for our generation, both rich and poor have been rediscovering Nature. We have found sources of joy in familiar surroundings and in common things. It is one step toward rediscovering ourselves. “Simplification,” as Mr. John Morley has so often pointed out, was the motto of that Revolution which followed so swiftly upon the mood of Voltairean doubt; and now that a whole cycle of experience has been accomplished, simplification should be the watchword once more. “Plain living and high thinking” is a hackneyed phrase, and represents for many of us but a forced virtue; but plain living and high thinking are at least not the soil in which Pococurantism flourishes. A quiet mind that recalls the enduring lessons of history, a meditative mind that perceives the secret of vitality in true books and true men, a sane mind that sees life wholesomely and humanly, — this is what one must cultivate if he would share the inexhaustible freshness, the unceasing energy, which make the daily gladness of the world.

And the last words of Signor Pococurante himself are not to be forgotten. They relate, it may be remembered, to his garden. He is indeed dissatisfied with it, as with everything else, and yet he adds, in words that almost redeem his character and testify to his essentially human quality: “I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan.” How persistent, how indestructible is idealism, even in the breast of a professed indifferentist! This idealism is an integral part of our inherit-

ance. Though baffled at every point, it underlies and corrects our transient fits of despondent criticism. Indifferentism should be studied, controlled, counteracted; but in most of us, after all, it is a mood only. It is a shadow on the landscape. Yet far below it in

our nature there is the undefeated desire, the imperishable aspiration, that to-morrow may find us dwelling in another garden, built upon a nobler plan. That is our human heritage of toil and hope, and it is a man's part to reënter it daily with courage and good cheer.

B. P.

A MAKER OF MIRRORS.

I.

ABEL STARBUCK! She could scarcely believe her eyes. . . . Abel Starbuck, — whose discoveries in chemistry had partially revolutionized that science, — whose brilliant studies in metaphysics had introduced a new element into the philosophy of life, — Abel Starbuck turned furniture-maker. . . . The thing was ludicrous, — inconceivable!

She knew that Abel Starbuck was generally accounted the first scientist of the age, though certain of his colleagues deplored a touch of eccentricity in his genius, alien, as they held, to the true scientific spirit. His versatility was also reckoned against him. By reason of his insatiable curiosity, and the catholicity of his interests, he was constantly before the public eye. His experiments ranged over every department of life, including philanthropy. Had he painted the picture of the year, or started a new religion, Joanna Cochrane would have found no great matter for surprise. But to take up with artistic furniture! . . . It was connected in her mind with so many sordid experiences, — ignorance on the part of the public, — meanness on the part of the dealers. She had for many years been making furniture designs for London manufacturers, and had specialized in inlaying metal and enamel work: but the joy of her unusual skill in these crafts was not sufficient compensation

for the poverty, the hardships, the gnawing uncertainties that were her lot. It was incomprehensible to her how any one should descend from the sublime realms of abstract thought to this world she knew, — a world that had beauty in it no doubt, but a beauty overshadowed, and often hidden, by the ugliness of its associations. Yet there, before her, was the printed announcement of Starbuck's declension: a leaderette commented lightly upon it, suggesting equally incongruous employments for other eminent men of the day; and, most convincing of all, she came, in the advertising column, upon an advertisement inserted by Professor Starbuck himself, for an assistant who understood working in metals and enamels.

Why not? The blood rushed to her face with the suddenness of the thought. She read the advertisement through again more carefully. "Apply personally, after twelve noon at the factory, Bankside, Lambeth, London."

Such a chance had never come her way before. And she might, too, see Abel Starbuck! The romance of the thought for a moment overrode all more practical considerations. Yet these, when they came to be weighed, were sufficiently alluring. If the wildly improbable should happen, — if she should succeed in obtaining the post, — it would mean working under the direction of a man of ideas, — a man of understanding and of generosity, — it would mean

regular employment, adequate remuneration, relief from the pressing anxieties that every morning she had to face.

She looked critically at the rainbow work that lay before her; she knew it to be good of its kind, — possibly unique. She put together one or two designs of perfect workmanship, to serve as specimens, looked up a few drawings that had been rejected on the score of originality: then she crossed over to her dressing-table, for the attic served as workroom and bedroom in one. Now she looked at herself critically in the looking-glass; and the old depression grew upon her that she, who had such exquisite taste in the manipulation of stone and pearl, should be so absolutely lacking in the power of managing aright her own personal setting. She could frame a gem so as to enhance its every shade of color, its every subtlety of contour; but her own hair she could not dress becomingly, nor choose wisely the hats and gowns that would emphasize the graces of her face and figure, and minimize the defects. It distressed her, — not that she was faded or worn, but that she appeared to suggest the fact. The old diffidence — the old mistrust of herself which had lost her every opportunity so far — came upon her with renewed force. She felt she would be nervous to foolishness at the interview, — she would say the wrong things, and undo her chances. It was morbid, egotistical, despicable, but she had never been able thoroughly to conquer her temperamental self-consciousness.

And now the temptation was strong upon her to shirk a trial in which she might be foredoomed to failure. She always shrank physically from facing a crisis, and felt an irresistible inclination to run away from opportunities. But to let slip so splendid a chance as this would be little short of a crime; and she turned from the looking-glass trembling, — determined. If only she had not looked in the glass at all; had been able to forget this dull thing dressed

in unattractive garments, and had remembered instead the intimate, invisible self that sometimes almost seemed one with the loveliness it dreamed of. But that self must remain hidden for all time in its fading sheath.

So she set out, and soon after twelve she reached the factory at Lambeth.

The factory was an old building, in appearance, recently adapted to its present purpose. It stood on the water's edge, not far above Westminster Bridge. Joanna was ushered into a bare room, round which, on forms, sat a number of men and women, — applicants evidently for the same post as herself. It was a motley assemblage. Almost every class seemed to be represented, from the skilled artisan, to the fashionable dilettante; and all were under the influence of a like uncomfortable tension, inevitable where the competition was so immediate and so obvious.

Joanna lost count of time; the room gradually cleared: some one came and took her specimens away, and then she was summoned into the presence of Abel Starbuck himself.

Tall, with a slight stoop; grave, slow in movement, as though his thoughts were too big to translate themselves into action; with eyes deep-set, heavy-lidded, and of an extraordinary vitality, — such was Abel Starbuck at a first glance. He was much younger than Joanna expected, and might well have passed for thirty-five.

"Will you sit down," he said pointing to a chair.

The room was peculiar in shape. It reminded Joanna of the circular rooms in lighthouses, for it was built right over the river, and one half was occupied by a bay window opening up a great tract of water. The walls were color-washed, gray, — and a rosy atmosphere stole in off the water, tempering the austerity with a faint flush.

"Your work is very beautiful," Starbuck said, "and the designs submitted have the boldness, the simplicity, and

the promise of originality that I am looking for."

"I am glad they please you," murmured Joanna. His directness, his impersonal manner set her partially at her ease, but she was still oppressed by the keen, overwhelming consciousness of his greatness.

"Perhaps I might try to give you some idea of my requirements," Starbuck went on. "Now what article of furniture strikes you as primarily in need of revision?"

Joanna pondered a moment. "We have practically perfect designs for tables, for chairs, for bedsteads" — she began.

"Have you ever given thought to looking-glasses? These are of fairly modern invention. There is no good old tradition here to keep us right in the matter of their construction or framing, and yet perhaps no other piece of furniture has so large a share of our attention, — or looms with such importance in our lives."

Joanna gazed at him with amazement. The matter seemed to her too trifling to merit the emphasis he gave it. It was clear that the man himself had not a particle of vanity in his composition, — his clothes were serviceable, even to carelessness, and he spoke with the aloofness of a mathematician discussing a problem.

"I have sometimes thought that we set too much store by looking-glasses," Joanna replied.

"That is possible," said Starbuck; "still looking-glasses are an established accessory, which we are bound to accept. Now, in primitive times, what would you suppose to have been the natural mirror?"

"A lake or a pool," said Joanna.

"Exactly: still water. Now consider for a moment how these ancient looking-glasses were framed. Some perhaps were set in a delicate rim of reeds, whose slender lines were scarcely blurred in their reflection; some, per-

haps, had an edge of sea-worn rocks, softened by a filmy haze of sea-weed; some would be circled by the broad leaves of lilies, and some shine smooth out of a dusky border of shadows."

"It is a pity those mirrors of Nature were ever superseded," Joanna put in.

"First we replace water by glass, — a wretched substitute, — but that I suppose is inevitable; and next we set our glass in hideous, narrow squares of wood, or in the doors of wardrobes, surrounded with a trivial apparatus of drawers and shelves: by every means in our power we strive to kill the old open-air tradition. Now my idea is to bring mirrors back into their proper relationship with the woodland and sea-shore pools."

"By framing them in carvings of water lily leaves, or drapery of sea-weed?"

"To some extent; but Art is convention, and our looking-glasses are no longer horizontal, which alters the conditions. I want to give, not a slavish copy of any particular natural object, but the spirit of all natural objects, expressed symbolically."

"Water always flows and shapes in curves," replied Joanna thoughtfully; "there should be no angles — no straight lines in your mirrors."

"You have caught the very idea," exclaimed Starbuck eagerly; "now we will discuss the material for the framework. Certain woods might serve occasionally, carved or stained, but I should prefer silver, copper, bronze, — and for cheaper mirrors gun-metal and pewter. I shall try to achieve an effect of ripples at the edges, and you must suggest in your frames the dim green of fields, and the faint shimmer of sands."

"The idea is alive with inspiration," cried Joanna. "I can feel fiery dawns in the copper, and soft twilights in the silver and mother-of-pearl."

"I see I am more than fortunate in your coöperation. The glass-making, the quicksilver, the whole process of

manufacture is under my personal direction; I believe I can give a new sense of depth to the mirror" (he scanned her curiously for a moment as he said these words), "and in time I may be able to graduate its color, and produce tree-reflections and water-lights at the edge. That is why I have built this room over the river, — that I may master the secret of each shifting gleam, — and learn the mystery of each luminous ripple. I want you to undertake the department of the frames. Use what material you will, so that you keep within the general limitations I have roughly laid down. You will no doubt shortly require a number of skilled assistants; but in the first instance I should like you to think out some designs, and submit the drawings to me."

"And is the inculcation of beauty your sole aim?" asked Joanna.

For the first time in their long interview Professor Starbuck became aware that he was dealing with an individual, instead of with a mere satisfactory item in his scheme.

"You are interested in motives?" he inquired.

"I am interested in Professor Starbuck's motives," she replied.

"Well, I may tell you that beauty is not my only object; nor is it my only object to bring the influence of Nature intimately into people's lives; though both these things seem to me good. But come into my workshop, and I will show you the experimental mirror I have made; perhaps I had better have it sent up to your house that you may make yourself thoroughly familiar with its rather unusual coloring. Like water, it looks grayer on a dark day than ordinary glass."

He led the way into a side room fitted up as a laboratory. On an easel stood a mirror, wreathed round with newly cut branches of the beech. The leaves, exquisite with spring, were quite fresh; they seemed to waver over a still deep pool.

"I am no artist, — I have had to use natural objects themselves in my experiments," said Starbuck apologetically, "but you can feel at once how much can be made out of the beech idea: the beech stems suggested, perhaps, in dull silver, and the beech floor — of faded leaves — in copper. I don't quite know how you will get the sun effect that lives in this delicious green."

"I could almost believe it a pool of water; it is astounding," murmured Joanna.

"I am pleased myself," Starbuck acknowledged. "I have been rambling about for a long time, studying all manner of pools, in all manner of places; but Nature is infinitely various, and I have only conquered one fleeting mood."

"You make new worlds open before me," said Joanna; "it is a joy to be associated in this scheme, and I hope my inspiration may stand by me, and all the material things I work in be kind."

They discussed a few practical details, and then parted.

II.

The light of pearly morning came through the curtain-drawn window, and sank deep into the circular mirror that Starbuck had sent up, just a year ago, to serve Joanna as a test for the color and material of her frames.

Obedying a sentimental impulse, — which she did not stop to analyze, — Joanna had wreathed the mirror with branches of the beech tree in honor of the anniversary. From behind the fresh, green leaves came gleams of silver and of copper, the metals she had used in carrying out her symbolization of the spirit of the beech.

She lay watching the light waver and brighten over the surface of the mirror. The peace of lonely waters had entered into her soul. All the year she had been brooding over the loveliness of re-

mote lakes and shadowy pools, and when she closed her eyes, vast tracts of water gleamed upon her consciousness, or shimmered vaguely through images of waving flags and grasses.

The beech-mirror was not only dear to her because it was the medium through which her dreams became actualities; it was infinitely more precious because it had been Starbuck's first experiment, because, in some mysterious way, it existed by reason of his brain and blood, — and because, with the exception of her own, no other face than his had ever been reflected from its depths.

Sometimes, in fanciful moods, she had peered into the glass, wondering if the mercury might not hold some lingering shadow of Starbuck, who had bent for so many months over its manipulation, before it gave him back the echo he asked; and once, very late at night, she had fancied that Starbuck's face appeared behind the reflection of her own. She knew that the illusion was one of thought-projection, but it startled her that the thought of him should so easily take visible shape. Was it indeed the peace of lonely waters that had made the last year so lovely and wonderful, or some dim, unacknowledged consciousness, that sent a glamour over the things of this world?

She sprang up, and went over to the mirror. Framed in the beech leaves, her face looked out at her, soft, round, faintly luminous, set in a cloud of hair tossed after the night. How young she had grown during the past year! Yes, even pretty; and what a difference this knowledge had made to her, — what happiness it had brought, — what self-confidence. She now trod the world joyfully and boldly, freed from the burden of diffidence that had made her self-conscious.

She began to dress, questioning herself. Was she indeed the same girl who had looked in the looking-glass a year ago with a misery so acute that she still remembered the pang of it?

Or — she had never dared investigate the question before — could those newspapers be right which insinuated that Starbuck's phenomenal success as a maker of mirrors was due to the fact that his mirrors flattered? Of course she had always admitted to herself that a face set in an exquisite framework would show at its very best: Starbuck had once pointed out how different a bird looks, seen in a forest glade, or in a cage, — and she had always supposed the innuendoes of the press inspired by commercial jealousy. But The Eaglet of the night before had suggested a very simple test in the matter, and the remembrance of it frightened her.

"It has been maintained," so the paragraph ran, "that the mirrors of Professor Starbuck lend to the reflection no more than an artistic setting: this, of course, were a perfectly legitimate device. But any one can easily prove that in these mirrors the glass itself has been manipulated with a view to flattery. Place one of Professor Starbuck's beside another of ordinary manufacture, cover up the frames of each, and carefully compare the images reflected. The face will show in Professor Starbuck's glass, more delicate in outline and coloring, — most of the lines will have vanished, and all the harshnesses be softened. To put it baldly, these mirrors are held in esteem because they are based on a lie; and Professor Starbuck's enormous fortune has been accumulated by the most direct and flagrant falsehood."

After all she had better know the worst before it was too late! She fetched from the bottom of a cupboard the cheap old looking-glass, of former days, in its square wooden frame.

The newspaper was absolutely justified: the glass showed her a face thinner, more lined and more worn, than that which smiled from her beloved mirror wreathed with beech leaves.

It had always seemed to Joanna that the first duty in life was to accept facts as they are. She was impatient of those

who colored them and shaped them to suit their own convenience or pleasure. "Paint me with my wrinkles" had been to some extent her motto in everything; and to disguise ugliness, or the signs of age, seemed to her a cowardice, since it involved a direct violation of the truth.

And yet during the past year she had — unconsciously — given her assistance toward the propagation of a flattery of the coarsest type! She had based her whole personal life on a delusion! So now she stood shivering, stripped bare of all the false loveliness that had set a mirage about her days.

And Starbuck, — her Starbuck, — was he a charlatan? The thing seemed impossible. He had been to her the one absolutely single-minded man she had ever met. Yet though in their close association of interests they had become warm comrades, she had never been able to fathom his motives, nor to discover what had led him to abandon abstract science for the trade of mirror-making. Their long conversations had circled round details of the immediate work, and she had failed to win a glimpse into his more intimate thoughts.

Of course there was nothing else for it but to abandon the position. Starbuck had cut out the rest of the trade, not because his goods were of better or more artistic workmanship, but that he had had recourse to a trick, — a trick, evil in its results, since it must inevitably increase in sum total the foolish vanity of the world. It was terrible to her to reflect that a genius so towering and unique should be applied to devices so trivial and unworthy. Her conscience would not allow her to remain any longer a party to the fraud; she would give notice that very day.

The bare room where Joanna had waited on her first introduction was now turned into a show-room. It was lighted from the roof, and every inch of wall was hung with mirrors. There stood the two great mirrors that had just been completed.

The stalactite mirror shone like a black pool from its frame of marble and ivory, — the marble was rounded as if by the constant action of water, and great needles of ivory stalactites tapered to meet the ivory stalagmites at the base.

The Wastwater mirror symbolized the screes, in flint; and pebbles seemed to run a little way under the glass; the magnificent color of mountain image, shown on the lake in late autumn, was represented by masses of copper and lapis-lazuli. Only a small part of the mirror gave back reflections. Then there was the long frieze, — a new experiment in decoration; the glass was ridged to show as ripples, and the movements of people passing wavered vaguely and delightfully over it, as they do in running water, or in faded tapestry. Oh, why had not Starbuck been satisfied with the loveliness of these creations? Why had he allowed the serpent, the flatterer to creep into them?

She knocked at the door of the river room, and went in. Starbuck's greeting was more friendly than ever.

"I want to speak to you, Professor Starbuck," she said. "I — I am afraid I cannot stay with you any longer."

"Miss Cochrane!" Starbuck looked blank with dismay.

"I am very sorry. I have been supremely happy in the work."

She had hardly realized the fatality to him of her defection. Starbuck's gravity struck her to the heart. Perhaps she had been precipitate, — perhaps there would be some explanation, — her very resolution began to falter.

"But what is your reason? Surely there must be some remedy? There is nothing — absolutely nothing — I would not do" —

"You have been too good already; but there are no doubt other excellent workers who would not feel about some things as I do."

"Miss Cochrane, — it is not only your work, — though your work is a

veritable dream made to live, — a rainbow-given permanence. Have you not known, — have you not felt, — what happiness, — what an inspiration your companionship has been? If you leave me, the whole industry will collapse, it is true; but also my life will be emptied of its sweetness. I would have said this better, — I would have asked you more worthily to be my wife, — only you surprised me into this sudden, into this blunt confession. Forgive me. Do what you think best, — do what is for your own happiness, only I had begun to hope, — I had begun to believe” —

Joanna grew quite pale. “You have never known me as I really am,” she said in a low voice; “you have seen a fancy projection of myself, built on the false assumptions of your mirror.”

“But this is a riddle. I do not understand.”

“In the beech looking-glass you gave me a year ago, I appeared to myself young, — almost pretty. And I acted, I felt, as if I were young and pretty. I may even have made you think so too, for we are often accepted at our own valuation. But the looking-glass spoke falsely, — it flattered, — it lied” —

“Is this the whole difficulty?” said Starbuck. “Is this why you want to leave me? Tell me more particularly.”

“Can’t you understand how hard you have made it for me to speak to you of things like this?”

“You have no doubt been reading the newspapers, too. They are just now particularly full of my misdoings.”

“How can you speak so lightly?”

“We try to be armed in steel against misconception. But I ought to have foreseen that you might be puzzled, annoyed” —

“You can explain?”

“I think so, — I hope so. And first of all, do you think ‘flattery’ quite a fair term to apply to my mirrors? Would you apply it to the mirrors of Nature, — the lakes and the pools? They blur slightly, — they change sub-

tly, but they express all the more forcibly the essential truth.”

Joanna hesitated. “Flattery” was obviously not the proper word to describe the effect produced by reflections in water. “Water softens roughnesses, — it lends a glamour of color, — it almost idealizes” — she began.

“Do my mirrors do more? Like Nature, they merely idealize” —

“But why should we see ourselves idealized?”

“Because we become what we believe ourselves to be. I may confess to you now that there is a philosophical idea underlying this making of mirrors. You must have known that I would never have abandoned my work in abstract science without some very serious intention. All the poetry of the framework, all the exquisite manipulation of material, were but ministers to my design. I have been working many years to perfect a discovery, which I believe will have an important influence on the destinies of man. I succeeded only very partially in embodying this discovery in the first mirror I made, which is now in your possession. My principle is, that the heroic in man will always respond to the right appeal; I took a practical way of making such an appeal by partially eliminating the trivial blemishes which deflect clear vision. You yourself have told me that my mirror has been an influence in your life.”

“It spoke falsely” —

“It spoke truly. It glozed over what was transitory and unimportant, in order that it might reveal what was vital and abiding. So you became free from the minor trammels, — your real self asserted itself. I could not help watching, — rejoicing” —

To some extent Joanna felt this to be an accurate statement of fact. She knew that she had largely grown to the conception of herself that had been suggested by the mirror.

“How did you achieve your result?” she asked.

"First, by studying the processes of reflection in nature, and applying my materials accordingly. It was in experimentalizing along these lines that I made my discovery."

"For the weak, — for the timid, — your mirrors might prove an inspiration, I allow," said Joanna, "but what of those who are over-vain already?"

"I admit the danger; I foresaw it; I can counteract it. Up to the present I have employed little more than a certain scientific ingenuity in this manufacture; but I have at last learned how to apply to mirror-making the great chemical discovery I have spoken of. We are only slowly and gradually finding out the marvelous — I had almost said the psychic — properties of matter. By a combination of minerals I have managed to produce a substance capable of reflecting what is invisible to the human eye, — of reflecting, that is to say, our subtler, our less grossly material parts."

"Can you possibly mean our thoughts, our souls?"

"The realm of the material is at present very ill-defined, and its borders are constantly shifting. I cannot venture to pronounce scientifically on terms the definition of which is so vague. I can only say that this new substance is able to reflect the light of our inner, our higher selves."

"But this is past belief, — past hope."

"Think what it means. The eye will learn to apprehend spiritual beauty, and physical beauty will fade before it. You were the first to look into my other mirror; be the first to look with me into this one."

They went into the laboratory. A great irregular sheet of metal, unframed, hung against the wall. Their faces shone from it, changed, transfigured, and they knew that doubt could never come between them again, for they had seen into each other's souls.

Ethel Wheeler.

TRANSFIGURATION.

THE night wind whispers softly. Through the pines
 Tumultuous murmur rises, swells, and dies.
 The tender moonlight on the woodland lies
 And the wide forest in the moon-mist shines
 With glistening silver. The familiar lines
 Of hill and valley melt and fade — to rise
 All glorified and strange. Before my eyes
 A magic power all grosser things refines.
 Breathless I gaze, remote as in a trance.
 I am no longer mortal when I see,
 Now in the moment of supreme delight,
 The tortuous labyrinth of old circumstance
 Vanish to nothingness and leave me free
 Under the boundless splendor of the night.

Alice Choate Perkins.

THE "LITERARY CENTRE."

QUOTATION marks are safe inclosures for words in danger of losing their place. The words at the head of this paper have been dragged relentlessly from one American city to another, and have before them a prospect of endless migration. Their meaning, too, is subject to indefinite change. The centre may be that of the writing, the printing, or the reading of books. A courageous confidence is needed to say that this, that, or the other place is or will be the "literary centre of America." It is the fortune of the present writer to be dealing with what has been, and the assertion that Boston was the literary centre — without quotation marks — during the period in which American literature acquired a shelf of its own in the library of the race is hardly open to dispute. The production of books possessing something like permanence is perhaps the most characteristic mark of a *centre* to which the term *literary*, in its true meaning of "related to literature," may be applied. Name the American writers whose work has stood the test of half a century, and with a few notable exceptions they belong to Boston and its neighborhood. All this is thrice familiar. The record of it, in outline or in detail, is a story which has been told by many tongues and many pens. If we look rather at the significance of the story, and try to give it its place in the longer story of Boston, the more immediate purpose will be served.

Amongst the many fields of activity into which Boston has made an early or the earliest entry, the field of creative writing — not for instruction or argument — can hardly be counted. It is to other places that we must look for the first important contributions to what is called American literature. Yet in Philadelphia and New York the first comers, Charles Brockden Brown, Irving,

and Cooper, each enjoyed some of the distinction of the solitary. Brown has become a mere name in literary history; the others live. But when they made their appearance, it was rather as detached luminaries than as planets or fixed stars belonging to a system. The life of the communities in which they lived had not reached the organic state demanding expression in literature, and finding it at the hands of a body, however small, which could be called a literary class. In Boston, at this early period, the condition was much the same, with the two differences that the individual writers of distinction were yet to appear, and that influences were at work, perhaps more powerfully than anywhere else in America, toward making a definite expression through literature at some later time almost a necessity. These influences called into being the Anthology Club, the Athenæum, and the North American Review. The unremitting influence of Harvard College, sending its sons year by year into the pulpits, counting-houses, and professional offices of Boston, had also to be reckoned with. For the devotion of any considerable number of these or other men to the pursuit of literature, the time was not yet ripe. Questions of politics laid claim to much of the best thought of the best thinkers. As before the Revolution, so in the active days of the Federalist party, the newspaper press abounded in contributions, frequently over classic pseudonyms, from the ablest men in the community. Thus the place which the Federalist, farther South, won for itself in the early literature of the country was not wholly without its counterpart in the current productions of Boston writers. It was a Boston editor, by the way, who is said to have coined the phrase, "The era of good feeling," adopted with unanimity by his-

torians of the United States. The influences of journalistic writing, however, being those which Boston shared with her sister towns, are not of present concern.

Mr. Howells has spoken of the "Augustan Age" of literature in Boston as "the Unitarian harvest-time of the old Puritanic seed-time." It is a good definition; but in the seed-time should surely be included the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when Unitarianism was making its way. One who reads not only a separate paper on the "Unitarian controversy," but also the writings of the leaders in the new movement, cannot fail to be impressed with the mere literary skill of these writers. Besides having ideas which they wished to urge, they knew how to urge them. Their grace and cogency of style implied both an effective training in the use of the writer's tools and the existence of an audience capable of appreciating such use. Butterflies are not deliberately brought to a wheel for breaking. The very nature of a controversy which meant so much to so large a portion of the community bespoke the presence of a class to which the things of the mind and the spirit were of high importance — from which the evolution of a smaller "literary class" was easily possible.

Of the rise of the Transcendental Movement the Unitarian body as such would have held itself innocent. A shrewd observer of the intellectual life of Boston, the Rev. Dr. O. B. Frothingham, once wrote of his native town, "It was always remarkable for explosions of mind." By the conservative element Transcendentalism was frankly regarded as one of these explosions. Of its practical value, as a moral agency, Father Taylor, the Methodist missionary to sailors, probably spoke for many of his contemporaries when he said of a Transcendental discourse he had just heard: "It would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would

quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk." In looking back upon Transcendentalism, however, and upon the influences surrounding its birth, the spirit which animated the Unitarian Movement, if not Unitarianism itself, stands forth conspicuous. As the later religious thought of Theodore Parker carried to its conclusion one tendency of Unitarian thinking, so the philosophic thought of Transcendentalism seized upon and carried out another. The dropping of many was the best preparation for that omitting of all traditions from the mind, which Emerson considered the essence of the new philosophy.

To the local causes must be added those French and German influences which led to the suggestive saying that Transcendentalism was "imported in foreign packages." The very origin of its name, as used in Boston, seems to be unknown. For its meaning George Ripley, about to superintend the experiment of Brook Farm, spoke clearly in the sermon which ended his Boston ministry: "There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truths which transcends the sphere of the human senses. Their leading idea is the supremacy of mind over matter. Hence they maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition nor on historical facts, but has an unerring witness in the soul." A less restrained utterance of the same philosophy is made by Alcott in one of his "Orphic Sayings," in the first number of the *Transcendental Dial*: "Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries, obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head." In words no less characteristic of Emerson than the fragment just quoted is of Alcott, the magazine is introduced to the world: "Let it be such a *Dial*, not as the dead face of a clock, hardly even such as the *Gnomon* in a garden, but rather such

a Dial as is the Garden itself, in whose leaves and flowers and fruit the suddenly awakened sleeper is instantly apprised not what part of dead time, but what state of life and growth is now arrived and arriving."

These passages, taken together, will suffice to suggest the aims of Transcendentalism. It is not needed here to trace the rise and fall of Brook Farm (1841-47), that "beautiful failure" in the application of Transcendental philosophy to the problems of living; or of the Dial (1840-44), the chief organic expression of the movement. All that has been abundantly done elsewhere. What is more useful at this point, in regarding Transcendentalism as an influence, is to bear in mind the marked youthfulness of many of its followers. Before the Dial appeared, Emerson commended it to Carlyle for what it would show him about "our young people." Again he tells Carlyle that it is "a fact for literary history that all the bright boys and girls in New England, quite ignorant of each other, take the world so" — that is, as the Transcendentalists take it. When the Dial ceased to mark the time, and Brook Farm was approaching dissolution, the Harbinger — of which the first number was published in June of 1845 — joined the voices of Transcendentalism in a farewell chorus. Of the chief contributors to this number, George Ripley, the dean in years and service, was forty-three years old. Horace Greeley and Cranch were respectively thirty-four and thirty-two. Parke Godwin was twenty-nine; Lowell, Story, and Charles A. Dana were each twenty-six; T. W. Higginson was twenty-two, and George William Curtis twenty-one. Because the entire movement of Transcendentalism was so largely a movement of youth, it mattered less that, as an outward expression of thought and feeling, it came to a definite end. Its influence was stamped indelibly on many minds, which in their growth would naturally outgrow "ideal-

ism as it appeared in 1842," — to use Emerson's definition of the philosophy, — but must carry its effects through life, and spread its influence in many broadening circles. Those who acknowledge the greatest debt to it recognize its influence not only in literature, but in art, religion, politics, equalization of the sexes, and in every forward movement of the second half of the nineteenth century. In spite of its follies and extravagances, few will now deny its general service as a stimulus to clear thinking and pure living, and therein as an educational force felt directly and indirectly throughout the community in which it thrives.

Of all the representatives of Transcendentalism, Emerson was naturally felt to be the most important, and of course has exerted the most enduring personal influence. What saved him from complete identification with the movement was his pervading sanity and humor. Loyal friend of his Orphic neighbor as he was, he could yet record with a certain relish the remark of one puzzled auditor of a "conversation" by Alcott: "It seemed to him like going to heaven in a swing." It was he also who made what is probably the most familiar definition of Brook Farm, — "a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." To Ripley, when Brook Farm was only a plan, he could write, "If not the sunrise, it will be the morning star." But when Ripley sought definitely to secure his participation in the venture, his sound common sense prompted the answer: "My feeling is that the community is not good for me, that it has little to offer me which with resolution I cannot procure for myself. . . . It seems to me a circuitous and operose way of relieving myself to put upon your community the emancipation which I ought to take on myself. I must assume my own vows." The same spirit of practical conservatism made him a late comer amongst the active opponents of slavery. It also marked his point of con-

tact with the element of intellectual and social life in Boston, from which the chief recruits to the ranks of literature were drawn.

It may fairly be questioned whether the poets, historians, and other writers of any place beside Boston, through a whole period of marked productiveness, have represented so clearly as the writers of Boston, for the second third of the nineteenth century, whatever was best in the inheritances and current life of the place. Grub Street and Bohemia, often merging into the territory of newspapers and publishing offices, have elsewhere been a fruitful source of authorship. It is an alien criticism of Boston that there "Respectability stalks unchecked." The justice of the charge is certainly supported by a mere list of the writers who brought distinction to their town, — a list in which Bohemia might expect to be represented if at all. The fact is that this undefined country, to which all true inheritors of the tavern spirit of Ben Jonson and his fellows have owed allegiance, has never had any important place within the boundaries of New England. The background of the Boston writers was eminently that of the circle described in the privately printed volume *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis*: "In the first place, then, Boston society was exclusive, as by a law of nature; it was the simple coming together of certain families, the younger men and women to dance and talk, the elder to talk or dine. It was like a large family party; and there were many who could announce the precise degree of relationship between any two people in any assembly." This was the Boston of the generation born near the beginning of the nineteenth century, — a generation which Mr. Julian Sturgis, writing the words just quoted, considered "exceptionally fortunate in the time of their birth." Of a slightly earlier time he writes: "Young Copley (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst), revisiting his native town in 1796, wrote home to his sister:

' Shall I whisper a word in your ear? The better people are all aristocrats. My father is too rank a Jacobin to live among them.' Indeed, it must be confessed that the idea of equality in social matters had not even occurred to any one; and that even in the political world it was held a matter of course that an Adams or an Otis should exercise an influence other and far greater than that of one mere voter." Into a society maintaining these views and standards for the better part of a century the chief writers of Boston were born. It is worth while then to look at some of them in their relation to the life of which as men they formed a part.

The name of George Ticknor is not one of the first which come to mind in thinking of the Boston writers. Yet the very length of his life (1791–1871), and its constant identification with learning and with people, renders him a typical figure. It is not chiefly as the predecessor of Longfellow in the Smith Professorship at Harvard, or as the accomplished historian of Spanish literature, that this figure presents itself. We think of him rather as the master of the hospitable mansion at the head of Park Street, now given over to a score of trades and arts. Here, overlooking the Common, was his study, rich in the Spanish and Portuguese treasures now preserved in the Boston Public Library, toward the firm establishment of which he became one of the most zealous workers. To the Museum of Fine Arts descended, from the walls of this scholar's library, the portrait of Scott, for which, at Ticknor's request after a visit to Abbotsford, Sir Walter sat to Leslie. The picture is a tangible expression of that familiarity with the most interesting persons and places of Europe which was characteristic of Ticknor and his immediate circle. His life abounds in the records of friendships with traveling and home-keeping foreigners of the first distinction.

On reading the biography of Ticknor Edwin P. Whipple complained that the names of such men as Emerson, Whittier, Theodore Parker, and Sumner are noticeably absent from the pages of the book. "It was not to be supposed," said Whipple, "that Mr. Ticknor could, as a man of eminent respectability, have any sympathy with their audacities of thought and conduct." Even Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell do not, in the critic's view, receive their just share of attention in comparison with "some titled European mediocrities." Another passage from Whipple's paper on Ticknor is suggestive: "His position [after his return from Europe in 1838] was so assured that one of his friends, Nathan Hale, pleasantly suggested that the name of Boston be changed into Ticknorville. In New York and other cities the good society of Boston was for a long time regarded as the select circle of cultivated gentlemen and ladies in which Ticknor moved, and to which he almost gave the law." It is in this blending of the man of the world, a positive social force, and the man of letters, not a mere dilettante but an industrious scholar, that Ticknor takes his place as a representative figure in the life of Boston.

To the hand of Ticknor naturally fell the biography of his friend and neighbor, William Hickling Prescott. This is a book reflecting the same life of "eminent respectability." On the westward slope of Beacon Street, also overlooking the Common, the house of Prescott, a structure of marked dignity and beauty, stands to typify, as architecture may, the quality of past generations of builders and occupants. From Prescott's *Life* one bears away the impression of something more than agreeable surroundings and distinguished achievement. President Walker of Harvard, a classmate of Prescott, wrote of him: "I have never known one so little changed by the conventionalities of society and the hard trial of success and prosperity." This is indeed a trial of

character. In meeting it, and at the same time overcoming the handicap of practical blindness, Prescott put his inheritances of courage to a victorious test. So it is that his *Life* makes its strongest impression as a record of heroic struggle, a document in evidence of the sterner qualities which are sometimes transmitted with other gifts of fortune by the fathers of New England to their sons.

If these qualities were characteristic of the class to which the Boston writers belonged, so also were the inherent qualities of the gentleman. Of the generous sacrifices of scholarship Prescott both received and gave. When Irving found that the younger writer was at work on the theme which he himself had made extensive preparations to treat — the Conquest of Mexico — he withdrew, and, besides leaving the field to Prescott, did everything possible to forward his labors in it. The example set by Irving was not wasted upon one with instincts like his own. After the failure of Motley's venture in fiction, he came to Prescott for advice about the work he was planning to do in the history of the Dutch Republic. Prescott's studies in Spanish history had prepared him for the same task which, unknown to Motley, he was about to undertake. Instead of going on with it, he placed his precious library at Motley's disposal, and but for the dissuading voice of Ticknor would have done the superfluous kindness of offering Motley the manuscript collections of which he afterwards made use in his own *Philip the Second*. Hawthorne's making over of the Acadian theme to Longfellow is another of the instances of generosity which are useful reminders of what it was — and is — to be both a gentleman and an author.

Of Motley, another favored son of the place, with brilliant personal gifts rarely qualifying him for the high diplomatic posts he was called to fill; of Parkman, his junior, whose disabilities of eyesight at once restricted his intercourse

with the world, and demanded of his own life a strain of heroism as genuine as any his pen recorded of others; of nearly all the company of Boston writers a detailed account would present an inevitable monotony of background. In the matter of early influences, Longfellow stood somewhat apart from the rest, for Portland and Bowdoin College took the more familiar places of Boston and Harvard. But then came the period of study and travel in Europe, for which Bancroft and Everett had set an example increasingly followed, — and after that Longfellow, though living in Cambridge, became, especially when his second marriage allied him closely to Boston society, an habitual figure therein. His journals tell the story of this constant intercourse with the best representatives of fashionable life in the little Boston world, at dinners, at Nahant, to which his witty brother-in-law, T. G. Appleton, gave the enduring name of "cold roast Boston," even at the dancing assemblies in the hall of the Papantis, deserted only in recent years by the arbiters of local fashion. In his own historic house at Cambridge he enjoyed to the full the pleasures of hospitality, and the frequent entries of the names of guests, native and foreign, present a panorama of very uncommon variety and interest. The benignant light which Longfellow's personality threw upon all his surroundings is reflected in nearly everything that has been written about him. The personality and the work he did are so in harmony that Mr. W. J. Stillman's definition of his nature as "the most exquisitely refined and gentle" he ever knew brings to mind the double picture of the man and his writings, — characteristic, the one and the other, of "the 'world' of there and then."

Of all the group of Boston writers Oliver Wendell Holmes stands obviously possessed of the strongest local flavor. The manifestations of it in his prose and verse are too many and too familiar to

require any fresh recital. The reader who needs reminding may well turn, for a single significant instance, to the character of "Little Boston" in *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. His thoughts and words could have been put on paper only by one who was saturated with the local spirit and traditions. It is good to hear the crooked little man glorying in his birthplace — "full of crooked little streets; but I tell you Boston has opened, and kept open, more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men, — I don't care how broad their streets are, nor how high their steeples!" The sense of humor which gave this character of "Little Boston" its full measure of eccentricity was the sense which generally saved Dr. Holmes in his proper person from letting himself confuse the local and the universal. "We have been in danger," he wrote in 1876, "of thinking our local scale was the absolute one of excellence — forgetting that 212 Fahrenheit is but 100 centigrade." Of course he did not always escape this danger himself. His biographer, Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., is of the opinion that if Dr. Holmes had traveled more, the famous Saturday Club, which embodied the best masculine society of the place, "would have assumed proportions more accurately adapted to the universe in general." But all such contentions are capable of argument. Dr. Holmes himself maintained that "identification with a locality is a surer passport to immortality than cosmopolitanism is." His own case seems indeed to justify this belief. In the very point at which the spirit of his writing reflected with special clearness the spirit of his community, he at once incurred the strongest displeasure of some of his contemporaries, and produced his most important results in American thought. "The Professor," putting into popular form much of the local spirit of liberal theology, must be counted amongst the

emancipating agencies of the nineteenth century. The depolarization of words has become both a phrase and a fact by reason of this book. Its successive installments, as they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, brought down upon the magazine and upon its chief contributor charges of extreme and dangerous radicalism. "If one could believe many of the newspapers," Mr. Scudder has said, "Dr. Holmes was a sort of reincarnation of Voltaire, who stood for the most audacious enemy of Christianity in modern times." Yet Dr. Holmes, the church-going descendant of the "meeting-going animals" who, according to John Adams, had populated New England, was rather a believer in existing institutions than a "come-outer." The local honors of class and Phi Beta Kappa poet, Harvard professor, physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, meant much to him. It even gratified a whimsical local pride to reflect, after the great fire of 1872, that in the "Great Fire" of 1760 his great-grandfather had lost forty buildings. There is significance, too, in noticing how much more perfect a sympathy he brought to his biography of Motley than to that of Emerson. For all his appreciation of Emerson's unique greatness, the well-ordered scholarship and career of the historian must have typified more clearly to him what one of his own Brahmins should be and do. The enlightened conservative in him spoke nowhere more characteristically than when he wrote: "I go politically for equality, — I said, — and socially for *the* quality:" a sentiment to which many of his fellows would have subscribed.

To his place among the New England classics Lowell came by somewhat different paths from those of Longfellow and Holmes. Besides being a man of letters and a man of the same world to which his distinguished contemporaries belonged, he had formed early and dubious alliances with the anti-slavery agitators. His own magazine, the *Pioneer*, opening

with his plea for a natural rather than a national literature, was a closed book after three numbers. For many years thereafter his editorial labors identified him closely, through the *Pennsylvania Freeman* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, with the opponents of existing conditions. The scholar who is not primarily a poet may usually be found in the ranks of the cautious and contented. The poet, the idealist in Lowell's nature made him inevitably also something of a reformer. It was not till Longfellow tired of academic duties in 1854 that Lowell assumed any such definite connection with the established order of things as a Harvard professorship implied. His completed fame derives so much from his work as an essayist and student of literature that there is danger of forgetting the unstinted service of his early Muse in the cause of reform, a cause which could not at first be either conventional or popular. The figure of Lowell is, however, in this very aspect, characteristic and important, for he represented one of the most vital forces which in the final blending rendered the highest literary expression of Boston in the nineteenth century exactly what it was.

The year 1857 is a convenient date by which to mark the blending of elements resulting in this expression. In that year the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded. The story of its origin, due in large measure to the enthusiasm of Francis H. Underwood, representing the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has been frequently told in recent years. The magazine was rarely fortunate in having Lowell for its first editor. His sympathies, personal, intellectual, political, had perhaps a broader national scope than those of any other man to whom this task might have fallen. He could therefore both give and receive what would have been impossible to one of somewhat parochial limitations. Yet it was from the writers of the immediate vicinity that the magazine won its early distinction. The

editor had but to stretch out his hand to seize an embarrassment of riches. In the twenty-five years of interruption between the Autocrat's early appearance in the short-lived *New England Magazine* and the resumption of his talk in the *Atlantic* Dr. Holmes had been storing his treasures of fancy and wisdom, and ripening the skill with which he finally brought them forth. Emerson, and those who were most affected by his influence, stood ready to provide the mellowed best results of Transcendental thought. Lowell himself, Edmund Quincy, Whittier, and others brought a fine element of fervor for the anti-slavery cause which still had its ultimate victories to win. In the field of criticism Edwin Percy Whipple, lecturer and writer, whose vanished authority and vogue are pathetic emblems of the value of contemporary fame, contributed with others the best obtainable comment and opinion. Apart from their individual interests, it is obvious that most of the writers — let us add Longfellow, and Hawthorne, soon to return from Europe — could be relied upon for definite additions to literature itself. Thus more or less directly from the spiritual cause of Transcendentalism, from the politico-moral cause of anti-slavery, from the intellectual and artistic interest of purely creative writing, — each represented by spirits and sometimes by minds of the first order, — there came a union of strangely powerful forces. It was the function of the *Atlantic* to provide a full and free opportunity for the expression of these forces. The more thoughtful element, not only in Boston but in the country at large, was ready for precisely this influence, — all the more perhaps because the system of Lyceum Lectures had not yet gone into decay. The frequent lecturing tours of the Boston leaders of thought and reform had made their personalities familiar throughout New England and in many Southern and Western states. To find them assembled in the pages of the *Atlantic* was, for a large

audience, like a reunion of honored friends.

In its second editor, James T. Fields, the *Atlantic* was also fortunate. Within a little more than two years of its founding, the magazine fell into the hands of the firm of which he was then a member. Beginning as a bookseller's clerk who astonished his fellow salesmen at the "Old Corner" by whispering a correct prophecy of what each customer entering the shop would demand, he had become a publisher well skilled in gauging the public taste. At the same time he was sufficiently a maker of books by his own pen to meet his writers on even a broader common ground than his unusual gifts of friendship could alone have provided. It was impossible for a man with so many decisions to render to make nothing but friends; and there is at least one volume by a vigorous feminine writer which will reproduce for those who seek it the note of discord in the harmonies of the time and place. For the far more general feeling Dr. Holmes, soon after the death of Mr. Fields in 1881, spoke in words which amply suggest the influence an editor and publisher may wield: "How many writers know, as I have known, his value as a literary counselor and friend? His mind was as hospitable as his roof, which has accepted famous visitors and quiet friends alike as if it had been their own. . . . Very rarely, if ever, has a publisher enjoyed the confidence and friendship of so wide and various a circle of authors."

From all the records of this "harvest-time" of letters, one carries away a vivid impression of a happy family. Its members rejoiced like brothers in the successes won by each in turn. Working apart yet side by side they met like brothers for relaxation and play. The project of the *Atlantic* itself was at once launched and lunched into being, for it was round a table at Parker's that the plan for the new magazine first took definite form. It was the habit of the most

important early contributors to meet frequently in the same informal way. But the Atlantic Club was soon overshadowed by the more conspicuous and comprehensive Saturday Club, also begun in 1857. This monthly gathering at Parker's, which had as its nucleus Emerson and a few friends who made a practice of meeting him at lunch when he came in from Concord, appears and reappears, always with an affectionate mention, in the journals and letters of the time. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, Agassiz, Motley, Fields, Dana, — in whose *Life* by Mr. Charles Francis Adams the best account of the club is to be found, — these, with a few others not in general so closely related to literature, made up the membership. Distinguished visitors were entertained, — without the sensation of lions on exhibition. The intercourse of friendship and good talk received no check from the reading of papers. Dr. Holmes rejoiced in the blessed freedom from speech-making. It is told of Emerson that "in 1864, when the club held a Shakespearean anniversary meeting, he rose to speak, stood for a minute or two, and then quietly sat down. Speech did not come, and he serenely permitted silence to speak for him." This incident may be more characteristic of Emerson than of his club; yet it reveals a perfect understanding and fellowship which help one to accept all that is said of the separate place this organization, still in existence, has held in the hearts and lives of its members. Another club of Emerson's, deriving its name from the Unitarian periodical of which it was the outgrowth, though now containing representatives of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, was the Examiner Club. "The easy talk of such men as Emerson, the elder Henry James, Governor Andrew, Dr. Hedge, Whipple, and others of distinguished ability," is said by one of its older members "to have touched the higher possibilities of conversation when that

art was more in evidence than at present." In the Saturday Club at its best those possibilities may well have been even more frequently attained.

It was entirely natural for such a body of men to win from outsiders the name of "The Mutual Admiration Society." If no mutual admiration existed, it was, as Dr. Holmes declared, "a great pity, and implied a defect in the nature of men who were otherwise largely endowed." Elsewhere he wrote: "I don't know whether our literary or professional people are more amiable than they are in other places, but certainly quarreling is out of fashion among them. This could never be, if they were in the habit of secret anonymous puffing of each other. That is the kind of underground machinery which manufactures false reputations and genuine hatreds. On the other hand, I should like to know if we are not at liberty to have a good time together, and say the pleasantest things we can think of to each other, when any of us reaches his thirtieth or fortieth or fiftieth or eightieth birthday?" Here in all sincerity speaks the member of that happy family of which the Saturday Club was the accepted meeting-place, the Atlantic the recognized organ, and the considerable contribution of these Boston writers of the nineteenth century to American literature the permanent memorial.

It was not until the year 1894 that the death of Dr. Holmes bore away the latest survivor of this group of contemporary friends. Lowell and Whittier had also seen the beginning of the last decade of the century. In the next to the last Emerson and Longfellow had gone, — following Motley in 1877, and Hawthorne in 1864. With the eighties the group may be said to have been disintegrated. A few of their younger brothers, such as Dr. Hale, Professor Norton, and Colonel Higginson, have remained to typify the older to the younger generation. In them, as in many of

those who will be their successors, abides the old-time quality of representing the best social and academic traditions of the place. With the gradual passing of the older brotherhood, Boston unquestionably lost its preëminence as the "literary centre" of the country. Where this wandering spot has fixed itself, or where it may be found ten years hence, one may not assert too confidently. There is one point, however, at which the student of local conditions rests with some assurance. The best expression of Boston thought and life in literature has never come from a class set apart as writers. There has been — so far as the best writing is concerned — no restricted "literary set," despising and despised of its neighbors. Authorship has never been so general as to require the adoption of the formula said by the scornful to be used in Cambridge as the best of morning greetings, "How is your book coming on?" Yet the emphasis laid upon the background of such lives as Prescott's and Longfellow's will have been in vain if there is need of further testimony to the identification of the writers with the most characteristic and agreeable life of the town. A representative author, in other words, was perhaps even more likely to be found where one would least expect him than in the surroundings associated with the commoner traditions of authorship. In the Boston Custom House, for example, Bancroft and Hawthorne were

to be found at the same time. For Willis, on the other hand, fresh from college and full of zeal for the life of editor and author, there seemed no place in Boston. Upon the scholarly hard work done by men of letters, who were also men of the world, it has not been thought necessary to dwell. This is rendered superfluous by what they have written.

The writer's frank intention, moreover, has been to keep in view the local quality of his theme. The literary product touched upon so cursorily and with so many obvious omissions happens to form an integral part of American literature. Here it is regarded in its relation to local conditions. The advantages gained through these conditions are perhaps obvious. So should the limitations be. Respectability, freedom from the bitter struggles of those who have nothing but their pens and their wits to rely upon, a certain remoteness and separation, in a mere geographical sense, from the swifter currents of national life, — these may work to helpful or harmful ends. Their influences both for good and its opposite may be traced in the work of the Boston writers. They go far, in any event, to explain the total product. If that product and the life from which it sprang justify the frequent likening of Boston in its prime as a "literary centre" to Edinburgh under similar conditions, it is at least to be added that Boston was an Edinburgh without a London.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

EVENING AT NAPLES.

I.

THE day went down, beneath an amber sky,
 On all the wonders of that magic land :
 There, an old crater's burnt-out Cyclops eye :
 Here Virgil paced in thought the curving strand.

On shores and cities glowed the late, low sun ;
 On plumed Vesuvius mirrored in the wave ;
 And faintly flushed the wan-ribbed skeleton,
 Pompeii standing in her open grave.

On plume and peak the parting sunset flame
 Lingered, diffused, an upward-fading gleam.
 Capri, remote on the rimmed sea, became
 A roseate mist and melted into dream.

The soft sirocco, from hot Afric sands
 Blowing all day across the Midland Deep,
 Sank with the sun, upon the empurpled lands,
 With all its Libyan languors lulled asleep.

II.

I stood at evening on a terraced height
 And viewed the wondrous world, city and sea,
 Sails softly wafted on pale bands of light,
 Or to still moorings drifting dreamily.

The goat-bells' tinkling ceased upon the air ;
 The human tide's interminable roar
 Rose, a dull murmur, to my terrace stair,
 The sullen thunder of a lone, low shore.

Garden and villa and curved parapet
 Darkened around me ; myriad-roofed, far down
 The mountain-slopes, where coast and mountain met,
 Gloomy and vast and slumberous, spread the town.

III.

As night drew on, unnumbered gleams appeared,
 Where lanterned ships on lanterned shadows lay ;
 By distant coasts ; and where Vesuvius reared
 His tawny torch above the clouded Bay ;

The lighthouse bursting into sudden blaze,
 Flashing its spear of beams across the sea ;

The broad Riviera's constellated rays ;
And all the city's starred immensity.

By day unseen, the crater's spectral light
Increased and reddened, far aloof and lone ;
The vulture cloud abroad on the still night
Spread balanced wings, perched on the flickering cone.

Unseen by day, that dull portentous glow,
A pulsing core of fire that climbed and fell,
Illumed the murk, — mysterious, veiled, and slow, —
Dim flashes from the throbbing throat of hell.

The upheaved cloud, with windless folds wide flung,
Huge as the mountain's double, piled in space,
Poised peak on peak miraculously hung,
Burying the stars in its inverted base.

IV.

Anon from the snow-muffled Apennines,
Fitful at first, a rushing wind came forth
And whirled about me, clashing boughs and vines,
Keen as a gust from my own native North.

Over the city roofs and courts it played ;
With wafts of most delicious coolness blessed
The stifled streets ; and, swelling seaward, swayed
The pillared cloud on the volcano's crest.

As if a bodiless power with wings of air
Closed with the phantom, scattered and dislimned
The towering shape, and swept the Orient bare,
With all its ancient lustrous orbs undimmed :

Ranging the heavens forever, the Hyades,
Like starry waterfowl in arrowy flight ;
The Bull's bright horns, the Pleiads' golden bees ;
And there, most glorious of the hosts of night, —

Emerging from the crater's flying reek,
Back from that gorge of Chaos wildly blown,
One conquering knee above the red-lipped peak, —
Orion with his sword and blazing zone !

John Townsend Trowbridge.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

It was in an old bookshop that I came across the three volumes of the *Recreations of Christopher North*. Where else indeed, unless it were in libraries slightly antiquated, would one be likely to find at the present day this miscellany of culled contributions to Blackwood's by old Christopher, that Nimrod of the North, redoubtable Scotch Worthy, and Edinburgh's Old Man Eloquent, who, if Laurence Sterne has been described as the least exemplary of English clergymen, may in the same spirit be called the least conventional of Scotch Professors of Moral Philosophy? For John Wilson, or Christopher North as he was best known in his own day, seems quite forgotten, utterly of the past, and these *Recreations*, filled as they are with the beauty and delight that charmed an earlier generation, must litter old bookstalls or grow musty and worm-eaten on library shelves. Even the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, most memorable of his works, with all their boisterous fun, pungent wit, and still racy comic characterization of contemporary men of letters, are well-nigh forgotten; nor is it accounted a lack of cultivation not to be familiar with poetry that men of his own time assured him was as good as any then being written — and that in the age of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge! The canon of his criticism is a dead letter, and his critical work is occasionally revived only to illustrate, as in the case of his attack on Keats, the fallibility of contemporary judgments. In fine, that fate has overtaken Wilson which bowls over so many of those who achieve a splendid reputation in their own day, a sort of premature immortality in advance of posterity's final decision. Destiny works strange reversals, though possibly under a law, and Wilson is the victim of one of them.

Perhaps his very popularity has been against him. Perhaps he belonged too exclusively to his own age, represented its tastes too completely in their most intimate aspects, to make an effective appeal to the generation succeeding that to which he was a sort of literary grandfather. For no man can live beyond his own day who does not keep in reserve some little mystery of mind for future generations to penetrate, who has not suffered somewhat of contumely for an element of incomprehensibility with respect to those among whom he lived. Wilson had many notable qualities, but he had none of this incomprehensibility, this reserve of genius. He wrote absolutely from the point of view of the present, in the manner of journalism as we now call it, and with the present he slipped back inevitably into the past.

And yet, however much there may be lacking in Wilson's work as literature, there is in the man himself something vital and persistently defiant of oblivion. This grows largely out of his personality and the strenuous part he played as a man of action in the world of letters. In a measure he was the most representative man of his day, combining in his eccentric, paradoxical, yet always lovable personality, its most dissimilar aspects. A thorough-going sportsman, he loved nothing better than a day's or a month's fishing in the streams of the Scotch Highlands, or a good fight between men or cocks, the prize-ring and the cocking-main not then having fallen into that disrepute in which they are allowed to languish in these days. On the other hand, nothing could have been more brilliant than his academic career at Glasgow and Oxford. Add to this that he was an accepted poet and critic in his own day, the virtual editor of a great magazine at a time when the paucity of periodicals com-

pared with their present multiplicity gave to such a position rare distinction and authority. Add also that he was Professor of Morality in the University of Edinburgh for thirty years, during which time he wielded such influence on the Scottish youth of many academic generations as it is given to very few to acquire and hold, — add these intellectual distinctions to what we have said of the physical picturesqueness of his career, and one will begin to have some conception of what Wilson's life and personality must have been and how he must have impressed himself upon his age.

Such men History does not readily let slip from her records, however much critics may differ as to the permanent value of their literary accomplishment. Consequently Wilson belongs to the domain of history rather than of literature, and his fame is the reverse of that by which most men of letters gain their share of immortality. For with these, as with Shakespeare, the personal element tends to become obliterated by the impersonal, universal element in their work. In the case of Wilson it is the personality that survives, while the work perishes, save only in so far as it can contribute to the revitalizing of this personal element in our remembrance of the man himself.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in 1785. His parents were well to do, his father having amassed a fortune in those manufacturing enterprises which have made the especial fame of that city, so that from the start he had every opportunity and prospect of success in life that wealth and a gentle breeding could give him. In this he was different from so many of his fellow Scots, Burns and Carlyle, for example, who have had to win their way from a bleak boyhood. He was most like Scott in this assurance of a life of comparative ease; though like Scott curiously enough, before half his life was done, he was forced by circumstances to take his place in the world

of affairs to recover the fortune Fate had wrested from him.

Wilson's boyhood is of peculiar importance as determining our conception of the character of the man, for the reason that he never entirely grew away from it, but retained always a bit of the boy tucked away in his heart to give zest to life and joy to the sheer act of living. He always kept an imaginative hold upon the scenes of his childhood that enabled him to render expression to those poetic moods of mind which, awakened within him at the birth of consciousness, remained unobscured and untarnished by the various vicissitudes of a long and not unharassed life. For him his boyhood was, as Stevenson wrote in *Virginibus Puerisque*, "not only the beginning, but the perennial spring of his faculties," and to him preëminently belonged the power of "retiring upon occasion into the green enchanted forest of his childhood."

For Wilson this "green enchanted forest" was the parish of Mearns, to which he was sent for his schooling at the Manse, and which he describes over and over again so glowingly in the *Recreations*. There is a great temptation to linger over these schooldays in the Scotch parish "half highland, half lowland," and over the captivating personality of the lad whom his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, so exquisitely characterized when she wrote that "in his earlier years, John Wilson was as beautiful and animated a creature as ever played in the sunshine." He was indeed a brilliant and beautiful boy, in whom the healthiest of natural instincts were touched with a glory of Wordsworthian boyhood, which raised common sports and pastimes, followed on "flood, field, and fell" into ennobling pursuits worthy of the divinity of a young demigod. Wilson has left us an account of this period of his life in *Christopher in His Sporting Jacket in the Recreations*. Some allowance must of course be made for that frank idealization of himself to

which Wilson confesses, in the figure of young Kit North, in this sketch of his own boyhood. They who would recall their vanished youth "must perhaps," writes Wilson in *Christmas Dreams* in the same collection, "transfuse also something of their maturer minds into those dreams of their former being." Thus Kit becomes more than the mere picture of Wilson's own youthful self; he is rather an imaginative type of the ideal boy as he develops under the formative influences of sport pursued in the face of nature, while yet retaining in the main the physiognomy of self-portraiture. This last point must not be lost sight of; for the fact remains that however much of the more reflective passages in the *Sporting Jacket* we may attribute to the mature mind of the man working upon the material of boyish experiences, all the freshness and fullness of instinctive joy, and all the sensitiveness to natural beauty revealed in these passionate reminiscences of past glory, belong to the inextinguishable boy within him, and serve to characterize him correctly for us as he was in the days of his youth. Had he not been of that rare race to whom in boyhood nothing in nature is without inspiration, and nothing in emotional experience without significance, he could have had no basis in later life upon which to build such an ideal representation, at once so exalted and so true, as he has given us in the young Kit of the *Sporting Jacket*.

This representation we have called Wordsworthian, and indeed was it not Wordsworth who first ennobled our conception of boyhood by a recognition of those intimations of immortality that come to it in all the wonder of awakening sense? But Wilson's delineation of boyhood's moods and fresh states of consciousness seems even truer and more natural without being any the less ideal than Wordsworth's own. For him there is no sharp distinction between those coarser pleasures which the Wordsworthian boy is represented in *Tintern*

Abbey as having passed, and those more purely meditative employments to which the maturing lad gives himself wonderingly over. Wordsworth's boy is never quite convincingly human. He is always a little of that "smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig," whose existence Wilson deprecates. Not so young Christopher. For him, moods of excitement and enthusiasm for the chase are suddenly shot through with new and strange perceptions of romance. Not only in listening to the thunder of the waterfall, or the sharp ring of steel on the frozen river, arise those rare moods of spiritual excitement that we encounter in Wordsworth. They arise equally in sports partaking not a little of elemental savagery, like coursing and gunning and stalking the deer, from which Wordsworth, with his intellectual and spiritual refinement, was repelled. But such delicacy of sentiment forms no necessary part of the poetic constitution, and in the boy, at least, the poet and the savage are often curiously commingled. The same cause which at one instant may arouse the fierce instinct to kill may result at the next in the flooding of the youthful spirit with a tremulous and tremendous sense of awe and beauty. If one would perceive the quick transition from mood to mood which is characteristic of this exquisite instability of boyish emotion, let him read that unequalled passage in the *Sporting Jacket* in which Wilson describes the night hunt after the great white swan:—

"To have shot such a creature — so large — so white — so high-soaring — and on the winds of midnight wafted from so far — a creature that seemed not merely a stranger in that loch, but belonging to some mysterious land in another hemisphere, whose coast ships with frozen rigging have been known to visit, driving under bare poles through a month's snowstorms — to have shot such a creature was an era in our imagination, from which, had nature been more prodigal, we might have sprung

up a poet. Once, and but once, we were involved in the glory of that event. The creature had been in a dream of some river or lake in Kamtschatka — or ideally listening, —

‘Across the waves’ tumultuous roar,
The wolf’s long howl from Oonalashka’s shore,’
when, guided by our good genius and our brightest star, we suddenly saw him seated asleep in all his state, within gunshot, in a bay of the moonlight loch! We had nearly fainted — died on the very spot — and why were we not entitled to have died as well as any other passionate spirit, whom joy ever divorced from life? We blew his black bill into pieces — not a feather on his head but was touched; and like a little white-sailed pleasure-boat caught in a whirlwind, the wild swan spun round, and then lay motionless on the water, as if all her masts had gone by the board. We were all alone that night — not even Fro was with us; we had reasons for being alone, for we wished not that there should be any footfall but our own round that mountain hut. Could we swim? Aye, like the wild swan himself, through surge or breaker. But now the loch was still as the sky, and twenty strokes carried us close to the glorious creature, which, grasped by both hands, and supporting us as it was trailed beneath our breast, while we floated rather than swam ashore, we felt to be in verity our — prey! We trembled with a sort of fear, to behold him lying indeed dead on the sward. The moon — the many stars, here and there one wondrously large and lustrous — the hushed glittering loch — the hills, though somewhat dimmed, green all winter through, with here and there a patch of snow on their summits in the blue sky, on which lay a few fleecy clouds — the mighty foreign bird, whose plumage we had never hoped to touch but in a dream, lying like the ghost of something that ought not to have been destroyed — the scene was altogether such as made our wild young hearts

quake, and almost repent of having killed a creature so surpassingly beautiful. But that was a fleeting fancy — and over the wild moors we went, like an American Indian laden with game, journeying to his wigwam over the wilderness. As we whitened towards the village in the light of morning, the earlier laborers held up their hands in wonder what and who we might be; and Fro, who had missed his master, and was lying awake for him on the mount, came bounding along, nor could refrain the bark of delighted passion as his nose muzzled in the soft down of the bosom of the creature whom he remembered to have sometimes seen floating too far off in the lake, or far above our reach cleaving the firmament.”

During the next stage of Wilson’s career, namely those years between the ages of twelve and eighteen which he spent in Glasgow as a student in the University, we lose sight somewhat of those spiritual and poetic traits which characterized him so strikingly as a boy at the period represented in the *Sporting Jacket*. Nor yet is the forceful and eccentric personality of the older Christopher that we know in the *Noctes* foreshadowed in the picture of the orderly and conventional college youth who has been taken from the heather and hillsides of Mearns and taught the ways of dress and society. He was passing through that period of transition in a boy’s growth and development, when the fugitive, flower-like personality of childhood seems dissipated for the moment, and when the firmer, more permanent character of the man has as yet hardly begun to assert itself. Seen through his own letters and diaries of this period, his mind has that formal habit which might be expected from the student’s application to the classics, but which later became so delightfully disorganized, so disrupted with a kind of quaint, declamatory eloquence and the riotous trooping of tumultuous ideas pressing for utterance.

One glimpse into Wilson's young mind is of positive value as showing how the educative influences of this period were shaping the instinctive tendencies of his character into an intellectual conviction which was to be the basis of all his future work as a critic and a man of letters. It is gained through an episode which has also a secondary interest because of its connection with a great figure in literature with whom he afterward came to be conspicuously associated. In the last year of Wilson's sojourn at Glasgow, when he was therefore eighteen years old, there fell into his hands a copy of that volume of *Lyrical Poems and Ballads*, the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which we are now wont in retrospect to regard as epoch-making in the history of English literature. Its great qualities were not then so universally recognized, and Wilson was somewhat in advance of his age in his keen appreciation of the genius of the Lake Poet in whose fresh feeling for nature and the simple rugged life of peasant folk he may well have felt something akin to his own delight, as yet unexpressed, in similar scenes and under similar circumstances. At the same time he did not fail to divine those elements in Wordsworth's art which were not sound, and which in their tendencies have since been noted as subversive of the older idealism. Led by his youthful enthusiasm, he wrote Wordsworth a letter, which, quite apart from any consideration of the writer's age, is certainly a remarkable composition. Its interest lies mainly in the objections which it advances to Wordsworth's poem entitled *The Idiot Boy*. The letter is too long to quote even on this single point, but the substance of what he said is that while Wordsworth in this poem had adhered to nature as closely as in the rest of his work, and so was entitled to the highest praise for his artistic method, he had failed in this instance to write a great poem, because of the essentially unpoetic character of

that aspect of nature which he had chosen to imitate. Wilson argued that only those phases of nature which are in themselves beautiful are fitted for poetical treatment, and that the object of poetry is to heighten this intrinsic element of beauty, not to endeavor to cast a false illusion of artistic glamour over a repellent subject. For to do the latter is to pervert the poet's office, and is a function of cleverness rather than of real genius. In this criticism Wilson not only anticipated all that has since been advanced by the best critics against Wordsworth's peculiar notion of a kind of rhythmical logic imposed arbitrarily upon things by the mind of man as the sole source of beauty in the external world, but he summed up as well the whole theory of ideal art whose tradition is transmitted intact through some channel in every age.

At eighteen Wilson went to Oxford, and entered Magdalen College, where he became so prominent as an undergraduate that it is here his public life may be said to have begun. It is here, too, his personality begins to emerge from the uncertain contours of youth. His very appearance was sufficient to distinguish him from his fellows. His physical prowess manifested itself in an athletic figure, and his singularity was further heightened by a shaggy head, always described in later life as leonine, and by enormous whiskers unusual then among university youth, as, indeed, among all classes at the time. His manner of life at Oxford presents features quite as extraordinary as his person. In a new environment his old love of sport, breathed in as the very breath of life on the moors of Mearns, translated itself into new forms, and into proclivities not alone now for those pastimes pursued on hill and heather, but on turf and by ringside as well. Roped area, cocking-main, and paddock were all alike familiar to him, nor were his encounters with those of the pugilistic profession, at least, purely a matter of

patronage on his part. In wrestling and boxing, as in all tests of dexterity and strength, Wilson was preëminent, and with his fists he was accounted a match for most professionals and the master of many. Various stories are told to attest his proficiency and courage in the manly art of self-defense. It is related that he once got into an altercation with a pugilist unknown to him by sight, who, when Wilson offered to fight him, thought to frighten the Oxonian, equally unknown, by a parade of his redoubted name. Wilson proceeded to punish the bruiser in the most approved fashion, and his aggressor, when he had sufficiently recovered, exclaimed admiringly, "You can only be one of two; you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil!"

Among the other eccentricities of Wilson's conduct exhibited while at Oxford was a perfect passion for declamation and debate, which led him to espouse either side of an argument, or both in turn, with equal vigor and address, and to seek out strange companies at coaching taverns to charm with his discourse while he did the honors of the table for the coming and going guests. This kind of experience satisfied his whimsical turn for adventure, otherwise variously indulged in, and in one way especially, by summer walking tours in the Welsh mountains and sojourns among the gypsies, in which respect he recalls that later lover of the Romanies, George Borrow. Like most men of his day, Wilson was a heavy drinker, though never a drunkard, and it may be thought that this trait, taken together with his predilections for rather brutalizing pastimes, presents a certain quality of coarseness in his character. But, as De Quincey says of him, these things grew out of his abundant animal spirits and the needs of a Herculean constitution, and left his nature uncorrupted and undegraded. He never lost or outgrew a certain dewy freshness and pristine innocence of childhood that made him throughout life fit to be typified by the young Kit of the

Sporting Jacket. Certainly at Oxford his rather riotous career and madcap escapades did not prevent him from winning academic distinction. He was a regular and methodical student of the kind that keeps commonplace books, wins honors, and stands well in with the Dons.

Love came nearer to wrecking his career at Oxford than riotous living. While at Glasgow he had fallen in love. It was not a mere boyish attachment, but a passion that turned tragic when it found an insurmountable obstacle in the opposition of the girl's mother. This disappointment lay like a shadow over his Oxford course, inducing or rather emphasizing a certain native cast of melancholy which was temperamental with him, as it is so often with persons of his peculiarly bright and sanguine disposition. And it was partly at least as a relief from a brooding which more than once threatened his health and sanity, that he threw himself so frequently into those indulgences which caused him to forget. The bitterness of disappointed love and ambitious scholarship struggled with him to the very end of his course. Wilson went to his last examination in a despairing frame of mind, quite certain of failure. Pulling himself together under the exhilaration of a stringent cross-questioning he won out on sheer nerve, and left Oxford, having passed, as one of his contemporaries tells us, the most brilliant examination within the memory of man at Magdalen.

After graduation, Wilson settled down to a leisurely life at his home, Ellera, in the Lake Country. He was influenced in his choice of a location, else rather extraordinary for a Scotchman, by a desire to be near Wordsworth, who lived close at hand on Rydal Mount. Nor was Wordsworth the sole intellectual attraction the place afforded. Southey and Coleridge were near-by neighbors, and De Quincey came frequently to visit his friends. But the society of poets and philosophers was not the only world in

which Wilson moved. There was that universal element in his nature, of understanding and sympathy, which made him equally welcome among all classes. He joined with the dalesmen in their sports, and added emulation to their contests by the prizes which he offered to reward their championships. He could let himself down to the level of their festivities in neighboring pot-houses without degradation or loss of personal dignity. In short, he was the life of the locality and the pride of the countryside. Love came again presently, — for on leaving Oxford, Wilson had put under the most disturbing elements in his early affliction, — and this time it was destined to a very happy consummation. Indeed Wilson's marriage with Jane Penny, daughter of a Liverpool merchant, who summered among the Lakes, proved the greatest blessing of his life. Not only was the woman of his choice physically fit to mate with such a glorious man as Wilson, — for she was so radiant with health and beauty that when arm in arm they entered a ballroom together, at some local assembly, all eyes were turned to view the splendid pair, man and woman, — but her nature was as noble and rich in its own feminine way as his in its masculine characteristics, and supplied to the full all those higher qualities of womanhood necessary to sustain him and comfort him in the trials that followed close upon his new happiness. Nowhere does Wilson show to greater advantage than in his married life and in all his relations as husband and father. Those who think only of his impressive masculinity will hardly be prepared for the degree of exquisite tenderness, sympathy, and consideration that is revealed in his domestic life.

Wilson had not been long settled at Elleray before disaster came upon him. Through the dishonesty of an uncle, he was defrauded of all but the remnants of a comfortable fortune. It is characteristic of the man that he accepted his

reverses with cheerful equanimity and refused to prosecute his betrayer or even to reveal his treachery to the public. To De Quincey alone, to whom he applied for financial assistance, — a curious beginning for a relation in which, so far as money was concerned, the obligations were thereafter all on the other side, — did Wilson reveal the true facts of the case before his uncle's death.

Wilson had now to face the necessity of earning his living. He immediately closed Elleray and moved his family to Edinburgh, where he studied for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1815. As a barrister Wilson, however, was no greater a success than Scott before him; nor was he longer dependent on briefs for a livelihood. For now with great suddenness he was projected into that literary career which was to claim him for the rest of his life. Already in 1812, in the quiet of Elleray, he had turned his attention to literature in dilettante fashion, and had published a book which took its title from its main piece, *The Isle of Palms*, a romantic poem in the manner of Scott. Four years later on coming to Edinburgh he had published a poetic drama entitled *The City of the Plague*. These books had succeeded in attracting the attention of Jeffrey, the ogre of the *Edinburgh Review*, who invited him to contribute to that magazine. No sooner, however, had this connection been established than he was called off to support the new Tory magazine, *Blackwood's*, which was just making its start in the world with Hogg, Maginn, Lockhart, and other distinguished poets and critics as its contributors. Wilson was a stanch Tory, so this transfer of his allegiance to the new periodical was natural enough, although in the sequel it led to temporary estrangement between him and his friends of the older magazine.

Much has been written of this estrangement, and in general of Wilson's connection with a magazine that in an age not noted for the amenities of criti-

cism shocked and scandalized all Edinburgh by the virulency of its personal abuse. It seems hardly necessary to go into the details of the controversy that has been waged upon this phase of Wilson's career, or to attempt to justify a man who was eventually vindicated by his own age and acquitted of anything worse than errors of taste and judgment, which were after all less personal with him than peculiar to the temper of his time, or which, in so far as they were personal, contained nothing of conscious or malicious cruelty. This, it must be remembered, was before the age of scientific appreciation as it is practiced to-day, and in criticism the cudgel was the favorite weapon of offensive and defensive warfare. In critical combats conducted in this spirit, from which the personal and political element was never entirely eliminated, Wilson was always in the forefront of battle, wielding his quarterstaff with all the head-breaking dexterity of a smock-frocked yokel at a country fair. In reality the mildest-mannered man that ever murdered a literary reputation, Wilson suffered, it is said, from the effects upon his own spirit of his critical ferocity, and stood not infrequently aghast at the unforeseen results of the storms he helped to stir in the literary atmosphere of the Scotch capital, — or of all the United Kingdom for the matter of that. The truth is that Wilson carried something of the spirit of sport into his critical labors. Once the cry was raised and the pack loosed, he had no further thought of the quarry as an individual human being, until the hunt was up and he discovered that it was a living man like himself whose breast his barbs had transfixed.

Wilson lived to pass out of the storm and stress period of criticism, and to accommodate himself to less strenuous ways of life and literature. If in his earlier Blackwood's days his temperament had been worked upon by the stimulus of strife in the world about him, in later years he let the same enthusi-

astic ardor of utterance lead him into passionate praise of what was good and beautiful in the classic literatures of all ages rather than into equally ardent abuse of what displeased him in his own. Thus he became one of the great educational forces of his day through his stimulating quality of appreciation and his ability to transmit this enthusiasm and, what is more, something of its instinctive bases to the minds of readers.

Wilson's influence as an educator was extended by his election to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, which occurred in 1821. Anything more unfitting at first sight than the election of Christopher North — sport, reveler, briefless barrister, and slashing Blackwood's critic, with no technical qualifications for the position — can hardly be imagined. The situation was further complicated by the fact that opposed to him in the nomination was Sir William Hamilton, Scotland's greatest living philosopher, who had all the special qualifications Wilson lacked, besides that proper academic dignity of which Wilson was never accused even by his friends. With all fairness to Wilson, it must be admitted that his election under the circumstances was an educational scandal, and could only have been effected by the Tory influence brought to bear in the Town Council, which was exerted in his behalf. He had help from very high quarters; and even Scott wrote recommending him, though coupling his recommendation with a private admonition to Wilson through a friend, varying the words of Falstaff, addressed also, though in a more strictly literal sense, by Lamb to his friend Hazlitt, to "purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a gentleman should." If Wilson accepted the chair, and with it the odium of an anomalous position in the eyes of the world, it must have been because he had a secure and instinctive sense of his own inner sufficiency for the office which raised him above the superficial lack of dignity in the conduct

of his life. After all, the gravest charge of unfitness that could be brought against him was his want of training as a systematic philosopher. How well he succeeded in spite of this deficiency, the affectionate testimony of his students amply proves. He was one of those great teachers of the young, all the more potent for a touch of winning worldliness, whose amplitude of mind educates less by precept than by contact. He never became the scientific pedagogue; indeed his lectures, though his course for the year was always carefully laid out and prepared in its broad outlines, were often the result of sheer improvisation. Absent-minded and unsystematic, he frequently left his subject far afield, but things like this make little difference in a man like Wilson who has only to speak to enchain the attention and exalt the spirit of the student.

Wilson was only thirty-five when he became professor. Though he lived to be nearly sixty-nine, there is little more to recount of his career in the way of new experiences. From this point his life continued to follow the channels that had been marked out for it by the trend of his early activities. With every year the qualities of his character made themselves more and more felt, and his position both at home and in the world of letters was one of increasing dignity and prestige. They were not easy honors that he won and wore in this time. Viewed day by day, his life shows a round of wearying routine that would have proved too much for many a less robust and indomitable man than John Wilson. Blackwood's became increasingly a burden after the death of its proprietor and the breaking up of the brilliant and fecund little group that had flocked to its standards in the early years, and cries of weariness, almost of desperation, occasionally escape him in his letters to his wife. So long, however, as he had her to sustain him, he was armed for any combat. It is with her death in 1837 that we see the foreshad-

owing of the end. He never completely recovered from the stroke. For the first time he absented himself for any considerable period from his lectures. The account of his reappearance before his class as described by Dr. McKenzie, his American editor and biographer, is pathetic in the extreme. "He had to adjudicate on the comparative merits of various essays which had been sent in in competition for a prize. He bowed to his class, and in as firm a voice as he could command, apologized for not having read the essays, — 'for,' said he, 'I could not see to read them in the darkness of the shadow of the Valley of Death.' As he spoke, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he said no more, but waved his hand to his class, who stood up as he concluded, and hurried out of the lecture-room."

From this time he withdrew slowly but steadily from active life. He resigned his professorship in 1851, and in 1852 he made his last contribution to Blackwood's. He died in 1854.

We have given Wilson's life thus in detail because, as we have said, it was the man himself rather than his work as a man of letters that is most likely to live in the history of the period. We have seen, however, in speaking of the *Recreations*, and of the light which these papers throw upon Wilson's boyhood, how important are certain parts of his writings in helping us to revitalize our impression of his personality. What is true of Christopher in *His Sporting Jacket* is true equally of the *Noctes*, and indeed of all the works which he executed under the name of Christopher North, and which are, for the most part, no more than simple transcripts, quite without any idea of an artistic rendering, of his own transitory moods of thought and emotion.

In the *Recreations* we get one set of ideas and impressions, those pertaining chiefly to his private life and to those private pastimes in which the child lived in him unchanged and undiminished by

the flight of time. In the *Noctes* we get another and quite different set. Originally the Christopher North of the *Noctes* was a very loose appellation, the ægis under which whosoever at the time spoke editorially in *Maga* — Lockhart, Hogg, Maginn, Wilson himself — concealed his personality. But as time passed and Wilson assumed fuller control of the magazine, he became more and more completely identified with Christopher, not only in character and in the judgments which were passed on the political and literary questions of the day, but in the subtler shadings of personality, until the fiction became concrete, crystallized fact, and the creator so merged in the created, that it was no longer possible for the popular mind to separate them. The assumed age of Christopher was of course greater at the start than that of Wilson; for Christopher was a patriarch when the young barrister was first called to the conduct of the new magazine. But this assumption of great venerableness suited Wilson admirably. It permitted the more completely to manifest itself that element of authority, as of an Olympian sitting in judgment, which is a leading characteristic of Wilson's mental attitude. In a certain sense he was always old, old like Nestor, with all the finest and most gracious qualities of old age, just

as in another sense he was always young, with all the freshest, most poignant attributes of boyhood. Youthful in heart, ancient in intellect — that is the paradox in Wilson's nature that catches the fragrance of his manhood and gives the peculiar savor to his original personality. For him there was apparently no present of middle-age mediocrity. He lived in an ideal world of his own imagining, passing easily and as if the spirit informing both ages were essentially the same, from the blitheness of boyhood in the *Sporting Jacket* to the easy assumption of that absolute authority which is conceded to old age in the *Noctes*.

Such a temperament is not without its disadvantages, so far as one's relations with the actual, practical world are concerned. For the world has its own distinctions of dignity among the various offices to which it assigns men. Wilson did not escape these inconsistencies with the world's standards or their consequences. The boyish element was often seemingly at variance with the gravity of his obligations to society. But in return he maintained for himself a unity in his own life and a hold upon the poetry of existence that are often denied to those endowed with greater cautiousness and discretion, the practical wisdom of the world.

William Aspenwall Bradley.

BATTERSBY'S VALEDICTORY.

AT thirty-five, Battersby awakened to the realization that he was a newspaper hack. To some men this realization might have come five years earlier, but it was none the less bitter to Battersby because it had arrived tardily. The "clever Battersby" they had called him when he was an undergraduate. And he was thirty-five and a hack, with a dingy office at Police Headquarters,

where he lived at the end of a jangling telephone wire, and emerged now and then to "cover" suicides and "two-alarm" fires.

Stodgy, good-natured fellows, whom he had looked down upon, had plodded along into secure responsibilities. The more gilded youth, with whom his taste for comfortable things had made him congenial at college, by virtue of their

family and inheritance had assumed their proper places in the scheme of New York butterfly existence. Battersby had done neither. He had shunned the first, and the second had, in the nature of things, been beyond him. Instead, he had burst into journalism with a fresh, unterrified enthusiasm, and had found, alas, that when his enthusiasm had fled Park Row he could not flee after it. So he had stayed.

Perhaps there are no more bitter dregs in the cup of life than those to which one must touch lip when he realizes that he is at the tail end of the procession of prospects, which in the flush of youth he had headed. When such realization comes to a man he shuns his friends and old companionships turn sour.

So it had been with Battersby. For the first year he had kept in touch with social things, and his presence was welcomed as the company of a socially "fit," clever man is always welcomed in a drawing-room. There had been a club or two to keep up, and accounts at an Avenue florist's shop,—indications of being worth while. *Débutantes*, after meeting him, whispered to one another, "That was the clever Battersby," and if he chanced to overhear the murmur, he accepted it as a truthful tribute. People said he was writing a book, something much better than the sketches which had given him a village fame at Cambridge. He really had intended to write one,—but then the most stupendous libraries in the world are the mental shelves of masterpieces all unwritten. And now Battersby's share in this sort of literature, he reflected, was a shabby array of cynicism and resentment.

When the first yoke-sore of his work was fresh upon him, he had burned Society's bridges behind him. And after a time—a very brief time—the cards and dainty envelopes which had let a whiff of fragrance into the closeness of his little third-floor room in Stuyvesant Square had ceased to come. Society is

not burdened with an over-long memory. Given average neglect, its remembering will wither. Battersby had watched the fragile remembrance he had left behind him shrivel utterly. He had not been sorry as he watched his effacement. He had been sorry many times afterward, for when one does really burn the scaffolding that convention has reared for his crossing the chasm between the "in" and "out" of things social there is rarely the timber for building a new one.

Once, Battersby could recall, Murray Hill of a November afternoon, with the fall thinness in the air, which only comes to New York between its rivers, had made his pulses leap for the joy of living. To stroll from the club—slowly, down to Madison Square and back again, pausing for a moment to scan the window diners at the rose-decked tables of the Waldorf-Astoria; nodding occasionally to a woman leaning far back upon the carriage cushions as her emotionless footmen whirled her by,—all this had been to him more intoxicating than wine. Older men than he could have told him this was the surest sign of a rank outsider, the badge of one who has merely snatched a glimpse at the open door of Fashion before being displaced by another eager gazer. Battersby himself thought it was because he was meant for it. He had not known that what one is really meant for, one never really enjoys. He knew now.

Taking all of these things into consideration, he found himself somewhat agitatedly drawing near to Larchmont on a New York and New Haven train for the Larchmont Yacht Club races. He had not wished to come. He had said so at the office very decidedly. But the regular yachting man was sick, and the desk had replied rather impatiently, "You know a lot of those yachting people anyway, and you'll get along all right." Battersby, nodding his head in submission, had gone. At the station he had half slunk into a day coach, fearing to go

into the chair car lest he should meet some one he knew — or, rather, some one whom he had known. And yet he reflected, as he tried in vain to find comfort in the straight, plush-backed seat, most of the people he had known would have gone up the night before on their own craft. He knew that Larchmont sail. He had often taken it, with Larry Goodwin's Berserker, the queen of the fleet, showing her heels to the rest. He shut his eyes, and again he felt the cool embrace of a rattan deck chair, and heard the murmur of talk from the group along the rail. And the girl in the chair next his own, — who could it be but Madge Starrett? He was saying — no matter what he was saying. The recollection of just that did not come as easily as the rest of it. And after all it was immaterial. For he fancied she half understood, and he knew she once had faith in him — in his future. She had said so. Battersby roused himself from his reverie with a half-uttered oath, drowned, luckily for the peace of the little old lady with the bundles at his side, in the call of the brakeman shouting the station.

It is all very well for a man to sneer at your being afraid of getting off a train and stepping into the midst of a crowd of men you know, — all of them better dressed than you are, — whom you have seen, but who have not seen you for years. But to a man of torturedly keen sensibilities this is agony. You dread the unspoken query, the inquiry that dwells within the focus of an eye that is searching your face, while the lips of its owner are uttering commonplaces which are far away from the thoughts of both. And then, if there should be women whom you have known in better days, equanimity and all pretenses unto it flee, and your little Miss Philosophy — whom you have been striving to rear into stately maidenhood — forgets her lessons, and, lapsing into her old wild kindergartener ways, giggles and runs away.

All of these things had run through
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the brain of Battersby in much less time than it takes to write them down. Therefore he groaned as he stepped from the car platform and surveyed the waiting line of smart traps hedging the station. The memory of former times turned the knife in the old wound, which he had fancied was half healed. And yet, even with the memory, his head went up higher, and the cloak of his employment-enveloping mediocrity half slipped from his shoulders with the movement.

Battersby saw old Bradley, the Goodwins' coachman, erect and severely critical of adjacent horseflesh, upon the box of the red-splotted wagonette in which Virginia Goodwin was oftenest seen. He edged toward the wagonette as he walked along the board platform, with the vaguely formed wish that the old servant might recognize him. But Bradley's gaze rested upon the passers-by, impassively unrecognizing. The wagonette was empty. Battersby had known long ago that his inner self was altered beyond all hope of recognition. But that he had been transformed to the same degree in outward appearance, startled him.

He had discovered himself in the act of longing for the old respectful bow of a servant. And the greeting from a menial had been denied him. He had passed by unremarked in the crowd of people he had often heard Virginia Goodwin term "middlers." A flush burned both cheeks and brow as he felt the knowledge stab his consciousness. Yet he hailed the hurt as a sign that there was still a shred of the old spirit within him. When a man can flush angrily over a slight, even if it be given by an unwitting English coachman, his dignity is not entirely unfrocked.

He paused before one of the penny-in-the-slot weighing machines, glass covered to keep meddlesome children from its fascinatingly wheely interior, and instinctively viewed his reflection with a newly born curiosity. Not exactly shabby, he stood revealed to himself. Not exactly

that, but devoid of any of the atmosphere of clothes, — which have an atmosphere all their own, as once upon a time he had been well aware. He was conscious of a disconcerting realization of coat shoulders not well cut, and he distinctly observed a shiny, worn spot in the knot of the black four-in-hand tie. No, he was not quite shabby, but what was almost worse — non-individual. Bradley was not to blame for missing his face among those of the passing middlers. At least a dozen other men had got off the train in the duplicate of his suit of cheap, ready-made blue serge, with the paucity of breadth in the three-button, double-breasted coat.

A heavy but hearty hand falling upon his shoulder roused him from his contemplative reverie. "Battersby, by all that's gilded!" he heard uttered in a loud voice coincident with the hand smite. Almost guiltily he looked into the eyes of Larry Goodwin, freshly attired in yachting rig, in which, no doubt, he had trod the deck of the Berserker an hour before. "What's brought you back to smell bilge water with us again?" the loud voice continued with insistent heartiness. "You're in luck, for most of the old lot are on board the Berserker. We're all a bit aged but frisky as colts still, especially the girls. Virginia says she has solved the secret of perpetual childishness, but she won't give me the prescription."

To it all, Battersby had been allowed no opportunity for reply. And for the moment he was grateful because of the respite. He was fairly caught as he had feared. There would be no denying of Larry Goodwin, who had laid hold of his elbow and was urging him along the platform. Battersby broke protestingly into his whirl of questions and expressions of pleasure at their meeting. "I can't do it, Larry," he said. "I'm sorry — the worst sort. But I'm here to work, you know."

"What are you doing?" demanded

Goodwin. "There's nothing on here to-day except the races." He stared at his friend thoughtfully. "Look here," he asked, "you aren't mixed up with any of these designing chaps, are you? I thought you went in for some sort of scribbling when you left Cambridge."

Battersby could not help smiling at the other's earnestness in the pursuit of things nautical. "It's not sloop keels," he answered.

"I'm sorry," said Goodwin. "Maybe you could have helped me out a bit. I've got an entry in the thirty-footer class, and they say that Blake has put out a boat that's going to be sprung on the lot of us and make us look silly." The big man's voice rumbled on while Battersby found himself being dragged willy nilly toward the waiting wagonette. "There's Virginia with Madge Starrett," ejaculated Goodwin explosively. "Come on. Madge came up on your train. It's funny you missed her." Then he broke off awkwardly, and the sunburn on his cheeks turned a deeper color slowly. "Oh, I say," he said, as if remembering. "You don't — it's been some time since you saw Madge Starrett?"

Battersby's gaze was fixed upon the girl who was grasping Virginia Goodwin's outstretched hand at the wagonette. She was a girl yet, for all the seven years, and she still wore violets tucked into her belt. The Milo-like curve of her throat was still there, despite the knot of white fichu, which she had not worn in the old days. He reflected bitterly that it had all been long enough gone for the styles to have changed. "Seven years — seven years," thought Battersby. Then he heard her laugh — it angered him at first, until the very softness of it charmed him the way it had always done — as she answered Virginia Goodwin, the dip of whose green sun umbrella half hid them both. And then he looked into Larry Goodwin's troubled eyes. "Yes," he said, "it's been a long time."

The groups upon the station siding

had thinned away, and the waiting traps were dispersing with their gay freights. Battersby could see Mrs. Goodwin's green umbrella waved at her jolly skipper husband, as she caught sight of his broad blue shoulders. It was too far for other recognition, he thought, and again he recalled how Bradley had stared at him unknowingly. The memory made him smile not merrily. "Mrs. Goodwin wants you," he said. "And if I don't hurry I'll lose my job."

The Berserker's skipper frowned uncertainly. "You can't cut away like this, Phil," he said. "The old crowd will want to see you — Virginia and — Madge, and the rest. They would n't forgive me if I told them I had seen you and had then let you slip away. There's going to be a little dinner on board the Berserker after the races." He waved his yachting cap to the green umbrella reassuringly as he spoke. Even at this distance it was becoming observedly impatient. "You've got to come, old man," he went on. His eyes left Battersby's face, and for the first time since his greeting, traveled up and down. "Good God, Phil," he said in a whisper, "there is n't anything the matter, is there? You are n't — hard up or anything like that?" The big man's confusion was painful.

Battersby's heart tightened as he listened. He winced as it came over him that he was actually grateful for the sympathetic, clumsy speech and the touch of his friend's arm. He laughed uneasily. "Not that, Larry," he said. "Pay day comes around regular as clock-work once a week. And I've got my working clothes on."

"Please, sir, Mrs. Goodwin is ready to drive down to the Berserker." A ceremonious groom was at Goodwin's elbow. He nodded in response to his master's "All right," and walked stiffly back to the wagonette.

It was Goodwin who finally broke the strained silence. He spoke unevenly.

"Phil, there's a dinner jacket and my evening coat. You can have your pick. And Johnson always fills the locker with shirts when we cruise. I don't know what sort of a game you're playing now. I'm a stupid sort; always was as you know. But you'll come aboard the Berserker for the dinner. Virginia won't forgive me if you fail us."

Battersby watched him clamber into the wagonette, which his bulk seemed to overload. Bradley touched the whip to his hat, and the mettlesome pair whirled the skipper of the Berserker away with the two women.

"You've been a most neglectful host, dear," said Mrs. Goodwin, after she had rested the handle of her green sun umbrella to her liking. "You missed Madge when she got out of the first chair car, and now you've kept us waiting ten minutes when you ought to have known we're anxious to get to the Berserker and change our frocks for luncheon and the Smith-Terrills."

"If you break out any more baby balloon jib topsails, Virginia," said her husband, looking at the tugging umbrella, "Bradley won't be able to drive us without tacking into the wind."

"Larry's always nautical the moment he puts on a yachting cap," said Madge Starrett, laughing.

"And besides," Goodwin went on, "I had a good reason for delaying. I stumbled across" —

"Phil Battersby," interpolated the girl by his wife's side.

Goodwin turned toward her in astonishment. "How did you know?" he asked. "He said he had n't seen you on the train."

"He's changed a great deal," said the girl unresponsively. "He's older for one thing."

"And positively shabby, if you mean the man you were talking to when I sent Watson to call you," interrupted Mrs. Goodwin. "Now I recall Phil Battersby as the best dressed man in our set. He

was always clever, and I liked him for that after I got to know him. But what really made me like him at first was because he was always so smart looking."

Madge Starrett laughed quietly. "You're talking as if you were a *débutante* again," she said. "And we're both long past that sort of thing."

"That's the vainest thing you've ever said to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin triumphantly. "Larry shall hear me convict you."

"All right, Virginia. But go easy," said her husband rather apprehensively, for he was one of those men who regard feminine repartee with uneasiness, not knowing how keen the thrusts will be.

"No woman ever talks lightly about her age unless she is quite sure she does n't look it," finished Virginia Goodwin laughingly. Bradley drew the wagonette up to the pier with a flourish. The launch was waiting, and both women were well through dressing for the Smith-Terrills before the Berserker's skipper, at ease astern with brandy and soda conveniently placed, roared loudly in appreciative understanding.

Goodwin's merriment reached faintly to his wife and Madge Starrett in Mrs. Goodwin's cabin. "Larry has the kindest heart in the world," said Mrs. Goodwin contemplatively. "But he lacks appreciation."

Madge Starrett paused, patting a ribbon into place at the glass. "A joke is always better when thoroughly digested," she said.

"I did n't mean that," said Mrs. Goodwin. "You know I did n't, dear. I meant about Phil Battersby. The idea of asking him to dinner! Why, Madge, you know he's quite impossible since he dropped out of sight. He's not the same Phil Battersby."

"He's making a living, I fancy — unlike the rest of us."

"Nonsense, Madge." Mrs. Goodwin's tone was severe. "He's a disappointed man. Disappointed men are

always disagreeable. A few years ago every one was saying he had a brilliant career. What happened? He failed utterly. He had the impulse once. I know that. But somehow he lost it. Oh, what's the use of inspecting wrecked hopes and shattered dreams that we can't help, anyway? One has too much broken china of her own."

The girl turned from the glass quickly and went over to her friend, placing a hand upon her shoulder. "Virginia, promise me something," she said.

Mrs. Goodwin looked into her face and saw that she was in earnest. "Go on, dear," she said.

"Don't ever talk to me about Phil Battersby again," Madge Starrett whispered. "Will you?"

Mrs. Goodwin's face darkened regretfully. "I'm getting to be as clumsy as Larry," she replied. "But I'll make up for it by being particularly nice at dinner."

Her husband's voice, echoing down the companion-way, came as a relief to both women. "I've sent the launch over to the *Thisbe* for the Smith-Terrills," it said. "They're coming over the side now."

For Battersby the day dragged cruelly. Now that he was touching elbows with old times he found himself longing for some respite from the grind of things. His resolution to refuse Goodwin's hearty invitation to dine upon the Berserker weakened before he had sent his first dispatch, and had utterly fled before the judges' boat churned back to the wharf for good. All through the races his mind had been occupied by visions of that dinner, with the old faces around him, and Madge Starrett smiling at him. At least Battersby liked to think she would smile at him as she had used to do. By the time he had filed his last copy at the little and hopelessly incapable telegraph office the river was scarlet-streaked with the reflected glow of the sunset. He laughed happily to himself

because even the weather was to aid his momentary return to the pale of things social.

The Berserker lay in midstream in the yacht club cove. Her awnings were stretched, — tawdry lines of red and white duck, — and Battersby could see the steward busy with the chairs and the bamboo deck tabourets. He looked at his watch. It was a bit after 6.30. The women were probably dressing for dinner. Now and then during the races he had swung his glasses toward the Goodwin yacht to catch a glimpse of her jolly passengers. Once, when Goodwin's boat was winning the cup in the thirty-footer class, Battersby's binoculars had let him see Madge Starrett, radiant-faced, turn from the rail and shake hands with Larry Goodwin, whose big face was one wide grin of content. Virginia Goodwin, Battersby recalled, had not even risen from her chair as the finish gun boomed out. But her husband had gone over to her as the Berserker was headed for her moorings, and they had had a quiet little talk until the anchor-chains rattled.

Battersby had reflected then that all women were different, each showing her happiness in her own individual way. He envied Goodwin for that quiet talk with his wife. But he would have preferred Madge Starrett's quick and frank gladness had he owned the winning thirty-footer. The thought brought him up with a wrench. It was not a pretty thing — this making believe long after one had grown into a manhood unillumined with success. He could remember once standing in front of a shop window when he was a boy and telling his nurse what he would do with each and every toy if he had it. It came into his thinking now that all children do that sort of thing, but only the unsuccessful ones play at make-believe when they are grown men. And his tremulousness at the thought of what he was going to do now angered him. "Like a cursed child afraid of Santa Claus," he sneered half aloud.

A gig shot out from the Berserker's stern, the two sailors bending to the stroke as if they enjoyed it. Battersby knew it was coming for him. His gaze swept the club anchorage. A score of sleek yachts swayed at anchor. The white hulls looked black against the sun-glow. Upon the decks were men and women who were happy. Now and then from the deck of the boat moored nearest the pier came the sound of laughter. The miracle of it all smote Battersby hip and thigh. Here were people who were utterly happy, — people with no weight of unattained success to bear them down; people who were not successful really, because they had not achieved success; but who had accepted successful conditions of existence as their heritage. And, after all, was not the equivocal station of a hanger-on amid this arc of utter untroubledness a better thing — a less galling chain to clank — than the hallmark of unrealized ambition? If they had not been busy making fast to a string-piece, the crew of the gig would have marked the bitterness in the laugh of the man who stepped into the stern sheets and sat smiling oddly during the pull back to the Berserker.

Larry Goodwin was at the rail as the gig drew alongside, with broad welcome upon his face. Battersby found no women upon deck and was glad. "Come down to my cabin and try on clothes," said Goodwin, leading the way. "The crowd 'll be here before you are done. I'm lucky all around to-day. There's going to be a moon."

Battersby looked over at his friend, who was tossing the contents of a locker upon the bunk. "I'm getting to be a dog in manners, Larry," he said, extending his hand. "But no one was gladder than I was to see the Spindrift get that cup."

Goodwin's face glowed with delight. "I knew you would be, Phil," he said. "We've showed 'em that these new-fangled keels are n't *quite* express trains,

after all. And although the cup will look nice on the smoking-room mantelshelf, it's done me more good to have you eat dinner on board than winning a dozen of 'em would."

Battersby finished dressing — he had chosen the dinner jacket — with disintegrated sensations stirring within him. Even a bitterness, year-hardened and uncouth, softens quickly when it comes into contact with the disintegrating touch of a real friendship. And although the man who stood at the oval glass let into the cabin wall, tying the string knot to wear with the first dinner jacket he had worn in years, despised himself for it, — saying, "Like a cur, cringing at a kind word," — he nevertheless went upon deck with a keen eagerness which absorbed him utterly.

There had been a subtle change in him during the last half hour in Goodwin's cabin. His host, with a wisdom instinctive to his kind, and unresentfully discernible by Battersby, had insisted upon his guest's pledging himself and the Spindrift in two stirrup cups of champagne before he left him to dress. Battersby knew the infusion of energy one or two glasses of champagne could instill into a tired brain, and he had drunk the wine as he would have taken the drug of a doctor who had been asked to tide him over a critical emergency. Once, when a Fifth Avenue hotel was burning up, and the dead were being laid upon the sidewalk by the scores, he had sat all night writing revamped stories of the horror to bring the last edition up to date, that a placidly heartless cityful might drink in a shudder with their breakfast coffee. And his written touch had been certain and even brilliant because of a dozen cups of drip coffee from the Astor House, into each of which had been poured a pony of brandy. As he walked astern he felt that, almost, he was the Battersby of old. The warmth of returning self-confidence permeated him. Had any one reminded him at this

moment that on the morrow there was Mulberry Street and the sordidness of news-gathering, he would have been inclined to call him a liar. As his steps clicked upon the scoured deck planks in unison with the heavier tread of Larry Goodwin, he repeated to himself, "This is what I was meant for. I was meant to be a part of it."

Goodwin paused somewhat awkwardly as they came upon the laughing group in the chairs under the striped awnings. And Battersby smiled momentarily, realizing that his host was ill at ease. As for himself, there was no hesitation, no floundering for the proper thing to say, or reaching awkwardly, clumsily after the proper thing to do. No man who has learned to swim, be he away from water for a generation, forgets how to cleave his way with the powerful breast stroke. And no man who has learned to revolve in the social orbit without damaging the bricabrac of convention ever quite loses the lip facility and plastic attitudes which mark the socially popular.

Virginia Goodwin may have been surprised at the transformed friend of years past. At least there was no suggestion of the commonplace man on the station platform in the Phil Battersby who responded easily to her low words of welcome. But she, too, was expert in facial masking, and it was she who engineered Battersby's rejoining of his old friends with a laughing reminiscence as she led him from chair to chair. Goodwin watched his graceful wife with a species of awe. He had never ceased to wonder why her very fragility had not shivered at the thought of marrying him in all his bulkiness; the skipper of the Berserker cherished no illusions concerning his mortal make-up. He could not have piloted his old friend through the maze of deck chairs without mishap, not for a round dozen of cups for the Spindrift. It was beyond him. He simply watched it all thankfully. He liked Battersby, and, therefore, he would have winced

more keenly than his friend had anything untoward marred his appearance as his guest.

Madge Starrett, at the taffrail, was the last woman to whom Mrs. Goodwin led her captive. She watched Battersby's approach with a hastily forming feeling of apprehension. In the dusk of the deepening river shadows his face was partially blurred. But her pulses leaped at the firm touch of his hand and the certain ring in his voice as he greeted her. Possibly not until that moment had she realized quite how much interest Phil Battersby had inspired within her in the old times. It had been to her that he had come when the first freshness of his great enthusiasm had laid hold upon him. No woman is ever happier than when helping a man she honestly likes—and, more than that, admires and possibly believes in—to wrestle with his vision until he has overcome it.

All this Madge Starrett had done in her glory of budding womanhood. She alone had known the absurdly dizzy heights to which his ambition had soared. Often since, when Phil Battersby's name revolved before her eyes on the wheel of memory, which never ceases whirling no matter how one may pray that it stop, the recollection of that ambition's Lucifer fall made her stir in her chair uneasily, and sent a flush of shamed sorrow to flag its way from her cheeks up into the temples. And yet here was Phil Battersby in the flesh before her, standing easily and with a certain greeting. After all who knew? Perhaps—

Battersby himself, thanking Heaven for the disguise of outward calmness, looked into the eyes of the girl very much after the manner of a lost soul who has been for the moment allowed to return for one final glimpse of Paradise. He listened to his voice saying very correct commonplaces with an almost indignant resentment. He felt like quarreling with himself for his cold-blooded

correctness. Instead he drew a chair beside her and talked of the races and of the Spindrift's gallant finish on the third leg home.

The girl listened to his talk, and, divining its insincerity, was glad. For she knew then that there was latent somewhere a shred of the old enthusiasm. And being woman wise, she waited for its out-drawing, which she knew would come after the dinner and the music, perhaps in these very chairs by the taffrail. So she smiled when Virginia Goodwin came over to them reprovingly. "Larry did n't lure you here to be monopolized," said Mrs. Goodwin, with a laugh. "And just for penance, Phil, you're to take Madge in to dinner."

Ask the man who has been ranching it for six months, or prospecting a bit up Klondike way, or who has come home from a year's service in the Philippines, what he yearns for most. They'll all tell you the same thing,—a dinner-table with the friends he cares for, with candles and white linen and cut glass and decent talk; the frippery table talk of little things if you like, but the thing he has dreamed of and prayed that he might once more hear. Battersby sat letting the atmosphere of his surroundings soak into him. Ah, it was *good* to be where it was again. He eyed the array of silver beside his plate with avid interest. He found himself wondering idly if he knew what all the knives and forks were for. Then he realized that Madge Starrett was beside him, and he turned to her.

A woman regards a man she has once cared for, and has then lost sight of for years, with a slowly widening expectancy when his chair happens to be next hers at dinner after all those years. Madge Starrett was not sure whether she welcomed or resented the quickened heart beats which betokened the presence of Phil Battersby at her elbow. She had believed in his future and his success,—and his failure, his sudden

dropping out of it all, had seemed to her cowardly. In thinking it over she had said to herself that she hated a coward. She did not know — there was no reason why she should know — that he had faced harder conditions of existence than those which are the inseparable accompaniment of a frustrate ambition; faced them in a necessary effort for gaining bread and butter, which had been forced upon him.

She watched his hand as he reached for his wineglass. And although he was draining it eagerly and more often than she cared to see a man do at a dinner-table with women present, the hand was steady enough. Now and then she turned slightly and looked into his eyes, as he rattled on with all the old brilliance of the Phil Battersby of seven years ago. She read nothing in them that told her anything. They met hers frankly, even good-humoredly; but she felt somehow that there was not genuine frankness back of them. And after a while it came over her that this man, this more than friend of the past, could be helped if there were some woman, a real woman, to stretch out a hand and beckon him on to the fulfillment of early promise. Had she ever been that woman, she wondered.

Battersby was keen enough ordinarily, and more than ever able now, with his wits wine-sharpened, to read much of what was occupying her thoughts. He in turn gazed absorbedly at her as she busied herself with the silver tools of the table, which at times impress one as being altogether grotesque. And as the champagne filliped the nerve centres in his temples, and he felt the old-time impulse to utter clever things radiating from temples to brain, he looked at her and realized that she was no longer a girl, but a woman with her glorious beauty beyond the promise of the *débutante* bud he had once known. While he had paused, wavered, and at last weakly retrograded, Madge Starrett had

developed to fulfill her destiny. He tried to fight off the old dream-fancy that, if he had been patient, — if he had been really a man and had fought on for the goal he knew she knew he was striving to attain, — this woman might have been vouchsafed by the gods to bring out the little which was noble within him.

Larry Goodwin, watching him from the head of the table, marked his laughter, and under cover of the chatter of the Smith-Terrills on either side, dispatched his wife an eloquent glance of approval. "Phil's getting on," it said. "He's the same old fellow. We must have him to dinner when we get back to town. He's been working too hard, I guess."

But Virginia Goodwin, with a woman's finer though less generous instinct, which spares us so many disasters of drawing-room diplomacy, signaled back by wifely code, "He's getting on, my dear, but how far? Watch Madge. Never watch a man when he meets a woman after all these years. It's the woman's face that counts."

The skipper of the Berserker was not to be gainsaid, however. Was not the Spindrift's cup gracing the board, banked in orchids, with smilax twining its chased base. "Your health, Phil," he called down the linen lane with genial gladness in his smile. "Your health, my dear fellow. It's like old times again."

"Your health, Phil," echoed Horace Trevano halfway to Madge Starrett. "Remember your valedictory when you made Memorial shiver by making the class laugh?"

"And then cry like babies, by Gad," added Goodwin, as the men's glasses rose.

Battersby's smile wavered for an instant, although none but the girl at his side marked it. "Thank you, Larry," he replied. "My valedictory, — I had almost forgot." Then in the rattle of

revived chatter he turned to Madge Starrett. She saw his face was a blank, the light of awakened instinct gone, the old hopeless, shabby look slipping back across his features like a mask. "Valedictory," he repeated dully, "that means farewell, does n't it?"

Fear — vaguely expressed but plainly apparent — crept into his eyes. Beneath the drooping linen of the table his left hand touched her arm tremulously and then drew away again. It had been an unconscious betrayal of appeal, and the girl loathed him for the touch. Even more she despised him for the almost reckless way in which he appropriated the table talk during the rest of the dinner. Again she could not know that the man was hating himself doubly; first, for being weak enough to be stabbed by remembering; and, second, for being craven enough to let a woman see he shrank from his own destiny, foreordained as it might be.

The men lingered briefly over the coffee, for the saloon was stuffy despite the electric fans, and the thought of a moon with the Berserker's striped awnings furled was alluring. Larry Goodwin found Battersby stirring his coffee idly while the others were leaving.

"There are n't any grounds, Phil," he said. "You can't play at mud pies with the Berserker's coffee. Have you forgotten that?" The well-fed, prosperous master of the yacht lighted a fat, black cigar as he spoke. He blew one or two thin rings into the air and hesitated. When he did speak it was with a curious, boyish shyness that sat oddly upon his sturdy frame. "Phil," he said, "she's up there somewhere in a deck chair. Women aren't any of them charted as far as I know. Their reasons for doing things are tangled up worse than the channels off the Florida coast, and I've run the Berserker ashore once or twice myself down there. Madge Starrett's a girl in a thousand, but she's never married. And no matter what Virginia

says" — Goodwin broke off suddenly, reddening at his clumsiness.

Battersby got out of his chair and put his hand on the other's shoulder. He was smiling. "Mrs. Goodwin is right," he said. "And Larry, you're a good fellow, — a damned good fellow. But you see, you can't understand, and I'm not quite sure that I don't misunderstand things, and — Oh well, let's go on deck."

Virginia Goodwin rose from Madge Starrett's side as her husband and Battersby picked their way through the group on deck. "Larry," she said, "I'm going to insist that you be an agreeable host. You've got to find out what cordials the Smith-Terrills want. Chartreuse and Benedictine are n't synonyms, and I want you to see that the steward realizes it."

"I'm a bungling dog, Virginia," muttered the skipper of the Berserker as his wife drew him toward the larger group, where Horace Trevano was endeavoring by means of an inverted megaphone to hear what was being said on the yacht moored nearest them. "It's wonderful how far you can hear with the things," Trevano was saying. "Up at Lake Asquam last summer we used to sit on the boathouse float and eavesdrop on the spoons in canoes. Once I heard" — Virginia Goodwin smiled in the deck dusk as Trevano's voice was lost in a murmur of femininely indignant protest. She patted her husband's arm gently. "If there were only more like you, Larry," she whispered, "they'd give it the right name and call it 'honesty.'"

Battersby by the moon haze studied the profile of the girl in the chair by his side. The very rattan seemed to touch her lovingly as she gazed over the taffrail at the bobbing lights of the fleet anchored beyond. As he looked, it stung him to feel that he was further removed from her now than he had been in his little hall bedroom in Stuyvesant Square. There he had his memory of her, un-

faded, when he would let it appear like the genii in the vase, and unfailingly sympathetic. To-night, with her hand almost touching his, he realized that this memory must henceforth be dead. The earnest faith of the girl, which he had rememberingly cherished, was not. For the girl had turned woman long since, with the gauge of a woman for fitness and unfitness; and that gauge had been of necessity within the last hour applied to him. He could not doubt that he had suffered in the doing.

Madge Starrett was waiting for him to tell her about himself. Of this all women can be reasonably certain, — that the man of the past, when chance mingles his path with hers after a lapse of years, will tell her about himself, if for no other purpose than that of obtaining justification. Somehow at this moment, with her eyes closed to all but the present, with Phil Battersby at her side as he had been, she found herself eagerly ready to listen to what he had to say. The dreams of a girl never quite die. They tint the after life of the woman. And it was so with Madge Starrett. Had Battersby known this it would have been easier.

From one of the yachts came the sound of singing. The saloon portholes were open, and the voice, a woman's contralto, with its deeper background of piano, came clearly over the water : —

"The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Sailing off on a wintry sky.

Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by."

The group farther down the rail were listening too. Virginia Goodwin was leaning forward, her elbow upon the arm of her chair, and her chin upon her clasped hands. Her wrap had slipped from her shoulders, and Battersby saw the gleam of her white neck with its spitfire circlet of diamonds. As she listened, her look fixed upon the watery gloom, Battersby saw Larry Goodwin, whose eyes were not upon the boat in the distance, but staring at his wife. There

was not the light for seeing quite plainly, but Battersby knew that if there had been, he could have read apprehension in the gaze of the skipper of the Berserker, — the stare of a man of primary emotions when his wife's mood is far flung and he may not follow her, the unuttered thought that maybe, after all, there has been some other man who could have traveled with her in her mood journeys. "Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by," the contralto finished plaintively. Trevano whispered something to the woman nearest him which made her laugh quietly. And Virginia Goodwin turned in her deck chair, too, with what Battersby took to be an undue eagerness to be amused. Her husband pulled her wrap into place about her shoulders awkwardly.

Battersby turned impatiently toward the girl. "There is n't much time," he said. "I've got to go back to town to-night. It's been little enough, but a glimpse of the old friends I've lost has been more to me than perhaps any of you will understand."

"Why 'lost'?" said the girl. "Larry is going to weigh anchor at daybreak. He says we'll be at the yacht club anchorage by eleven." Her face never once left off scanning the light-streaked waste of water beyond the rail, and her tones were even and colorless.

"I shan't be able to go down with the Berserker," said Battersby. "I shall have been busy a good many hours by the time Larry anchors off Twenty-Sixth Street." The silence which followed made him feel that he should continue speaking. But, as his lips opened, he felt that before they had closed again he might have committed himself to some things which would cause him regret upon the morrow. "Larry ran across me by accident," he went on. "I had no idea of seeing you all when I came up. I wonder how Larry knew me, for one changes a great deal in a few years? I walked past Bradley in

the wagonette at the station; walked past slowly to see if he still knew me, and he did n't. Then I remembered that it had been seven years since I had seen any of you — seven years since I cut it all."

Madge Starrett's voice repeated his words softly. "Seven years," it said. "Seven years — a long time." Then she swayed toward him in the chair, and he fancied her eyes were eager. "Why did you 'cut it all,' as you say?" she asked.

"Have n't you guessed?"

"They talked about you," said the girl. "At first they said you were busy writing, and then that you had never really cared for it — that is, for us all, Virginia and Larry and — the rest of us."

"And then that I was a failure and ashamed of it," said Battersby, wincing as he uttered each word of what he knew was truth.

She nodded. "The first reason was the worst — the cruellest — even if the last were true."

"It was true," said Battersby.

"And the first?" The girl's words came reluctantly, forced despite her, from a throat that was tense with the effort to choke them back.

"The first was a lie. It was because I cared for you — for you and Larry, and Mrs. Goodwin, and the rest — that I showed the streak of yellow. Not that this justifies me. The yellow streak must have been there always, only I never guessed at it. I could n't stiffen against a facer when I came to it. I wonder if you knew the streak was there — if Larry and Mrs. Goodwin knew it? Good God! I may have been an open book of cowardice all my life; may have been despised for it without knowing it." Battersby's voice trembled with the rush of sudden thought. The girl threw out her hands with a little deprecating motion. In the white half-reflection the moonlight seemed to drip from her fingers.

"Don't," she said. "Don't talk that way. A man has never the right to tell a woman he has been a coward. He would better — much better — lie about it, if need be, to conceal it."

"But if he were found out?"

"He could never be found out — if the woman cared."

Beyond, the group was laughing at some of Horace Trevano's tattle. Goodwin's deep chuckle was uppermost in the mingled murmur. The creak of the hawsers, as the Berserker dipped to the freshening swells of the bay, was rhythmically regular. Battersby saw that the girl had settled back against the rattan, her eyes hidden in the shadow.

"Listen," he said. "This is the last time. It was worse than brutal for me to have come to-night. At least grant me your seeing that I have had the courage to be brutal to myself. For I've had to-night a taste of the old times I fancied I had learned how to forget. I shall have to learn all over again. You were a girl when I saw you the last time. You listened to my enthusiasms then, and believed in them because you were a girl. Now you are a woman, and it is different. You can't judge things in the old girlish way — not even if you wish. A woman must be just despite herself — if she has ever cared."

The girl put out her hands again, but Battersby's impulse was inexorable. He found himself a deliberate victim upon the rack of a self-forced torture, yet rising supreme above the pangs of his own agony because of the suffering of his unwilling inquisitor. "And you cared — once, did n't you?" he asked.

Madge Starrett faced him almost indignantly. But when she spoke her words were uttered calmly enough, at which she herself marveled. "Yes — I did care — once," she answered.

"I wanted to hear you say it," he went on, "because I am doing penance. My atonement has lasted seven years, and to-night will make it deservedly more

bitter. And now let me tell you a little about myself, for you will see the poetic justice of things perhaps better than the others. Not that I care what the others think, save Larry. Good old fellow, he is too great-heartedly stupid to see what I really am. And Mrs. Goodwin" —

"Virginia is expedient," the girl interrupted hastily.

"And sees the inexpediency of a burnt-out rocket stick," he continued. "Why, it is merely the righteous caution of a vigilant hostess. She was even anxious about me to-night for those first few minutes at table, until she heard me rattle on in the old way, and knew that I would last until the coffee. And I did last. I did last." Battersby laughed quietly.

"Ah, don't do that," whispered the girl.

"I'm laughing at myself," he said, "laughing at myself for being afraid to believe that the girl of seven years ago would let a little of the old faith come back."

Madge Starrett's fingers tightened upon the arms of the deck chair. "Does it then mean anything to you still?" she asked.

"Even a failure would have a memory to share his exile." Battersby was vaguely conscious at the moment that to-morrow he would be a lost soul in torment. The launch would be taking him back to shore soon, with Heaven receding. Heaven being as much of the Berserker's deck as Madge Starrett's chair was covering.

"You would smile if I should tell you of what to-night reminds me," he said. "I spend a great deal of my time on the East Side these days, for a number of reasons that there is no particular necessity of defining. One morning last winter I went over to a Chrystie Street tenement to find out about an ambulance call that had been posted at Police Headquarters. It was snowing, and just before dawn. A policeman on the corner told

me that the child of a Yiddish shoe-lace peddler on the top floor had been fatally scalded by the overturning of a samovar.

"The family had been breakfasting at four, so that the father could walk to Harlem and begin peddling his shoe-laces in time to catch the down-town crowds at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street 'L' station. I climbed upstairs, stumbling along in the pitch dark. At the top landing there was a drunken long-shoreman sleeping. My feet trod upon his face, and he stirred to curse me before he dropped off to sleep again. I stepped into the wretched little den they called a home, gasping for breath in the foulness of the room. The mother was rocking to and fro, wailing over the cheap high chair still drawn up to the table, and the father was praying in a despairing jargon of outcries and entreaty. The other children stood awestricken, staring at their parents as if they did not understand. The baby had been taken to Bellevue, and at the mention of the word 'hospital' they took me for a doctor. The mother fell at my knees and begged me to say that her baby would live. The doorway, full of excitedly sympathetic neighbors, with poor, white-faced, terror-stricken children peering between the legs of their elders, chattered anew as they regarded me. 'He is the doctor-man. He will make Rachel's baby well,' I heard them say."

Battersby paused. The girl was looking at his face, and this time he was staring out over the rail and smiling oddly. "I suppose the yellow streak was always there," he said. "Trevano would laugh if he heard it. It would make a good story to tell at the club, for I was afraid to tell the truth, — afraid to say that I was not the doctor. It was the yellow streak, for I told them I was from Bellevue, and that the baby was going to get well. And all the time I knew, for the policeman on the corner had told me, that the baby was dying when the ambulance took it away."

Madge Starrett's voice wavered as she whispered, "Poor little baby! Poor little baby!"

With the womanly pity in her words, and the tears which could not be seen, but which he knew were moistening her eyelids, Battersby felt a fierce desire to have the girl pity him instead of the child of his story. The knowledge that he was jealous of a dead, East Side Yiddish baby showed him how craven for pity he had become. He turned hastily to her as she lay sunken far back in the chair, her shoulders contracted as if in some real physical pain.

"So far my story has n't meant anything," he said. "It is the rest of it that will be the object lesson; that will show you I have fallen so low that even a vulgar gratefulness means much to me. The old peddler, jabbering in his uncouth joy, could not be restrained from lighting me down the crazy stairway. With a lamp held high above his ragged beard, and sending distorted shadows over the face of the drunken longshoreman on the top landing as we passed, he followed me three steps behind all the way. 'God will you bless,' he kept saying over and over again. 'The God of Abraham will reward.' And from far off, somewhere in the fetid tomb of a home I had left behind me on the top story, there came to me cries of joy, cries of, 'Oh, the good doctor! The kind hospital!' My face burned even in the cruelly cold blasts that swept into the hall from the open door. I was a hypocrite, a brutal mummer. I slunk out into the street taking their heart-broken gratitude with me, a thief, the basest sort of a thief. If the Recording Angel does not sleep at five in the morning, my place in the Rogues' Gallery of Heaven is secure. And — for I told you I had fallen low — I found myself wishing from the bottom of my soul that I might have deserved their prayers, their benisons of Yiddish jargon. For it came over me in the snow,

outside that ramshackle tenement, with red dawn creeping up from the East River and the milk carts clattering over the pavements, that it is a great thing to win the heart-warm gratitude of even a wretched and not quite clean peddler and his wife."

Battersby ceased speaking abruptly. It came over him very suddenly that he was weary. He stared at the girl crouched low in her chair, and then past her, out into the fleet-lit waters. The hawsers still creaked with the Berserker's persistent tugging at her moorings. From the nearest yacht came the sound of the same contralto voice, singing this time a rollicking barcarolle. But the music seemed discordant now.

"The funny thing about it is," he said slowly, "that until I saw you — you and Larry and the rest — but mostly seeing you — the stolen thanks of that Yiddish peddler meant more to me than anything else. I had been a failure, the worst kind of a failure, but it taught me I could at least be kind now and then to others if I had not been kind to myself. You see, I told you the yellow streak was there. I suppose it must have been there always. I wonder if you knew it?"

The girl shivered, and he sprang to where her shoulder cloak had slipped to the deck. "I've been bringing my tenement-house manners with me," he said. "You have been cold in that thin frock, and I have been too selfishly introspective to see."

"It is n't that," she said. "It is n't the cold. It's the baby — the poor little burnt baby."

"But I lied, you know," said Battersby.

The girl smiled faintly. "I'm glad of it," she said. "Your telling that lie has explained a whole lot of things."

Down by the rail amidships Trevano was laughing again, and Battersby saw Virginia Goodwin stand up, tall and white in the moonlight. She came along

the deck toward them, Larry Goodwin following her, with the anxious look of unidentified apprehension in his eyes if they could have been seen, as Battersby knew.

"Mrs. Goodwin is coming," said Battersby, turning to the girl quickly. His Lucifer fall was beginning again, and the realization of it startled him. "It has been my valedictory over again."

"Valedictory — that means farewell," said the girl slowly.

He recalled his unconsciously uttered words at table, and smiled because she had remembered them. That was something. "I shall not say it," he said. Then the flush of a new and resolute courage gave way to a certain foreknowledge that, after all, to-morrow would find him the same resentfully inefficacious self. "Let us leave it unsaid," he whispered, and there was no time for an answer from her, for Trevano was to preside at the making of a "chafing-dish confection," as he called it, in the saloon below; and Mrs. Goodwin, being a good-natured but none the less cautious hostess, had decreed that Madge Starrett should sit at his right hand.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning Battersby stood on a string-piece at the foot of East Twenty-Sixth Street. A yard away the sun was beating down upon a dripping object, which two policemen were examining upon bended knees. Another officer stood beside Battersby with a boat-hook in his hand. The sunlight displayed with unreserved brutality the dirty gray masses of stone buildings along the water's edge, — the Bellevue Hospital tint of hopelessness; and the odor of the disinfectants from the near-by morgue was insistent. The drowned man — this fleshly, unprotecting toy of the whirl of "Buttermilk" Channel and the Bridge's conflicting cur-

rents — had lured Battersby from his Police Headquarters' den to pry into its secrets. He had come that the decencies of burial convention might be achieved, and a true name be chalked upon the pine lid which would cover the face of the silent thing when it was laid at rest in scant-earthed Potter's Field.

To the group — the four living men and the dead one — there came the rattle of hawsers from midstream. A steam yacht had let go her fluke irons at the yacht club anchorage. The policeman who was searching for letters in the shrunken pockets of the dripping object paused for a moment, and with his hand to his helmet peered across the sunshot, scummy water. The sleek, white sides of the boat glistened, and he could see the glint of yards of polished brass railing and the knot of people in the deck chairs astern. Over it all fluttered Larry Goodwin's private signal.

"It's the Berserker," said the policeman, spelling out the yellow letters at the bow as the current swung the yacht around. "She's a beauty, she is."

Duck-clad sailors lowered away the staging while the electric launch cleared astern and lay alongside. The occupants of the deck chairs moved down to the rail amidships. A woman's laugh, with a man's deeper echo, punctuated faintly the disembarkation. A slim girl in blue yachting cloth stepped into the launch just before it cast loose, and went bobbing off toward shore further down.

In the sun heat, the presence of the disagreeable dead, and the fused odors of hospital and morgue, there came to Battersby the memory of a moon-lighted deck, a girl with bent shoulders, and, woven throbbing through the memory, the wail of a contralto, "Good-by, Summer. Good-by. Good-by."

"Ah," he said quite unconsciously, "it was my valedictory." Then he turned to his friends, the policemen.

Robert MacAlarney.

CHORISTERS.

O WIND and waters, ye alone
 Have chanted the primeval tone
 Since Nature first began.
 All other voices change, but ye
 Abide, the soul of harmony
 Interpreting to man.

He listens, and his heart is fain
 To fashion an immortal strain,
 Yet his sublimest lay
 Is but the music of a tongue
 Attuned to silence, and among
 The echoes dies away.

John B. Tabb.

PAGANISM.

THE pagan, as we all know, was originally nothing more nor less than an Italian rustic; a man who lived and plodded and died, remote from all urban associations and influences. Though prevented by the exigencies of his lot from giving himself up to that frantic pursuit of a "good time" which constituted the chief preoccupation of his more citified compatriots, he still made, in the comparatively leisure months of the agricultural year, certain awkward attempts at festivity. He did his best to conciliate Old Father Time, at the Saturnalia of December; and he held his yet more characteristic Paganalia in the month of January. These uncouth feasts of his were the licentious and sunshiny South Italian equivalent of the "huskings" and "sugarings-off" of the old-fashioned rural New Englander. The pagan was the man who stood, open-mouthed and glassy-eyed, when through-passengers from Rome to Brindisi stopped overnight in his village, and nobly cursed its mean accommodations, in the intervals of their

cryptic talk about the new games, *with elephants*, the latest divorce, and that notorious Optimate who had just "rated" or "paired-off" in the Senate. New fashions came in, at the great centres of trade and civilization, in dress, equipage, phraseology, poetry, philosophy, and religion. But the pagan still wore his undyed woolen tunic, drove his gray oxen afield, made his hobbling rhymes, clipped his final syllables, ran his verbs and pronouns together, and worshiped the *Dii patrîi indigetes* very much as his representative upon the same soil does to the present day. It was not until one imported faith, more vital than all the rest, had displaced its competitors, and become the religion of the state and the metropolis, and therefore fashionable, that the word pagan began to connote impiety as well as rusticity.

Nor is Italy, as it would seem, the only land where the indigenous gods display an obstinate vitality; long maintaining a retired existence, and an authority quite distinct from that of the

Deity — or deities — of the people's professed worship. I have, indeed, always thought it one of the strongest arguments for the miraculous origin and subsistence of Christianity, that the theory of it — sometimes described as the "Christian Scheme," — is one which could never, by any possibility, have occurred to a mere *terre filius*, or simple, home-keeping, soil-delving creature; and I have been curiously confirmed in this view by what I have seen during the last few years of a certain circumscribed, semi-mountainous district in one of the New England states. Owing to the geographical position of this tract, untouched by any of the main routes of continental travel, it is, in a manner, self-centred; the backwater of its state, as the late Clarence King used to say that San Francisco was the backwater of the world.

The scenery of the region is beautiful, — to such, at least, as like their landscape simple, verdant, and wild; very slightly humanized, and innocent of all pretension to the great style, either in its original contours or in its native growth.

Even so, alas, it is being rapidly denuded and vulgarized by the ruthless destruction of the white pine and feathery hemlock woods, which used, in the beautiful metaphor of Keats, to "fledge the wild flank" of every considerable hill. Along the clear streams which run among these hills, — devious and loquacious, — low in summer but well-nigh ungovernable in spring, lie the gaunt little villages; many of them less busy and populous than they were sixty years ago, when they were still traversed by important stage routes. The inn, which used often to be crowded in those days, and hospitable with the steam of hearty food and the aroma of comfortable drink, sits dozing in slow decay; a world too wide for its diminished clientèle, and merely calling attention to its own infirmities by fatuously proclaiming itself an hotel. The "Academy" — where the better-to-do farmers' boys once acquired

the modicum of Latin and Greek which fitted them to enter one of our lesser colleges — has been converted to some baser use, and even the stark meeting-houses — for there are always two at least — often tell, by their falling clapboards and faded wooden shutters, a tale of long neglect, and sometimes of cynical abandonment.

The meagre annals of the recluse hamlet are written upon tables of stone in the wind-swept graveyard yonder. *Siste viator*, and let us learn something from these, if we can, of the true character of the deity to whom the seniors of the oldest living inhabitant bowed the knee in awe.

What stupendous kind of a machine-divinity was that who was invoked by some bereft husband or lover in the startling couplet: —

"Sleep, dearest Mary, in the grave
Till God shall burst the blue concave" ?

We must admit that this mourner was a bit of a poet, and that there is a certain grandeur in his vision of the violent restoration to consciousness of his poor lost darling. But the author of the ensuing lines held an attitude toward the unseen Powers, as deeply antagonistic, if not quite as cringing, as that of Caliban on the island: —

IN MEMORY OF

A good Citizen, a kind Husband and Father,
etc.

And then comes the grim coda: —

"But while in health, the woodman's axe he
sped,
God aimed the tree that crushed him dead."

Many of the inscriptions in these lone places of ancient rest have no true spontaneity or distinctive character. They are dismally conventional. Sometimes, indeed, surviving relatives have had the good taste and good sense merely to engrave some text of sacred Scripture upon the lichened stone: "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" or else — though much less often — the reasoned

and far more confidently hopeful, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." The majority, however, follow two or three familiar and tolerably sombre types of epitaph; one of the finest of which in its collected and majestic sternness is this:—

"Friend nor physician could not save
This mortal body from the grave;
Nor can the grave detain me here
When Christ shall call me to appear."

But in that selfsame green acre of God where Mary has awaited for some hundred and fifty years the thunders of her grand *svegliamento*, an inquisitive and intractable agnostic of the last century but one has recorded his doctrinal revolt in the following *variante* on the stanza quoted above:—

"Why could not a physician save
This mortal body from the grave?
Why should the grave detain me here
Till Christ doth call me to appear?"

The first of these rather insolent queries reminds one irresistibly of the small David Copperfield spelling out upon a wall-tablet of Blunderstone Church the statement that "'afflictions sore long time Mr. Podgers bore, and physicians were in vain.' And then I look at Mr. Chillip and wonder if he was in vain, and what are his feelings on being thus publicly reminded of the fact."

As compared with the sullen disposition of one who could thus boldly mutilate a venerable text, there is something quite refreshing about the amiable and unschooled vivacity of the spirit which makes its exit with these words:—

"Dear friends, farewell to you!
Heaven is my native air.
I bid my friends a fond *addio*
Impatient to be *their*."

Surely it was no chilly home of the shades that cast no shadow, to which this buoyant creature went skipping away! And what a remarkable power, both of philosophic synthesis and of calm and compact statement, was that of the oft-

tried widower who has erected a broad stone with five Gothic points, each one bearing the name of a deceased wife, and set below the names the comprehensive line:—

"*These all died in faith.*"

Indeed we find the brighter and healthier as well as the more superstitious aspect of paganism remarkably illustrated sometimes in these leafy No-Thoroughfares.

Our horses were being baited, and (theoretically) rubbed down, at the indolent old inn, and we had wandered beyond the village into the open, or rather the continuously wooded country. We had left behind us the straggling street bordered by low, white cottages, of which the "fore-rooms," at least, and the jealously fenced front dooryards, were as if sealed in perpetual slumber. We had left the river, shorn, here, even of the serried ranks of splendid scarlet lobelias, or cardinal flowers, which had flanked its lower reaches; left the shaky bridge and the invalid mill, the tightly closed wooden conventicles, even the hill of slumber under the "blue concave" still purely and pensively intact. We had discussed our basket-lunch under some nut trees in a rocky pasture, and were subsequently beguiled into following a curiously well-worn footpath which led off the opposite side of the highway, into a deep, old forest of sighing columnar pines. Two of us had gone on in advance, while two lingered behind, idly gathering handfuls of the vivid dwarf-cornel berries—which glowed everywhere upon the dark background of the forest floor, like showers of living sparks. Presently one of our precursors came back and bade us mend our pace. "There's an old man here, in the wood, with the most wonderful garden! He hopes you won't go without seeing it."

Sure enough, an abrupt turn of the path a little further on disclosed a sylvan hollow, and a gleam of still water

reflecting a simply miraculous pageant of richly blooming and carefully tended flowers ; — the stately, sophisticated, flaunting, garden - blossoms of August. Tall dahlias nodded superciliously to the smaller vegetable people at their feet. There were regiments of stiff gladiolas, wearing their broad, vacant smile, and carrying their sword - like leaves as if on parade. There were the sculpturesque lilies of Japan, both white and pink, hibiscus pink and pale sea-green, California poppies, cockscombs in all the “new” shades, crimson bergamot, furnaces of scarlet geranium, — *que sçais je?* The sides of the hollow were curtained with flaming nasturtiums, and ferns both native and exotic nodded in the crevices of the out-cropping rocks. Most of the flowers were massed in weedless beds of loam defined by rows of small round pebbles ; while paths a few inches wide, but absolutely well kept, meandered among them, crossing at intervals, by means of tiny rustic bridges, the ribbon-streamlet carried round the parterre for purposes of irrigation, out of the diminutive lake which we had seen from above. The brook that once traversed the hollow had been dammed and water-lilies planted above the barrier, as we saw by their floating leaves. There had been a beautiful rose-colored blossom riding there, the day before, so we were told by the *genius loci*, but some wild animal — boy or beaver — had stolen it away.

He, the Genius, towered over the oasis which he had created in the green desert, a hulking figure, but hale and tall, white-bearded, apple-cheeked ; and he gave us a hearty welcome.

Had nobody helped him about all this ?

“These hands” — extending, with a large gesture, a brown and sinewy pair — “have done it all !”

“And do you never” — But the second question died upon our lips ; self-convicted, as it were, of impertinence and vulgarity. The point and wonder of the whole show was, that it had been pre-

pared for Beauty’s sake alone, — a splendid sacrifice upon a turfy altar. Not merely was the garden a mile or two distant from the gardener’s village home ; it was many times as far away from the remotest possibility of a flower-market. There should properly have been a statue of the improper Priapus in that forest dell, and a row of conical straw hives ; but only the wild bees hummed about the red bergamot their faint and drowsy tune.

There came over us then — like a gush of sweet incense out of an unseen thurible — that sense of the immemorial familiarity of what we saw, in which Plato himself has advised us to discern an intimation of our preëxistence. We had known our old man and his flower-beds in the wild for centuries. And who was he who first made us acquainted, but the selfsame *dolce Duca*, by whom also we had sat, one blessed evening more than a millennium later, in another flower-starred hollow, and heard the patient souls, whose ransom had been made secure, singing : —

“Salve Regina, in sul verde, e in su fiori.”

It is of the *anima Cortese Mantonana* that I feel I ought more particularly to ask pardon for inserting here — out of a pretty well-forgotten version of his Georgics — a copy of our original note of introduction to the forest gardener : —

“I mind how, under Tarentum’s turrets high
Where the brown waves of the river Galæus
run,

Freshening the yellow fields of harvest, I
An exile of Corycus, a man of old,
Tilling a few spent acres once beheld.
Not apt for the plough were these, nor the
bearing of corn,

To nourish flocks, nor kindly unto the vine ;
But how had he filled the home of briers for-
lorn,

With goodly garden-herbs, and bidden shine
White lilies and vervain round his ordered
beds,

And esculent poppies bear aloft their heads !
The treasure of kings in his content he found,
And, lingering late in the field, he came, at
eve,

To a humble board with unbought dainties
crowned.

His, the first rose of summer to receive,
The first of autumn's apples! and he, anon,
When fetters of ice were laid the streams upon,
And frosts of surly winter had riven the rocks,
And all the brooks were chained, was fain to
shear

The blooming hyacinth of her lovely locks,
While he chid, for its tarrying, the vernal year,
And the lazy zephyrs, long upon the way;
Wherefore his infant bees did see the day
Earlier in spring, and, in their number more,
Than all beside. He from his combs ex-
pressed

The foaming honey in more abundant store,

And limes, and the most luxuriant pines pos-
sessed,

And never a fruit did set in flowering-time
Upon his trees but ripened in summer's prime!"

It did not surprise or disconcert our party in the least that the floral tribute offered us, — after an evident struggle, — when we came away, should have been gingerly gathered, scanty and short-stemmed. The *Senex Corycius*, as we very well remembered, had been equally reluctant, always, to impoverish or deface his beloved plantations.

Harriet Waters Preston.

AN EDUCATED WAGE-EARNER.

It was with no chivalrous notion of living among wage-earners in order to be useful to them either as an example or as a reporter that I sought employment in a factory, but simply because I needed ready money every week for living expenses, and the factory work paid from the beginning. No unpaid apprenticeship during which the learner must live on nothing, or go in debt, was required. And for a long while I was selfishly concerned as to how I could go about my work with the least possible infliction of the society of my shopmates; not because I despised them, but because their conversation was rough, boisterous, and unmannerly at times, and always deadlly dull, wearisome, and uninteresting. They said the same things over and over; and but for their spice of malice these might have been the things that a machine constructed to run in one narrow groove would grind out. I kept on good terms with them instinctively. Their friendship would make all the difference between daily victory and nightly thankfulness and a cumulative succession of crushing defeats that would not have killed. This I knew without being told. It was as though the subconscious part of my mind

was at one with them; and I could feel many things of which my sophisticated intelligence could take no note. The most devastating folly that can be indulged in by women who are suddenly compelled to support themselves is the insufferable habit of gabbling about better days. It turns the worst side of industrial life toward them, and prevents them from seeing or using the best.

Not that a certain amount of verbal sympathy may not be wrenched from each new listener that is secured; but this absurd pampering of vanity, unhoused and in exile, brings swift retribution in the loss of that respect which the multiple consciousness of the proletariat has for any of its legitimate units. This compound being is more to be dreaded than any number of armies with banners. We catch glimpses of him in panics, when a hundred or a thousand people suddenly lose the power of individual thought, and each feels the accumulated fear of all; and in mobs, when men ordinarily incapable of brutality weld their beings in some white heat of anger into a single consciousness which uses them for fists and feet, and, having so coalesced psychologically, they are as destitute of the attributes of in-

dividual men, as brainless and heartless and usable as fists and feet. These are the spectacular appearances of the multiple human being; and they are so disquieting to contemplate, so fraught with horror to the mind that speculates but for a moment on the consequences that will inevitably follow when that trick of combining has been learned and can be practiced at will, that they drive us to imitate the children who cover their eyes, clutch for the parental hand, and, when the terror is passed, forget. But the orderly, untumultuous manifestations of this portentous being are much harder to withstand. If one escapes the sudden fury of the panic or mob, one is safe; but the perpetual endurance of those things which instinctive dislike prompts every individual of the multitude to invent on the spur of the moment to convey, as by contact with a live wire, the accumulated voltage of the anger and dislike of all, — for no apparent reason except that of opportunity, — is infinitely worse than any violence that has a beginning and ending can possibly be. The discrepancy between the trivial provocation or no provocation and the malignant intensity of the hostile spirit that manifests itself confounds the mind and induces a frantic feeling as of being chained among ants, any one of which having found where to set its mandibles became at once a bulldog. I have known many women who expected to secure special consideration in shop or mill and some degree of social distinction outside by continually harping on the "better-days" and "never-expected-to-be-here" string, and I have warned not a few; but I do not recollect one who did not go to pieces mentally, and lose every scrap of available intelligence except the pitiful notions that put her at odds with the life she could not escape. Absolutely there is no possibility of continuing normal in the multitude except by self-obliteration. Astonishingly personal questions will be asked, but they must be an-

swered frankly and fully. The proletariat is absorbing another unit. That is all. Very little satisfies this friendly curiosity; then the new worker becomes an old familiar fact, merges in the multitude, and thereafter is no more conspicuous than an individual grain in a bushel of wheat. That the apprentice is working for wages, however tremendous the fact may be to herself, requires neither explanation nor apology. Work is the normal condition. She would not be respectable if she did not work. Honest women and good girls take the middle of the road, and leave the whole sidewalk to their white-handed sisters who have no apparent means of support. The chances are that no woman is nearly so distinguished in appearance as she fancies herself to be; and wage-earning women are much more presentable than their more fortunate sisters are accustomed to believe. Shorn away on both sides to the line of actual fact, the narrow border of difficulty remaining is easily negotiated at any point by the slightest exercise of tact and self-possession.

In my own case nothing was ever remarked upon but my hands. "How do you keep them so nice?" asked my window-mate in the factory where I first began to work, after instructing me for an hour or two in the special process that I had been set to learn.

"I'm not proud of them," I answered, busy with the work; "I shall be glad when they are grubby as can be. They remind me of being sick in the hospital, and I want to forget it. Were you ever in a hospital?"

I divined, probably by a certain avid eagerness of expression, that the girl wanted to know more about me, — wanted to place me, — and so I gave the above information and was ready to impart such other facts as would put her mind at ease.

"No, I never was in a hospital, but my mother died in one, so I know about it. That was when we were

little. We are all grown up now, and have good jobs. You're catchin' on to that trick first-rate. What ye been doin'?"

"Housework."

"Oh my! How could you? Lib! come over here. My learner says she's been doin' housework."

"For the land's sake!" Lib regarded me as one regards an inferior being; but gradually her face softened.

"How's she gettin' along?"

"First-rate. She'll earn half-pay in a week." I was a thing, and they discussed me with frankness for several minutes, yelling their comments over my head, for one stood on each side of my chair. Finally Lib smiled at me encouragingly, still addressing my teacher.

"She won't have to go back to housework, anyway. I c'n tell by the way she takes hold that she'll earn her board."

"She'll do better 'n that first off."

Having undertaken my instruction, something of the feeling of possession was developing, and my teacher was disposed to champion me. "She's been sick, in the hospital. That's the way with folks that hire help. They'll work 'em to death, 'n' then shove 'em into the hospital when they take sick. It makes me mad. You did right to come into the mill. I wish every house girl in the city would skip their jobs 'n' learn trades. 'T would serve 'em right—the folks that hire 'em I mean."

"You seem to know something about it yourself," I said.

"You just bet I do; but when you catch me pot-wallopin' again, lemme know."

"That's what," said Lib, moving away, but including me in her farewell smile. We were introduced.

Thus easily did the iron doors of industry close behind me. A fondness for nature study and considerable experience in field work probably stood me in good

stead. I must instinctively have adopted the same tactics of becoming a stump or boulder and quietly observing the living things around me without being particularly aware of intending to do so. I learned to do my part of the work handily in a few days, and fell in with the interminable ranks of the regular army without undue fatigue or disagreeable friction.

Under these circumstances hand work becomes a sort of relief from over-much thinking; and, in moderation, that is, if the newcomer undertake only the simpler and less trying if less remunerative processes, it conduces to healthy recovery from whatever wounds the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune may have inflicted.

But when the problem of self-support has been disposed of, and the uneasy fear of failure is succeeded by the confidence of skilled, efficient labor, another danger, which has lurked in the background during the battle for mere existence, lifts its head and stalks near and nearer with each succeeding day, — the mental hunger and thirst of an active robust intelligence, confined in a paddock where no appropriate or satisfying food can be found. Reading is always obtainable, and that must suffice. At least it will keep the caged panther alive and prevent it from gnawing its own flesh and sucking its own blood, and so becoming a monstrous and unnatural thing which will finally burst its bars in lunacy or shrivel into imbecility. I read insatiably for years, following out every line of awakened interest exhaustively. But all the while another kind of knowledge was accumulating; I began to demand different mental food from what was available; or else I was losing my taste for reading. Nine out of ten of my instructors, at whose feet I had sat gratefully and unquestioningly, left my mind unsatisfied, or in open rebellion. Sometimes the mood was one of simple endurance, identical with the refreshment produced by the conversation of district vis-

itors, the chatter of the high school girl who brought flowers and old magazines to such of us as happened to be sick, and the discourse of the college students and Young Men's Christian Association delegates who held meetings in boarding-house parlors. As this conviction forced itself upon me, it brought the first low wash of waves from a cold outer deep that I had never sounded and had no wish to explore. If books failed me, God help me through the grayness of the decades and scores of years to come. I was capable of living till I was ninety or a hundred. The very narrowness and regularity of the life I led tended to conserve the vital energies wonderfully.

About this time a casual conversation which I had at the library with an Englishman, who happened to be searching the files, greatly stimulated my mind. He took me for a fellow worker, and it seemed to me afterwards that he gave me credit for a certain amount of mental ripeness and poise. I may as well record the fact that this conversation and an hour's talk with a college or university professor in the cars are the only cases of the kind in the blank intellectual desert where I was tied to a peg or directed forward and back with my burden like any other creature whose time is not its own. By some sort of reasoning, difficult to trace without seeming ungrateful, those who bear mental pabulum to the wage-earner take counsel of the material provisioners and furnishers who bid for the trade of industrial suburbs, and organize veritable rummage sales. Merchants load their counters with the cheap, the worthless, the gaudy, and the adulterated goods that could not be sold at all in the metropolis, loudly and persistently proclaim that these are the latest in fashion and first-rate — none better — in quality, and demand of wage-earners a price in accordance with these assumptions.

For long years I had been engagingly besought to learn of the district visitor, the amateur dispenser of old magazines

and single flowers ("even one lovely blossom can brighten a dingy room"), the student anxious to practice oratory, and the irreproachable young clerks and salesmen associated for the good of the universe. (They seemed to concern themselves with about everything.) And what they offered in the way of mental and spiritual food left me in precisely the frame of mind about partaking as a walk among the shops and places of amusement would do. But twice, during fifteen years, I met a human being who talked with me and passed on unaware of the largess that was bestowed. If souls were not immortal I should have died, long before the completion of such a period, of spiritual hunger and thirst.

From the Englishman's conversation I got a triangulation that made it possible to see myself in relation to my surroundings, and to arrive at a new understanding of my waning respect for the books on my specialty obtainable at the library. He took it for granted that I was a writer, several times asking if I had made use, or intended to make use, of what I was saying in my work. It amused me at the time, but after a while I began to say, "Why not?" and to use my leisure for practice. Before then I had always imagined that, in order to gain a hearing for saner methods, I must meet persons and organizations concerned with social betterment, and persuade them orally to consider some of the anomalies and contradictions and futilities of the work as at present conducted. I hated the thought of putting myself forward personally, but gradually overcame the reluctance which after all was a species of pride, and put myself in communication with many leaders in this kind of work. They did not treat me with intellectual respect. One and all, they were very kind and scrupulously courteous; but my conversation was as that of an alien and inferior being, interesting as an exhibition, but of no significance, no practical use. In nearly every case it was interpreted person-

ally. I was kicking against the pricks of the *chevaux-de-frise* that guarded the various little local social encampments, and displaying rather poor taste in making a public question of my necessary exclusion therefrom. And in the kindness of their hearts ladies from committees that had listened to me, or the wives of pastors with whom I talked, would call on me ostentatiously and sometimes heroically ask me to return the calls. Then the incident would be closed, and for all impression that it was possible for me to make I might better have remained silent.

Curiously enough, after I began to write, the editors to whom I submitted my copy took the same exasperating view. If I wanted to get into print I must leave unpopular subjects alone and write what people wanted to hear. Many advised me to write amusing sketches. I must have an enormous fund of material that could be treated lightly, even farcically. It would find instant favor. I would better work along those lines. This was discouraging, but no more so than the curious collection of editorial revelations that I accumulated from denominational and reform newspapers. The denseness of some of these was amazing; but the sum of all the adverse criticisms finally reacted on my courage and raised teasing doubts as to the validity of some of my conclusions. Things might be different in other places. The one community with which I was thoroughly familiar might not be typical in some important respects.

For these reasons I gave up writing for several years, and lived successively in eleven large industrial centres, occupying myself with different kinds of work, and remaining long enough at each to learn the environment by absorption. This enlargement of experience and observation was helpful to me in the extreme, but it brought about no fundamental change of opinion. Every growing centre of industry and trade is an illustration of every other.

Everywhere and at all times my first, deepest, and most lasting impression of my fellow workers has been a recognition of their native gifts, abilities, and capacities. I have met and observed at leisure probably a thousand women among wage-earners who were distinctly my superiors in everything but the accidents of a sheltered childhood and a fair degree of instruction. It would be difficult adequately to express my respect for what they are, or to voice a justifiable prophecy of what they will become when permitted free development, without seeming to indulge in exaggeration. Below the merest surface differences, the interests, influences, and determinations that combine automatically to prevent such development are strangely alike in all places where labor is massed. Employers strive to secure all the work that they can get for the least possible amount of wages; and when labor has its hard-earned wages in hand an army of buzzards and vultures springs out of the earth, drops out of empty space, gathers from the four winds, to batten on their natural prey. An increase of wages, which is often so bitterly fought for, is of little real advantage while the sumpter class hovers so close with avid maw, eagle eye, and dexterous talons. This goes on with the consent and active connivance of responsible workingmen who are perfectly well aware of the continual looting of the camp of labor from flank and rear, while they mass their forces along the other side of the square. Only two in ten of their number belong to unions; but those two contrive pretty effectually to lead or drive the other eight whithersoever they please, and by this we know that they could prevent economic spoliation if they so desired. But there is no such thing as a wage-earning class, no cohesion of fellow feeling and loyalty among the common people of an industrial centre. It is a fundamental part of their creed and constitution that the individual has a perfect right to prey upon the mass to any

extent that will not land him in jail. There is no stable condition as the norm of such a class. Individuals constantly arise who wheedle or bully scores or hundreds to tax themselves unnecessarily, and jump into the mud of extremest poverty to form of their bodies a raft by which the stream can be navigated. There is no commiseration for the despoiled families. In order to succeed others must be prevented from succeeding. That is the race law. The wage-earning masses are simply the main body of the Anglo-Saxon race, reinforced by contributory streams from the most energetic portions of all allied races, which has reverted to pre-Christian ideas and methods in consequence of the social decree that no sort of personal merit, no degree of intelligence, no acquired culture, no refinement of manners, shall receive social recognition, but only the possession of money or material things that money will buy. If St. Francis himself should appear he would be treated as a tramp. And since all havings are valuable according to their negotiable social equivalents, we have no use for anything but money, and each family is bound to get in ahead of all others

in the race. It is social disintegration absolute, in essence closely approaching anarchy.

The whole subject of social regeneration has been muddled well-nigh beyond the possibility of accurate statement or scientific consideration from the misfit vocabulary which, partly from mental laziness, partly from vanity, has been borrowed from English literature. The language has reacted on the minds of the users of it, till they persistently think of the population as a geological formation, and try to manipulate it architecturally, as numerically composed of inanimate blocks that can be labeled, ranged in courses, and — beautiful thought! — “stay put.”

There is nothing approximating this kind of social structure in any centre of American industry, and the sooner the literary cant of all reforming agencies is shed, the sooner will their influence begin to be felt. The real facts are too grave, the real danger of the permanent disappearance of those traits which can only be fostered in a kindly, hospitable home atmosphere is too appallingly imminent for mischievous affectations longer to be tolerated.

Jocelyn Lewis.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

The Lady Elizabeth, who in the Low Countries and some parts of Germany is called the Queen of Bohemia, and, for her winning, princely comportment, the Queen of Hearts. — *The Familiar Letters of James Howell.* (1622.)

THE band in the *Schlossgarten* has played its last waltz and is still. Over yonder, on the lofty terrace whose angle cuts the sky sharply, a few promenaders yet linger. But here, on this broad *Altan* — great platform or balcony — at the west front of the castle, no footfall wakes the echoes. Lean on the stone balustrade and let the sight plunge downward

through a wilderness of gardens, built up slope above slope on walls of solid masonry, intersected by steep pathways and stairs, pierced and tunneled by all manner of passages, vaults, arcades, — a hanging labyrinth of rockwork and greenery. Far below are the red roofs of the narrow city, and the sound of the swift-rushing Neckar stream comes up through the twilight. The sun has set behind the Odenwald, and the vineyards on the opposite slope are already indistinguishable. Over the Rhine plain ascend masses of dun rolling vapor, streaked

with flames which lend a deeper tinge to the red sandstone façade of the *Friedrichs-Bau*, — façade *etwas überladen*, say the guidebooks, with its rich Renaissance sculptures. Momently the sunset fades, and the whole vast ruin — Alhambra of the North — with its background of black forest-covered mountain sinks into the arms of night.

Alt Heidelberg, du feine, now is your time again. With each new film of gathering darkness, the present recedes and the past takes its place on the stage and begins to

“Rehearse its youth’s great part
‘Mid thin applauses of the ghosts.”

It was on the platform at Elsinore that Hamlet met the Ghost, and legions of historic spectres haunt the Altan of the Heidelberger Schloss, — Tilly with his Bavarians, Turenne with his Frenchmen. The images of the old Electors descend from their niches and hobble up and down across the stony pavement. But was not that the rustle of silk that passed us in the dark? And that wandering perfume, as of civet or pomander ball, — came it from the perruque or natural hairy covering of one of those old Electors? Do the locks of old Ruprecht or of old Otto Heinrich, then, thus breathe forth ambrosial odors as from the spicy shore of Araby the blest, after all these centuries?

And again! — Ah, pardon, fair princess, that in the darkness we mistook. It is indeed Elizabeth, — Elizabeth of England — of the Palatinate — of Bohemia. In the darkness we mistook, but now the moon is rising, and, as your own poet sang, —

“You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?”¹

It is now nearly three centuries since

¹ Sir Henry Wotton, To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

Frederick V., Elector Palatine of the Rhine and builder of this Friedrichs-Bau, brought his young bride to Heidelberg, where her memory is still preserved in the *Elisabethen-Pforte* which gives admission to the *Stückgarten* and the little *Elisabethen-Bau* beyond. The gate was erected and the garden laid out in her honor, with fountains, grottoes, parterres, and “orchards of English trees transplanted entire.” She was the eldest daughter of James I., and her life is not the least tragic chapter in the history of the Stuart house, so rich in the materials of tragedy and romance. Through her daughter, Sophia, the mother of George I., she is also the ancestress of Queen Victoria, and the link between the older and the later dynasty of English sovereigns.

Granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and godchild of the great Elizabeth of England, our princess was a little Scotch lassie seven years old, playing with her dolls in Linlithgow palace, when her father was called to the English throne. She was intrusted to the guardianship of Lord and Lady Harington, and reared at their country seat, Combe Abbey, Warwickshire, about two miles from Coventry, where she had a little court of her own, with masters in music, writing, dancing, French, and Italian: physicians, nurses, ladies in waiting, grooms of the bedchamber and of the stable, yeomen, footmen, sumptermen, sempstresses, laundresses, and finally “a stud of nineteen or twenty horses.” Combe Abbey was an old Cistercian monastery; and here among the deer and the swans, the great oaks and ancient cloisters, Elizabeth passed her girlhood. She became passionately fond of animals and of the chase. A portrait of the royal child, taken at this period, represents her in company with a parrot, macaw love-bird, dog, and monkey. Through her long years of widowhood and exile, hunting was her favorite amusement and the chief solace of her cares, and some little bird

or beast the most acceptable present that could be made her.¹

At the time of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605 an attempt was made to seize Elizabeth, with the design of proclaiming her queen and converting her to Catholicism. Sir Everard Digby and a number of Catholic gentlemen assembled for a hunt on Dunmore heath, and secretly withdrawing from the hunting party, rode rapidly toward Combe Abbey. But meanwhile an alarm had been given; the Protestant gentry of the neighborhood were on foot; a courier who had ridden post all night from London brought news of the discovery and frustration of the plot; the princess, escorted by Lord Harington and his household, fled to Coventry, and put herself under the protection of the citizens; and the country rose upon the conspirators, hunted them down, and brought them to justice.

The effect of this exciting incident and of the narrow escape from death of her father and brothers, with both houses of Parliament, was naturally to confirm in Elizabeth the Protestant principles which had been inculcated in her by her guardians. A stubborn Protestant she always remained, and circumstances afterwards made her one of the foremost martyrs of the cause in Germany. She called Richelieu an "ulcerous priest." Among the trials of her later years none were sharper than the apostasy of two of her children. Her fourth son, Edward, married a lady of the French court and turned Catholic; her second daughter, Louise, fled secretly to a monastery in Antwerp and then into France, where she was confirmed by the papal nuncio, and took the veil at the Abbey of Maubuisson, of which she eventually became abbess. On the first of these occasions Elizabeth wrote to her eldest son that she would rather have died than see

a child of hers renounce the faith of his fathers; and when it was proposed that this eldest son should be replaced in the Electorate on condition of abjuring Protestantism, she exclaimed that she would strangle him first with her own hands. She is the only Stuart of whom Carlyle finds anything good to say. "*Alles für Ruhm und ihr*," he writes, "'All for glory and her,' were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his flag through many battles of that Thirty Years' War. She was of Puritan tendency, understood to care little about the four surplices at Allhallowtide and much for the root of the matter."

But it is only in a very qualified sense that Elizabeth can be called a Puritan. Her Protestantism was inbred: her marriage to a prince who stood at the head of the league of evangelical princes in Germany made her popular among the English Puritans, who hated Spain and distrusted the Spanish leanings of James I. Her marriage furthermore removed her to a court of which the official religion was Calvinism. She was absent from England for half a century, all through the struggles of James I. and Charles I. with their Parliaments, through the Civil War and the Protectorate. We have no means of knowing what she thought of the High Church Laudian Episcopacy and the "four surplices at Allhallowtide," or whether she thought at all of such matters. But she was faithful to the fortunes of her family. She was deeply shocked — how could she be otherwise? — by the execution of her brother, Charles I.; and what she said of Cromwell would not have pleased Cromwell's biographer. "There never was so great a hypocrite. Sure Cromwell is the beast in the Revelations, that all kings and nations do worship. I wish *him* the like end and speedily."

¹ Evelyn, the diarist, who kissed her hand at The Hague in 1641, mentions her favorite lap-dog, Apollo, in his correspondence with Sir Edward Nicholas. "Of little dogs and mon-

keys," wrote Sir Dudley Carleton, "she hath no great want, having sixteen or seventeen in her own train."

Elizabeth was no Puritan. She had the gay, pleasure-loving spirit of her race, the Stuart fondness for masques and revels, games, dances, court pageantry, and shows of state. We read that during her winter at Prague, as Queen of Bohemia, her love of the drama gave offense to the stricter Calvinists; and that afterwards at The Hague, the Dutch ministers were equally scandalized by the Arminianism of her chaplain, a protégé of Archbishop Laud, by her attendance at French plays, and by her low-necked dresses. They remonstrated with Elizabeth, who resented their interference, and with the Prince of Orange, who gave them cold comfort, and assured them that if they would preach better "the plays would be less frequented." As she grew older and was summoned more often to court, she entered into such pleasures with the eager enjoyment which is innocent and natural in a young girl, but which is assuredly not "of Puritan tendency." The retirement of Combe Abbey became irksome to the princess: rooms were fitted up for her in Hampton Court and Whitehall, and her residence was fixed at Kew.

When she was fourteen, suitors for her hand began to present themselves. There was talk of France, of Spain, of Savoy; of a Duke of Brunswick and a Prince of Hesse, both of whom came to woo in person; of Count Maurice of Nassau, of an English Howard, and of a Scotch Hamilton. A proposal came from the great Gustavus Adolphus, destined at no distant day to champion the cause of German Protestantism, and incidentally the cause — alas, already lost beyond retrieve — of this same little English princess, who by a slight turn of the dice might have chanced to be the queen of the victorious hero Swede, instead of the wife of an outcast, broken-hearted *Winter-König*, or mockery snow monarch, — a king without a kingdom.

For the turn of the dice allotted her finally to Frederick V., the Palsgrave (*Pfalzgraf*) or Elector Palatine of the

Rhine, who arrived in England in October, 1612, and conducted a four months' courtship with circumstances of great splendor on both sides, which moved contemporary Jenkins to flights of almost Asiatic eloquence and temporarily bankrupted the English court. There were all manner of receptions, processions, entertainments, banquets, marriage settlements and negotiations, interchange of gifts, bestowals of the Order of the Garter, ceremonies of betrothal; where glittered all manner of jewels, velvets, laces, feathers, silks. It is true, the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, in November cast a shadow over the festivities and plunged the court into mourning. But the funeral baked meats were soon disposed of, and the poets who had celebrated the obsequies of the deceased strung their lyres anew, and got ready their epithalamia.

The youthful pair, both of an age, and neither of them yet seventeen, were wedded on St. Valentine's Day, 1613, and Dr. Donne came to the rescue with spousal verses: —

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is:
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners.
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark and the grave, whispering dove,
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher:
Thou makest the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon:
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed:
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old
Valentine."

It is estimated that a folio volume would hardly contain all the poetry composed on this occasion. The University of Oxford alone emitted two hundred and forty-two epithalamia, mostly in Latin. Thomas Heywood, reckoned to be the most voluminous dramatist in English, or possibly in any language, — whose plays, either extant or providentially lost, are

computed to have exceeded two hundred and twenty,—swelled his mellifluous throat in *A Marriage Triumph*, which fills some thirty pages in the publications of the Percy Society. The spring, it seems, fell early in that year of grace, 1613, and the poet says:—

“The seasons have preferred the youthful spring

To be at this high state’s solemnizing;
Who, lest he should be wanting at that day,
Brings February in attired like May,
And hath, for haste to show his glorious prime,
Slept o’er two months and come before his time. . . .

Bacchus hath cut his most delicious vine,
And sent it through his swiftest river Rhine,
Lest to those bridals it might come too late.”

And in the Nuptial Hymn which closes his poem, he predicts that the princess will equal in fame her illustrious god-mother, and, —

“Four great kingdoms after death
Shall memorize Elizabeth.”

These expensive proceedings are duly chronicled in Nichols’ *Progresses*. They included tournaments, pageants, and triumphs by land and water, fireworks on the Thames, with a sham naval battle, and the like. Three court masques were presented, composed by Dr. Thomas Campion, George Chapman, and Francis Beaumont, — the “devices” of the last by no less a person than Francis Bacon, its title, *The Marriage of the Thames and the Rhine*. The best of these was Campion’s; and in reading its congratulatory prophecies, Fate, with ironic thumb-nail, indents for us the margin of that well-known madrigal in its author’s *Book of Airs*:—

“Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,

Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty’s sake :

¹ For the ingenious but unconvincing theory that *The Tempest* was written for Elizabeth’s marriage, see *Essays of an ex-Librarian*, by Richard Garnett, New York and London, 1901, and *William Shakespeare*, by George Brandes, pp. 647–653. For the lost play of Cardenno,

When thou hast told these honors done to thee,

Then tell, O tell how thou didst murder me.”¹

But the best and the best known of all the Muse’s tributes to Elizabeth were Wotton’s famous lines *To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*.² Sir Henry Wotton, for many years English ambassador at Venice, and afterwards provost of Eton College, was a man of many accomplishments. He was wit, scholar, diplomat, poet. It was Wotton who defined an ambassador as “an honest gentleman employed to lie abroad for his country.”

He was a correspondent of Milton, and the subject of a pleasant biography by his friend and brother of the angle, Izaak Walton. He entertained and professed for Elizabeth that chivalrous devotion which her charms as a woman and her misfortunes as a queen inspired in so many gallant gentlemen, in Bernhard of Weimar, Christian of Brunswick, and the Earl of Craven. After the loss of Bohemia and the Palatinate, Wotton did his best, as English ambassador at the Imperial court of Vienna, to negotiate their partial restoration. When the Emperor presented him with a jewel valued at £1000, as a token of his personal esteem, he gave it away to an Italian lady, and explained to the Emperor, as courteously as possible, that he could keep no gift that came from an enemy of his royal mistress. Elizabeth sent him a portrait of herself, painted in her robes of state, and this Wotton bequeathed in his will to Charles II.

But now the curtain rises upon a very different scene in our drama. Frederick and Elizabeth had passed six years of wedded happiness at Heidelberg. She had borne her husband three children, — two boys and a girl. In 1619 the Protestant kingdom of Bohemia deposed

by Fletcher and Shakespeare, acted at court, “during the Princess Elizabeth’s marriage festivities,” see *A Life of William Shakespeare*, by Sidney Lee, p. 258. (1898.)

² See p. 393.

the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, and offered the Bohemian crown to the Elector Palatine. This was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, and it was Elizabeth's hand which set the match to that terrible conflagration. Frederick was not deficient in physical courage, but he was a man of only moderate abilities and of no very strong character: tender, honorable, loyal, but self-distrustful, moody, irresolute, and easily influenced. "*Par boutades*," wrote Wotton, "the Elector is merry, but for the most part cogitative or, as they here call it, *mélancholique*:" — clearly not a leader of men, nor fitted to cope with the stern crisis which was at hand. He hesitated long and, as the event proved, wisely. His mother, the Electress-Dowager, a plain and shrewd old Dutchwoman, the daughter of William the Silent, besought him not to accept. "They are carrying the Palatinate into Bohemia," were her prophetic words, when her son and daughter-in-law finally set out for Prague. For Elizabeth was of a different temper from her lord, — high-spirited, ambitious, sanguine, with the readiness to undertake and the recklessness of consequences which proceeds as much from levity and ignorance, as from courage: from a failure to know or to imagine the momentous issues which it confronts: the courage of a fly, of a weasel: the courage of all the Stuart pretenders: the courage of Rupert's charging Cavaliers before the Ironsides had taught them caution.

The one shadow on Elizabeth's marriage had been the opposition of her mother. She wanted her daughter to be a queen — if possible, Queen of Spain. She thought a petty German Elector a match very much below the dignity of an English princess, and used to refer scornfully to Elizabeth as "Goody Palsgrave." Whether this taunt still rankled or not, it is certain that Elizabeth was urgent with her husband to take the Bohemian crown. She offered to sell all her jewels to maintain the cause, and

proudly assured him: "Sie wollte lieber mit einem König Sauerkraut, als mit einem Kurfürsten Gebratens essen." And so, in the autumn of 1619, while Europe held its breath, and all about the horizon were ominous storm-clouds

"With their stored thunder laboring up," and the greatest and grimmest war of modern times was preparing, this girl and boy set out to take seizin of their new kingdom, light-heartedly she, but he with many misgivings. They never saw Heidelberg again, nor ever again had any home of their own, any "continuing city," but spun about till their death day, like feathers or straws, in the black whirlwind that they had let loose. To grasp and hold that crown of Bohemia; to keep one's seat in that Siege Perilous and maintain that Castle Dangerous against assault, the strongest arm, the coolest head, the wariest eye were needed. Scarcely would a Henry of Navarre or a William of Orange have been equal to the emprise; and what chance had Frederick in that combat of giants, in a war where the generals were Tilly, Wallenstein, Gustavus?

The rest is history. On the 4th and 7th of November respectively Frederick and Elizabeth were crowned at Prague. Just a year later they were hunted fugitives, fleeing for their lives through Silesia and Brandenburg, to find an asylum at last at The Hague. "*Questo principe e intrato in un bello labyrintho*," said Pope Paul IV., when he heard of Frederick's acceptance of the Bohemian throne. At first the new king and queen were popular with their subjects, — Elizabeth especially, whose frank and cheerful manners always easily won her friends. But soon difficulties began to thicken about them. The Imperial armies were gathering: Spinola overran the Palatinate, and Frederick was placed under the ban of the Empire. His soldiers were unpaid and mutinous, and disaffection showed itself among his people. He had brought with him to Prague his

chaplain, Scultetus (Abraham Schultze), a bigoted Calvinist, who offended by his intolerance the Bohemian Protestants, the great majority of whom were Lutherans. Scultetus persuaded Frederick to remove, as idolatrous, the ancient images of saints which stood on the bridge over the Moldau. These were objects of reverence to the populace of Prague, and Frederick's order for their removal provoked a riot, which was quieted only by a proclamation recalling the former order. Finally on November 8, 1620, the Imperialists won a battle just outside of Prague, while Frederick was entertaining the foreign ambassadors at a state dinner in the royal palace; and the Winter King and Queen of Bohemia fled headlong, leaving kingdom, crown, crown jewels, and all to the mercies of the Austrian. The walls of Catholic Antwerp were placarded with pasquinades and caricatures, representing Elizabeth as an Irish beggar-woman with a child at her back, and her father carrying a cradle behind her, — a delicate allusion to her numerous progeny and almost annual confinements. The streets of the same city resounded with satirical ballads on the same theme; and the Jesuits devised a play "in which they feigned a post to come puffing upon the stage; and being asked what news, he answered that the Palsgrave was like to have shortly a huge formidable army; for the King of Denmark was to send one hundred thousand, the Hollanders, one hundred thousand, and the King of Great Britain, one hundred thousand. But being asked thousands of what, he replied, the first would send him a hundred thousand red herrings, the second a hundred thousand cheeses, and the last a hundred thousand ambassadors."

This was a sneer at the timid policy of James, who preferred to negotiate rather than fight, and never could be brought to take up arms in his daughter's behalf, nor to recognize his son-in-law's

royal title, for fear of offending Spain. A war for the recovery of the Palatinate would have been popular in England, and the Parliament would cheerfully have voted supplies. The young gentlemen of the Middle Temple, with sword in one hand and wine cup in the other, pledged the health of the Lady Elizabeth, and, kissing their sword-blades, vowed to live and die in her service. And though the King of England would not declare war, thousands of English volunteers served in the Protestant armies of Germany under Sir Horace Vere and later, in Charles I.'s reign, under the Marquis of Hamilton.

The States-General of Holland received the dethroned sovereigns with the kindest hospitality. They assigned them a pension and a residence at The Hague, where Elizabeth held a sort of little court. A great novelist¹ of our own day has drawn a picture of such a court: of the life of one of those wrecks of broken dynasties with which the capitals of modern Europe are familiar, with its intrigues and conspiracies; its hollow etiquette, meaningless ceremonial, petty squabbles over questions of precedence: its debts, jealousies, deferred hopes, pathetic loyalties, and shabby-genteel imitation of royal state. Elizabeth bore the ordeal best. Her character was superficial: she had a certain elasticity, levity, and toughness of disposition: a buoyancy as of cork or other light bodies: an unfailing zest in life, and an ability to forget great sorrows in the pleasure of the moment. "I am still of my wild humor," she wrote to Sir Thomas Rowe, "to be as merry as I can in spite of fortune." But Frederick's sensitive nature suffered more deeply. A dependent on the hospitality of a foreign state and the bounty of a grudging and dictatorial father-in-law, his position was most humiliating. His restlessness and despondency increased, and he absented himself as much as possible from The

¹ Alphonse Daudet, *Les Rois en Exil*.

Hague. He took service with the Prince of Orange and afterwards with Gustavus Adolphus, but he had no talent for command. With the aid of Duke Christian of Brunswick and that valorous soldier of fortune, Count Mansfeld, he maintained for some years a hopeless struggle for the recovery of the Palatinate.

It would be tedious to follow the history of the tiresome diplomacies and hardly less tiresome campaigns which were directed to this end. All was in vain: Heidelberg was taken by Tilly, plundered, and burned. The death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen extinguished Frederick's last hope, and he died shortly after, in 1632, at Mentz and was buried at Sedan. History affords few examples of a royal pair more loving and faithful in prosperity and adversity alike than Frederick V. of the Palatinate and his English wife. Long years of exile and widowhood were in reserve for her, and she bore them with still unfailing spirit. Her father died and was succeeded on the British throne by her brother Charles, and her brother was brought to the block. In the Civil War, her favorite son, the fiery Rupert (Ruprecht), born at Prague during her short tenure of the Bohemian crown, had distinguished himself as a dashing cavalry general in the royal service. Elizabeth was naturally outspoken in her indignation at the execution of Charles and in denunciation of the Commonwealth. The Parliament thereupon withdrew the annual pension that it had voted her, and she was plunged deeply into debt. Ever shabbier grew the worn velvets and faded upholstery of her court at The Hague, — the presence chamber constantly hung with black since her husband's death. So that when princely and noble strangers, traveling through Holland, sought an interview with "the crowned and elected Queen of Bohemia," she arranged to meet them in the gardens of the Prince of Orange, or at some other place, to avoid the exposure of her poverty.

The Treaty of Westphalia had finally settled the Lower Palatinate upon her eldest living son, Charles Louis (Karl Ludwig), a mean-spirited man, who truckled to the English Parliament, withheld from his mother her dower rights in the Palatinate, and declined to receive her at Heidelberg. She wrote to her correspondent, Sir Edward Nicholas, that the wine which the Elector sent her as a *douceur* was "stark naught." Elizabeth got little comfort from her children, — thirteen of them in all. Two turned Catholic. One of her sons was drowned at Rotterdam and another at sea. A third was killed at the siege of Rethel. She quarreled with two of her daughters, and, in one way or another, all her children had left her before 1660, when the Restoration put her nephew, Charles II., on the English throne. Very much against the wish of that Merry Monarch, she returned in 1661 to England, which she had not seen for half a century. No apartments were assigned her at court, and she died a few months later at Leicester House, February 13, 1662. "It is pity," wrote the Earl of Leicester, "that she lived not a few hours more, to die upon her wedding day, and that there is not as good a poet to make her epitaph as Dr. Donne, who wrote her epithalamium upon that day unto St. Valentine."

Elizabeth Stuart was not a great woman, but she was a very charming one. Her biographer, Mrs. Green, attributes to her genius as well as beauty. She says that she "had a warm appreciation of literature," and that she "conversed freely in six languages." She praises her letters and certain verses and prayers of her composition, not only as "beautiful specimens of calligraphy," but as "intellectual efforts." But with all respect to Mrs. Green, Elizabeth's verses — like her son the Elector's wine — are stark naught; and her letters, several hundred of which are preserved, do not show any uncommon powers of intellect.

They show only that vivacity of temperament which is often mistaken for brightness of mind. Nor was her character, any more than her intellect, constructed on large lines. It was sound, but shallow, without seriousness, distinction, nobility, — quite unlike the great queens of history. She had many engaging traits, but few royal ones. She was affable, gracious, lively, good-natured to a fault, generous to extravagance: qualities that made her popular among her *entourage*, whom she was quite incapable of governing. Her light-heartedness carried her victoriously through — or, rather, over — the tragic calamities of her later days. From her quarrels with her children, one suspects that she had something, too, of that Stuart obstinacy and unreasonableness which seemed like firmness, but was only its narrow-minded counterfeit, and had a fatal way of announcing itself at the wrong time, — irritating where it could not control.

Even her beauty has been questioned. By courtesy all princesses are beautiful, and, if we may believe the poets, Elizabeth was one of the most beautiful. Pepys, who saw her at The Hague in 1660, describes her as “a very debonair but a plain lady.” But she was then sixty-four years old. Likenesses of Elizabeth abound: paintings at Combe Abbey, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace, and in many private galleries; and engraved portraits in the print-room of the British Museum and elsewhere. From an analysis of four of these, by Honthorst, Derick, and Mierevelt, Mr. H. S. Wilson¹ ungallantly concludes that the Queen of Bohemia could never have been beautiful. Her hair, it seems, was red; complexion “opaquely white,” the lips thin, the forehead narrow; and though the hands were fine and the bearing queenly, one retains “an impression of shrewdness and vivacity, coupled with

a mean intellect and with a calculating heart.”

The last words seem over-harsh. The only portrait of Elizabeth known to me, or easily accessible to the American reader, is the engraved frontispiece in Mrs. Green's *Princesses of England*,² which is the picture of a pretty woman, if not of a beauty, and strongly recalls the face of her grandmother, the Queen of Scots. The features are good and the expression pleasant and bright. The face has the Stuart oval and that fullness of the eye which was a family trait, but not the pointed chin which is mentioned as a feature in some of the portraits. When all allowances have been made for the exaggerations of contemporary praise, there was enough that was gracious and winning about Elizabeth's personality to account for the interest that her misfortunes aroused and the devotion that she herself inspired. She was the only royal princess of England, the other daughters of James I. having died in infancy, and high hopes followed her abroad.

After the loss of her crown, two champions, in particular, took the field in her behalf. The first of these, her cousin, Duke Christian of Brunswick, administrator of the Bishopric of Halberstadt, was more like some knight-errant in the old chivalry romances than a soldier of modern Europe. He wore her glove on his helmet, and inscribed upon his banner the motto *Tout pour Dieu et ma très chère reine*. He wrote to her, after his defeat by Tilly, “I entreat you most humbly not to be angry with your faithful slave for this misfortune, nor take away the good affection which your majesty has hitherto shown me, who love you above all in this world. Consider that victory is in God's hands, not mine, and that I cannot challenge victory, although my courage in dying for your

¹ *Studies in History, Legend, and Literature*. London. 1884.

² The portrait by Honthorst is reproduced in Rait's *Five Stuart Princesses*. New York. 1902.

majesty and serving you will never fail me; for I esteem your favour a hundred times dearer than life: and be assured that I shall try, with all my power, not only to reassemble my troops, but also, moreover, to raise as many more, that I may be in better condition to serve faithfully your majesty, whom I love *outré le possible*, assuring you that as long as God gives me life, I shall serve you faithfully and expend all I have in the world for you. — Your most humblest, most constant, most faithful, most affectionate and most obedient slave, who loves you and will love you infinitely and incessantly to death.”

Christian's left arm was wounded in action. He had the trumpets sound while it was amputated, and sent word to Elizabeth that he had another arm left to fight God's battles and hers. The Duke of Brunswick was a mediæval and slightly fantastic figure. But Elizabeth's other champion, the Earl of Craven, served her in a more modern way, with equal chivalry and to better purpose. He was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, from whom he inherited an immense fortune. He first met Elizabeth in Holland, in the days of her exile; and, resigning from the Dutch service, was made a commander of the English volunteers operating in Germany with Frederick and Gustavus in 1632. He fought in those wars with reckless daring, was twice wounded, taken prisoner with Prince Rupert by the Imperialist general Hatzfeld, and ransomed himself for £20,000. He volunteered to contribute £30,000 to raise a

fleet for the Palatinate. When Elizabeth's pension from the English Parliament remained unpaid, Craven paid it. He gave £50,000 to Charles II., and his own estates were sequestered by Parliament for his devotion to the royal cause. By 1649 he had become a permanent figure in Elizabeth's court at The Hague, where he was known as “the little Lord Craven” and the *vieux milord*, — nicknames bestowed by the young princesses, for whom he used to buy jewelry and sweetmeats, and who made fun of their benefactor, just as that scapegrace of a George Osborne in Vanity Fair made fun of Major Sugarplums. Indeed we have to go to fiction to find his like, for history records few instances of a lifelong devotion, so delicate, so self-sacrificing, so disinterested. So disinterested, indeed, that the censorious world could not quite believe in it, and whispered that there was a private marriage between Elizabeth and the earl. But he died unmarried in 1697.

When Elizabeth returned to England in 1661 and found no provision for her entertainment at court, Lord Craven's hospitality placed at her service his house in Drury Lane, where she was his guest for several months, until arrangements were completed for the lease of Leicester House. Combe Abbey, where she had spent her girlhood, was purchased by Craven from Lucy, Countess of Bedford. At Elizabeth's death, she bequeathed her papers and portraits to this old and faithful friend, who deposited them at Combe Abbey, where they still remain.

Henry A. Beers.

OF GIRLS IN A CANADIAN COLLEGE.

ALTHOUGH our college is a small one and little famous, it is still the chiefest in the well-known province of Ultima Thule. It was founded early in the last century; and though our numbers be few and our housing unlovely, there are those that believe in our little college, admire it, love it. Some twenty years ago, certain ambitious girls signified their desire to attend it. The staff, the governors made no objection; the girls came; one married within the year, the other crowned a full course with a good degree; other girls have been coming ever since. I have been young and am now old. I have had some hundreds of the college girl, as bred in these parts, under observation, and I have arrived at definite conclusions regarding her.

The popular imagination is a romantic thing. It transformed the meddlesome old woman in Southey's tale of the three bears into the picturesque and mischievous Goldilocks. And it has created an impossible ethereal being, all good looks and good clothes, who subsists on caramels, and floats gracefully through her courses until she becomes one in a bevy of "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair." This is labeled "the college girl," and is exactly the kind of doll that great baby, the public, loves to play with.

The reality is very different. The Canadian college girl, as I know her, is an earnest young person, who is not carried to the skies of academic distinctions on flowery beds of ease. She knows the meaning and the value of hard work, with small leisure for frivolity of any kind. She may be an infant of sixteen, fresh from school, with her frock at her ankle and her hair in a "club," or she may be a mature woman, who may well have prepared her classmate for matriculation, or a city girl of means, with

time on her hands, who takes a class or two because she wants to improve herself; but they all alike learn to work, and shun to be idle. More of our girls have taken honors in mathematics than in any other departments; but this may be due to the climate; the popular opinion is that the head that grows in Ultima Thule is particularly hard and strong.

Outwardly the life of the college girl is rather neutral-tinted. She comes from the country and finds a boarding-house for herself, where she exists in more or less discomfort. Her work is attending lectures; her diversions are church and the meetings of the two college societies for girls, a rare party, or a college "at home." She gives her days to lectures, does not dream of cutting even the dull-est, and her nights to study. Outwardly, it is not an attractive life; but every now and then comes a hint of how those who live it look upon it, — a letter from the ends of the earth, a rarity for the museum, some books for the library, a picture for a classroom, a visit of an old student to his former haunts. The secret is that youth is the season of romance, and that within our homely walls the inner life of the intellect is kindled or fanned to brighter flame, that tinges all about it with the color of the rose. The young people get here something that they value, call it awakening, education, point of view, mental attitude, or what you will.

We have no "problem" in our little college. The young women sit at lectures with the young men; they read in the library and work in the laboratory together. They wear streamers of the college colors at the football matches, encouraging the gladiators by their presence at the celebration of their victory as well as at the actual contest. But they are neither rivals with the youths,

nor, to the acute observer, unduly friendly. The young men will open the door of a classroom for them and allow them to go out first; but there is no open flirtation. There was once a girl who came to the college for fun, and who had usually two or three youths about her, engaged in sparkling conversation. Her fate was strikingly appropriate; she married a minister. I have seen her since her marriage and her spirits have not abated. It must, however, be admitted that our college is, somehow or other, a matrimonial bureau, — a school for husbands and wives. Our graduates show a very amiable propensity to marry within the family, so to say. In spite of lectures, examinations, and all the stress of intellectual effort, the old puzzle regarding the way of a man with a maid persists here as elsewhere.

"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,

How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

There must be a good deal of question and answer; the lasses must get their dues of courting, but public opinion decrees that it must not be done on the premises. A few lines in the newspaper, or occasional wedding-cards, or the gossip of an old student, tell the faculty all they ever know of these affairs. The freaks of mating are as curious here as elsewhere; as when a stalwart football player chooses a quiet little slip of a girl, who looks as if a breath of wind would blow her away, and carries her off to Christianize the heathen at the other side of the world.

In other words, the relations between the young men and maidens are right and pleasant, as our girls find when they compare notes with their friends in other colleges. They discover that they have been treated with a courtesy and consideration not invariably accorded to girls at college. Part of the credit is due to the young men; but most to the young women themselves. They come from Puritan homes, where religion is a reality. They are good girls. As I sit alone in the

long afternoons, in my eyrie that overlooks the sea, there comes at twilight, down the deserted corridor, the sound of girlish voices upraised in a hymn; and, in the silence that follows, I know that they are praying. This exercise is not prescribed in the curriculum, but it forms no small part of their education, and, I imagine, of others. The college girls take their share of church work, sometimes to the detriment of their studies and standing, or they find time in the midst of heavy honor courses for works of mercy among the needy at their own door.

Let no one infer from the last remark but two or three that our girls lack their share of comeliness, of the essential charm of girlhood. Our classrooms have here and there a picture, though our decoration is meagre; but the best are the living pictures. "Praised be Allah," says the devout Arab, "who made beautiful women!" and even in Ultima Thule he would often have such cause for thankfulness. The poor youths! they are so placed in the classroom that they can study only the rear view of various coiffures; but the lucky professor, by virtue of his office, may and must look his audience in the face, and if he dwells on the most attractive part of it, who shall blame him? The prevailing impression left on his mind is pinkish, for our Norland air is tempered by the sea, and sets a lasting rouge upon the cheek that has known it from childhood. Elsewhere on this continent the color in the young girl's face is apt to be too faint. Tusitala would have liked our Ultima Thulians, for here the young maidens have "quiet eyes." As I think of them, a long procession of fresh faces passes before me;

"I dream of a red-rose tree."

Jessica's face comes first, — a baby face, except for its earnest look, full, round, dimpled, in color like a ripened peach. Jessica's eyes are blue, the blue of an April sky after rain, and her hair is wavy and fair. She looked soberly in

class; but once she smiled when she thanked me for something she had learned, she said, from me. Jessica is a woman now, winning her bread by her own toil. I met her the other day, on my long walk, with a young man. They both had a happy, confidential air that proclaimed their relation as well as a placard. I think her days of independence are near an end.

Norah was true to her Celtic name and Celtic blood. Generously made, impulsive, hearty, ready with her tongue, her wit, her laugh, Norah in the classroom made stagnation impossible. She had a trick of blushing when she laughed, and her color changed quickly. When she graduated, she was undecided between going on the stage and going into a convent; and she took the veil. I have seen her since. They have cut off her beautiful hair, and she wears the black habit and white coif of her order. Norah is her name no longer. I must call her Sister Theresita. But these changes do not go very deep. Sister Theresita is my old hearty, impulsive Norah, perfectly happy in her new sequestered life, a power in the convent school, and still warmly interested in her old college.

All the Bellair sisters were pretty. They were all well made, and with a peculiarly graceful carriage. They came in a long succession, and though not famous as students, were most decorative in the classroom. Kate, the eldest, was a court lady in our Shakespearean revival, and she looked the part. Their cousin, Bonnibel, was girlishly slim, with brown eyes and ruddy brown hair. No more than a child when she entered college, she soon proved a good student, patient, systematic, steady as the clock. Without overworking, but by simple faithfulness, she won her high honors, and she deserved them. Not yet content, she is working for a higher degree; but I am glad to notice that she is no longer as thin as she was. Her friend and classmate was called "the Little Duchess" by the Old Professor,

from the way she queened it over the whole college. Every one liked her, and every one made demands upon her; and that was the trouble. There was too much for her to do in the twenty-four hours of each day, and, for a time, she was forced to retire from the field. Her disappointment was extreme, but she waited, and the laurels were ready for her when she came back. Like the other Maud, her little head ran over with curls.

But my procession is growing too long; still I must not forget Anita, who has Spanish eyes that dance when she dances. She is in part exotic, a flower of the tropics, strayed in our stern north land. Phœbe was a staid country lass, of the wholesome English type, with smooth black hair, bright red cheeks, and brown eyes that looked black under sleek black brows and long black eyelashes. We had to break the news to Phœbe that she had won, by quiet, hard work, as great an honor as our little world has to offer. It was a complete surprise. Phœbe laughed and blushed, and gasped "I?" in thorough incredulity. I have seen many a rosy dawn and sunset, but never any play of color as fine as the come and go of the good red blood in Phœbe's face that day.

Neither our lads nor our lasses are weaklings. Half the college play football, and our champion team is a joy to behold. Di Vernon is as straight as a lance-shaft, and has swum across the bay and back. A six-mile tramp over country roads is no great feat for any of them. Many are daughters of sea-captains, and have seen, as children, those strange places all round the world, that are for most of us mere names in story books. With this breeding, on or by the sea, they have gained character early. Janet spent her childhood in a lighthouse on a lonely island; her father has saved many a life; Flora remembers a "norther" on her father's ship in Valparaiso harbor; Hannah's earliest recollection is of a strange

man, who could speak no English, knocking at the door one stormy night, all faint and dripping from a recent wreck.

But they are not all strong. Alicia, my best scholar, was in my classes two years before I was able to identify her. She was a quiet, slight little woman, very shy and low-spoken. Her voice was never heard in class, which was a pity, for it was caressing, clear, and exquisitely modulated. Nearly two years passed before I could connect the perfect papers bearing Alicia's name with the most silent, most attentive student in the room. When I did, our friendship began. There is much virtue in work, in mastering the knowledge that is worth knowing, in learning how to wield and handle it, in making it subserve noble ends. This was the stamp of Alicia's work; it was full of this virtue; but the chief charm was the character that showed itself unconsciously in all that work. Strength to endure, an unvarying sweet patience, the scholar's modest ambition and enthusiasm, a richness of gentle affection that radiates warmth on all about her,—these are Alicia. We are old friends now, but the years, as they pass, only give me better reasons for thinking well of her. Sorrow has come to her in many forms, one of the sorest being a long severance from her beloved books; but the fire has only made the gold finer. Mine is the opinion of all who know her. Her life is not one that most would choose; but it is neither without fruit nor without cheer. If only the jewel had not so frail a casket!

Honor was the best listener I ever had. Every speaker knows what I mean. The greater part of every class attends, and attends well; but once in a while you entertain an angel, in the shape of a hearer, who is specially interested, who never takes his eye off you, who never misses a point, who is completely sympathetic. Such a hearer was Honor. Her face was a telltale mirror of what was passing in her mind; every thought,

every emotion made some change there. Her eyes were the fresh well-opened eyes of a child, free from concealment, from self-consciousness, from any shade of unreality or affectation. Frank, proud, sensitive, alert, open as the day, Honor was also fair to see, a tall, straight girl who looked her best in her habit and on horseback; eyes, a Scottish gray-blue; a mouth like Browning's Edith, the lips parting naturally and showing a little bit of two white strong teeth. And a pretty wit had Honor, a way of putting things all her own. Once we played a comedy of Shakespeare's, and Honor was our star. Shall we ever forget her brightness, patience, docility, unfailing good humor? Honor made the play, and left her friends a legacy of pleasant memories. Now she is happily married, and has gone to live in a far country. She writes that forget-me-nots grow thick in the Jhelum meadows; they grow also along the brooks of Ultima Thule.

Constance came up to college with strong health, excellent preparation, and a merry face. A way of turning her head on one side, like a bird, and a twist of her lips into a quizzical smile are what I remember her by. Students fix themselves upon the teacher's memory by trick of personality, displaying itself in word, or gesture, or question. Some phrase, or attitude, or incident establishes the identification forever. Many come and go like phantoms, impressing themselves in no way on the college memory; but Constance worked faithfully and cheerfully, earning the respect of the staff, moving in a brightness of her own making, and leaving behind her the afterglow of a rich and sunny nature. When she passed out of our halls for the last time, she little knew what was before her. Mercifully she did not. Constance was fated to be one of an English garrison besieged in a foreign city by the cruel yellow people. The first thing to do, after the investment began, was to write to the far-off friends

and put the letters in the safe, so that *they* would know, in case the promised relief came too late. Otherwise precautions were taken. At the ringing of a bell, all the women and children were to assemble in one place, if the foe broke in. But they were not to be allowed to fall into the hands of the torturers alive. These were among the possibilities our little college girl had to face through weeks of agony. Quenching fire under a sleet of bullets, and the pitiful mother's tragedy, when the long strain was over, — these things she has known, but neither she nor her friends will speak of them willingly as long as they live.

The college girl will play a part of increasing importance in the community; but as yet the community has done very little for the college girl, in Canada at least. Coeducation is a temporary makeshift, due to the national poverty. The time is coming when our women will have their education apart, when it will be shaped to their needs, capacities,

tastes, and destiny. There is already such a college, where the students have grown from less than a score to over a thousand in its short lifetime of twenty-five years. It is in a beautiful country town, in a broad valley between ranges of serrated hills. The college is the result of a large plan intelligently carried out. The girls are not allowed to drift into casual boarding-houses, nor are they herded in huge dormitories. They live in little homes, ten or twenty together, under the care of one of the staff. There is a homelike air about the place that strikes the stranger at once. An ample gymnasium, a picture gallery, a library, a chapel where I saw the whole college at their orisons, classrooms, laboratories, hammocks under the apple trees about the tennis courts, are among the more obvious provisions for the education of the lucky girls who can attend this college.

Our Canadian girls deserve as good treatment.

Archibald MacMechan.

IN THE CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS V.

A WOMAN was looking for her own soul as she walked through the rain to the Vatican. She felt as bleak as the rain; she was part of the world's surplus, one of the creatures left over after the favors of the gods have been distributed. And so she was hiding in beautiful Italy the meagreness and loneliness of her lot, drifting among the lesser pensions in a vain pretense of calm content, while her heart resented with increasing impotence the blankness in the eyes of Fate. "Once," she was almost thinking, "I had a soul; but the cruelties of life have battered and bruised it and flung it away, and now, though I travel all over the world, I cannot find it. Ah, the lost loves, — out-

raged, neglected, what could they do but die? Ah, the struggle with fortune, the bitter, narrowing, deadening struggle! I felt these once, I grieved and agonized, but now there is nothing left in me to feel." And when men and women looked at her, and especially when she saw little children playing together, it seemed strange that they should think she was alive.

So she walked on through the thin, pale rain, on over the bridge whose hard stone angels struck pompous attitudes under the protesting heavens; on past the great round citadel which sprang sombrely out of the dark past, lifting high its burden of centuries. She threaded the narrow *borgo* and emerged

theatrically on the Piazza of St. Peter's, a stage vast enough for all the peoples of the earth to play at large emotions. Hither, like her, over the river and through the lanes, the world was coming in quest of its lost soul. Here it had set the scenes for the climax: ringing its amphitheatre with thick pillars of stone, row upon row in circles that swept the earth; uprearing at their meeting-place a grandiloquent temple fit for the etiquette of the Court of Heaven. Here, with pomp of song and prayer, with splendor of ordered pageantry, the endless procession was feigning the glory of triumph. Hither it had borne the anointed custodian of its soul, to enthrone him in the sacred seat of hope. It had built for him a palace of multitudinous chambers, and filled it with the heaped-up treasures of time, that all nations might know this for the appointed place.

Yet the woman found not here the object of her quest. Here she stood ill at ease, unappeased, wondering at the might and majesty, the prodigious immensity of the mockery. Under the colonnade she circled, shunning the vast arena, longing for speech with beauty in some still corner of the labyrinthine palace. Humbly she slipped up the royal stair, like a beggar unto the feast of kings. Not in the rooms of state could she demand a place to-day, — the halls of Michael Angelo and Raphael, where masters of abler ages had spread a banquet for the minds of men, and whither an endless trail of pilgrims came to be overpowered. The Sistine Chapel, where an importunate questioner once wrote the riddle of life large, frightened her with its agonies of despair and hope. The chambers where a happy skeptic smiled in immortal youth over the problem mocked her with their impartial pagan joy. She was not brave enough to-day for these; they proved to her too cruelly that she was not alive, too surely that men were but athletes at the edge of a precipice,

casting immeasurable shadows into the void.

So she hastened on, refusing to look, to answer; on through the boastful hall of battles, through chambers over-rich and strident. In the corner of one of these a heavy black door opened invitingly into a little room whence a tall tourist was issuing, bowed out by the obsequious guard. She crossed his path and entered.

"This is the oldest decorated chamber in the Vatican," said the guard in English, judging her with his quick dark eye, and sweeping his arm amply to cover the little spaces of his kingdom. "Fra Angelico da Fiesole painted it — tutto Angelico, no other master — his last and most finest masterpiece. *Si si* — the Cappella di Nicolo Quinto; the Pope Nicholas Five brought the friar to Rome to paint it. *San Stefano e San Lorenzo* — you see, on this wall," — and Fra Angelico's obliging spokesman felt his way among English words until he had delivered himself of his homily. She heard him as through a mist, smiling and nodding assent like a puppet, and thinking, "Yes, once I was sad, but now I am simply nothing at all." And when he had finished she took one of the two chairs to a corner under the high window, and leaned back in the shadow, dipping softly into the old monk's graciousness as into a cool and sunlit well.

Long she sat there, while the episodic tourists came and went, rippling the surface of her thought with smiles. "This room," she reflected, "is like a golden crucifix adorned with precious jewels. The old friar set it up for a divine symbol where men might kneel and worship. But what right have we here, we of to-day, who scrutinize with opera glasses, erect and unawed?" Two Englishwomen entered, as though to answer her by the assurance with which they took possession; remnant women prepared for the rain, their short skirts and long jackets hanging listlessly, their knobs of hair screwed tight under faded

felt hats. They gazed in unison, opening their mouths and squinting upward. "This is the most ancient chamber," began the guard; but they shook him off unsympathetically and turned to their guidebooks. "Catalogues," thought the woman in the corner; "they are making a new entry. They think they are alive — poor, thin pamphlets of print and paper — because they have never known what it is to live. I was alive once and so I know the difference. San Stefano again, — how the blessed Angelico enjoyed a martyrdom!"

But again the door opened and her eyes dropped from the frescoes to a fussy bundle of humanity who held guidebook and bag in one hand and camp stool in the other, and whose face, under the feathered bonnet, was screwed into a tight knot in the effort to carry these burdens and lift her skirt from the mosaic floor. She deposited her camp stool and sat upon it, but dared not unscrew her face lest the serenity of the place should quiet her troubled activities. "*C'est la chambre la plus antique du Vatican*," said the guard, his quick glance compassing her nationality, yet skillfully reserving an expectant look for the Englishwomen who were moving toward the door, and who, after consulting together, clinked something into his receptive palm and left for larger conquests.

The woman in the corner noted the little French lady's effort to reconcile Fra Angelico with her Parisian mood, noted it vaguely, out of the corner of an eye bent on the stoning of Saint Stephen. "For him life was faith, and he proved it with sacrifice," she mused; and when two black priests entered she wondered if they possessed the martyr's secret. "*La cappella del beato Angelico, la camera la più antiqua nel Vaticano!*" — the familiar story was told anew; but neither the lean nor the florid face moved out of its sordid stoicism. "They are dark shadows of the departed pageant which Fra Angelico saw

passing with banners and song," thought the woman in the corner; "they creep along the ground, black, featureless, insensible, following silently, inevitably, the path once trod by human feet."

Once more the attentive guard responded to a touch on his door, swinging it open to admit a man who tyrannized instantly over the peaceful chapel. So strong was the habit of command in him that one half glance was enough to silence the guard's harangue. He scrutinized the frescoes and knew them at once in detail as accurately as though they had been merchandise. He set his square shoulders and hardened his jaws and brutalized the pictured spaces, till Fra Angelico withered up before him and the woman in the corner felt afraid. "Money is his secret," she thought; "he has bought all, — power, beauty, even knowledge, and these he would like to buy. He is king in his world, and even here he is unaware of mutiny. The great modern substitute for life is his; his will makes want or plenty in the uttermost parts of the earth." She felt him like an irresistible force, she accepted his mastery of the saintly painter, she set the pictures in his scale of values, and she sympathized with his estimate of color and motive. The priests slipped out, the little French lady picked up her stool and hustled away, even the guard felt a rivalry in mastery; and the woman in the corner, thrilled by the big presence, rebuked her sentimentality, and wondered if this were the secret.

But when he had gone, when he had measured an accurate fee into the guard's ready palm, and left to the pious monk his kingdom, the woman in the corner rebelled against his dominance, and yielded little by little to the painter's insinuating sweetness. The sight-seers came and went with their red and black books, the guard's monotonous tale flowed on with ever fresh enthusiasm, but in her thoughts, half conscious of the coming and going, a lovely phrase

leaped suddenly out of memory, — the beauty of holiness. It soothed her like the perfume of roses; it rested her like sunshine. The sharp edges of character softened under its graciousness, till men and women seemed touched with a glamour of the infinite. The loud-voiced trio who stepped in expectant and hastened out disappointed, the business-like woman in black alpaca who punctured the pictures through her spyglass, the tall youth in knickerbockers who modestly forbore from judging, the woman with diamonds and her coarse-featured, perplexed husband, the trim young girls with experimental eyes, — all the fitful, strange procession grew luminous like changing shapes in clouds, and divine like prayers.

The beauty of holiness, — that was the old monk's secret, and here on these

narrow walls he was telling it still. In that beauty, in every age and clime and creed, men had lived and died. It was the light which revealed wisdom; the heart that held it divined truth. What mattered anything else if one compassed that? If one could lose self utterly one would be bound no more, one would be infinite, would be God. And that would be finding one's soul. The beauty of holiness, — the immaculate beauty, the perfect beauty which rebukes all lesser loveliness, — if she could win that she would find her soul.

The woman in the corner rose and left the little saintly chamber. And the guard, closing his fingers as her tribute touched them and bowing her out with ready smiles, wondered what kind of a tourist was this who gave a whole morning to Fra Angelico.

Harriet Monroe.

THE SECRET OF WORDSWORTH.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH's book¹ is an earnest attempt to read the works of a poet by the light of the poet's intention. It is not a criticism, nor a commentary, nor in the usual sense of the word an appreciation, though criticism, comment, and high appreciation are all to be found in it. Least of all is it an experiment in comparative appraisal, or assignment of rank, whether of Wordsworth among poets, or of his poems among themselves. What is undertaken is a thing much more difficult than any of these, — an interpretation of the poet's work and an explanation of his method. Professor Raleigh's aim is to ascertain and publish Wordsworth's secret; a secret which the poet himself long ago published, to be sure, as well as he was able, both in prose and in "numerous verse," but which still remains, as Professor

Raleigh thinks, for the most part unrecognized.

The work, we say, is in its nature difficult. Whether it has even yet been accomplished, whether even yet Professor Raleigh or the sharpest-sighted of his readers do actually

"see with eye serene

The very pulse of the machine,"

a simple Wordsworthian, neither poet nor critic, may modestly hold for uncertain, the more so as the interpreter himself seems to be more or less distinctly of the same modest opinion.

All things are explicable, of course. Nothing is mysterious in itself. If it is true, as Professor Raleigh says, that "a poet is to be had for the making," — and it would take a bold man to dispute it, a new heaven and a new earth being obtainable any day on the same reasonable terms, — it may be admitted also that a poet's secret is always to be had

¹ *Wordsworth*. By WALTER RALEIGH. London: Edwin Arnold. 1903.

for the finding. But that is not to be convinced that any one has yet found it. Of one thing, at all events, the honest and capable reader of Professor Raleigh's book is quickly made aware, — the seriousness and disinterestedness of the author's spirit. He really is attempting not so much to display his own acumen as to penetrate the hiding of another man's power.

Naturally the attempt becomes in the main what Monsieur Legouis calls his noteworthy work, *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*, — "a study of the Prelude." The fact could hardly be otherwise, Wordsworth having devoted the fourteen books of that poem to much the same end as that toward which his interpreter is aiming, — the elucidation of the history of a poet's mind.

Professor Raleigh's book is the more interesting (whether it is nearer the truth is another matter) because of what may fairly be styled its author's heroic method. He will have no verbal make-shifts, no shirking of the main issue, no resort to the facile explanatory phrases of conventional criticism. If Wordsworth wrote some of the sublimest of poetry and some of the baldest of measured prose, as by universal agreement he did, — and himself could never distinguish one from the other, — the fact is not to be accounted for upon any impatient, easy-going theory of inspiration and non-inspiration. The poet is "a man speaking to men," not "a reed through which a god fitfully blows." And no more are we to consign the problem to the limbo of insolubles by saying that the poet was born, and there's an end of it. The poet was *not* born. Wordsworth the child, his oftenest quoted line to the contrary notwithstanding, was not in the least Wordsworthian, but a rather boisterous, play-loving country lad, like any other. His was "the ordinary vague stuff of human nature;" "good clay, full of kindly qualities, very tenacious of the forms impressed on it," but clay the

like of which is "plentiful enough in any healthy human society."

Here, then, to use a homely phrase, the interpreter of Wordsworth has his work cut out for him. Given a common country boy, how was he *made* into a poet?

The wary reader will hardly expect to find the question answered in so many words. That would be demanding more than is meet. Wordsworth himself, we are told, when he comes to the precise point, hesitates and falters, working only by hints and indirections; and it is no slander upon his interpreter to intimate that in this respect he follows pretty closely his illustrious subject's example. This, however, is not to charge either poet or critic with absolute failure. For the right reader the *Prelude* is one of the most interesting of long poems, and Professor Raleigh's study, we repeat, is a profoundly interesting book. Success is a thing of degrees. There may be an excellent morning's sport, with capital feats of horsemanship and much wholesome stirring of the blood, and the hare still safe in his burrow.

The country boy took his degree at Cambridge, and then — not for the first time — traveled in France. This was in 1791, when he was in his twenty-first year. Eager, passionate, a believer in human equality, he entered heart and soul into the turbulent spirit of the hour, and was on the point of allying himself actively with one of the Revolutionary parties when his guardian peremptorily ordered him back to England. There he watched the downward course of events across the Channel, the massacres and horrors of the time, till in his discouragement he was driven to seek refuge in the "arid rationalism" of William Godwin and — for a poet — the scarcely less arid study of mathematics. Out of this state of despondency, "the soul's last and lowest ebb," he calls it, he was drawn by the gentle ministrations of his sister Dorothy and the

memory of his own boyish delight in Nature. He began once more to look at the world about him, to seek "for present good in life's familiar face;" and now, as we understand Professor Raleigh, he was made a poet. The secret of the making of a poet, "if ever it should be divined," we are told, "would be found, according to Wordsworth's conception of it, exactly at that point where the free and vigorous life of sense and thought in any young creature is, by some predestined accident or series of accidents, arrested, surprised, checked, challenged, and turned in and back upon itself. Then for the first time the soul makes an inventory of its wealth, and discovers that it has great possessions, that it has been a traveler in fairyland, and holds the clue to that mystery."

It is finely said, after its manner; with an accent of mysticism not unlike Wordsworth's own. One feels as if the face of truth were shining dimly through the semi-transparent words. We think of the great Ode; of

"those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing."

We remember also the "famous definition," "Poetry takes its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity." We recognize the pertinence and felicity of Professor Raleigh's remark, that "it was the belief, almost the discovery, of Wordsworth, that the memory, if it be habitually consulted, will not only supply a poet with his most valuable materials, but will also do for him the best part of his work." For Wordsworth, past all doubt, pleasure remembered was more easily turned into the stuff of poetry than pleasure freshly experienced; for which reason he was little used, as he said,

"to make
A present joy the matter of a song."

But accepting all this, admitting to the full the momentous character of the in-

tellectual crisis through which Wordsworth passed when, after the insanities and disappointments of the French Revolution, he "cast back among the calm and deep memories of his childhood;" when, as our critic eloquently puts it, "the noises of laughter and cursing were swallowed up in the quiet of the fields and the great spaces of the sky;" admitting even that from this hard-won victory "the best powers of his poetry were derived;" that "the depth of consolation, the austere tenderness, and the strength as of iron that are felt in his greatest works came to him from the same source;" admitting all this and more, we may yet wonder whether, after all, we have discovered, or are even so much as in a way to discover, the secret of "the making of a poet." We seem to have been hearing about the genesis of a poet's works, rather than about the genesis of the poet himself. Wordsworth's memory gave him some of the best of his themes, and threw the light of enchantment over his treatment of them; the horrors of the French Revolution sent him back to Nature and the homely intercourse of every-day humanity, with new depths of vision and a new austerity of tenderness. But these are accessories, helps, aids to a poet's development; the primal thing is the poet himself; and he — why may we not still believe it? — was not "*any* young creature," found here, there, or elsewhere, waiting to be *made* a poet, but an elect soul, a poet already, a poet by birth, one of the "poets sown by Nature," gifted by Nature, not by the shock of the French Revolution, with "the vision and the faculty divine."

Inclining to this belief, we shall naturally hesitate to go with our interpreter when he speaks of the boy Wordsworth as if he were no different from the common run of children, made only of "the ordinary vague stuff of human nature," with "nothing Wordsworthian" about him. True, "he took birds' nests — for the eggs;" "hired and rode horses;" and

"read books [strange thing!] — for the story." "Something willful and passionate" he may have been also. But what then? The boy Keats, too, was more than a little passionate, "highly pugnacious" indeed, always ready for a fight, capable even of squaring off at an usher, "not attached to books," showing "no signs of an intellectual bent;" but it would be hard to convince lovers of poetry that the man who wrote the Ode on a Grecian Urn at twenty-four was no different from the rest of us, only that his "life of sense" happened by some concatenation of circumstances to have been "arrested, surprised, checked, challenged, and turned in and back upon itself." All that may have been true, of course, for aught we can prove to the contrary; but for ourselves, rather than believe it, we are ready to say *poëta nascitur*, and be done with it, although by so saying we forfeit forever all claim to originality.

What is more to the purpose, Wordsworth's own account of the matter seems hardly to bear out this impression of a boy destitute of all Wordsworthian characteristics. "I was often unable," he says, "to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality."

The child was father of the man, we seem to perceive; already a pretty sound Wordsworthian, even though he may have taken now and then a bird's nest — for the eggs, or read a book — for the story. It is partly this reminiscence, we may conjecture, which leads Monsieur Legouis to say (so do critics disagree) that Wordsworth was never more essentially a poet than in his early school-days.

But, indeed, there is other and perhaps more convincing testimony to the same effect, testimony such as it would

seem impossible for any one to read the first book of the Prelude without finding. Professor Raleigh, to be sure, says that Wordsworth, in writing that book, "knows that the light in which he sees his early days is a light half reflected on them;" but the point, we must think, is unduly pressed. Even among his boyish sports, the poet says, he was haunted by the "Presences of Nature" till they

"did make

The surface of the universal earth,
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea."

"Even then," he says,

"I felt

Gleams like the flashing of a shield; — the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things."

And once more, —

"Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,
And twice five summers on my mind had
stamped

The faces of the moving year, even then
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colored by impending clouds."

The word "unconscious" in this last quotation speaks, no doubt, of a difference between that childish, unreasoned delight in Nature and the all-absorbing, carefully nurtured passion which a few years later rendered him for the time being a creature almost beside himself; but when he says, "I felt such things," it is not for any interpreter to say that he did not feel them; and if he felt them, he was not quite the commonplace, everyday boy that we are asked to have in mind.

If Wordsworth was not born a poet, then, we must think, no man ever was. No great poet, certainly, ever had less command of his own power; none was ever more dependent upon his genius, whatever that word may be taken to mean. For a few years he was possessed by it. So long as that possession lasted his strength was as the strength of ten.

Then it deserted him, and he was weakness itself, "weak as is a breaking wave." If he had reinforced himself, if year after year he had studied his art as an art, after the manner of Tennyson, let us say, if he had cared for other poetry besides his own, if he had so much as continued to read books for the story, if he had been somebody else, in short, instead of William Wordsworth, his aftermath of verse might have been, not more "numerous," let us hope, but of a quality worthier of his fame. Even a transient resort to the classics, as we know, — his schoolboy son needing assistance, — yielded Laodamia, of which Hazlitt said that it was "a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it." But the rapt seer is little apt to be also a craftsman. More likely, to quote Hazlitt again, "he can give only the fine tones of thought, drawn from his mind by accident or nature, like the sounds drawn from the Æolian harp by the wandering gale."

The substantial truth of this no one sees with more clearness than Professor Raleigh. "By strange and hard ways," he says, "Wordsworth had been led up to the mount of vision, he had seen through a golden haze all the riches and the beauty of the land that was promised to Poetry, and then the vision faded, . . . and he was left gazing on the woods and hills and pastures under the light of common day."

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it *remains* a secret; a something as far be-

yond human subtlety to explain as it is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "Genius," "inspiration," — it is hard to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nay, it is precisely *because* they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is as apt as any one's to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isaiah; but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."

Nevertheless it does not lie in any word or formula to make an end of discussion in matters of this kind. Neither genius nor inspiration is a thing too sacred for study. And as an effort at such a study Professor Raleigh's book is in all ways stimulating and praiseworthy; written throughout in a style of rare excellence, never commonplace and never smart, — not distinguished for lightness, some might say, — serious always, yet with no suggestion of the prosy, and rising on occasion to heights of a really noble eloquence. For the service of scholars and the honor of English literature the more of such books the better.

Bradford Torrey.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

W. E. HENLEY AND JOURNALISM.

IN the preface to William Ernest Henley's collected poems, published some years ago, this passage occurs: "After spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I found myself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable that I had to confess myself beaten in art, and to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years." There is nothing in this way of putting the case which would strike most people as odd. They would cheerfully admit that a man pursues art and becomes addicted to journalism; as if one were an ideal and the other a bad habit. Why, and how, it may be proper to inquire, does success in journalism differ from success in the literary art?

I.

Journalism, let us say, for the sake of having a definition, is a record of or commentary upon passing events and conditions of life. In its recording function it differs clearly enough from literature. It has only to present an accurate and bare chronicle of events: not an altogether easy task, it is true. Provincial journalists find it hard to keep clear of the language of the street on the one hand, and the language of what they would call "the forum" on the other. What has gone far toward depriving an important public officer of his dignity is his facility in exaggerating the familiarities of the vernacular and in burlesquing the graces of literature. "Newspaper English" has come to mean all that is slovenly, wooden, facetious, or bombastic in written speech. It is not for nothing that fact becomes "story" in the jargon of the newspaper office.

But it is the further business of journalism to hazard an interpretation of the facts which it has recorded. The great

public wishes to know not only what is going on, but what to think of it. Now a strictly journalistic comment upon any given event or situation is essentially impersonal and conventional. At most it represents the opinion of a quorum, the expression of a policy rather than of a personality. Prophets are notoriously inefficient in the editorial chair. Herein lies the fundamental difference between journalism and literature; one is normally impersonal, the other necessarily personal. The moment personality begins to shine through an "article," that article is suggesting its right to be considered as literature. And the moment an effective personality succeeds in expressing itself, and the world through itself, a new practitioner in art has arisen. There is no reason why a journalist should aim for this sort of escape from his calling. He may have strength to realize that his impersonality is more effective than his personality; that as a reporter or a leader-writer he is really a person of more consequence than he could be as a solitary climber of the Parnassian slopes. And he has in "the higher journalism" a legitimate goal which he may, with diligence, hope to reach.

It is becoming, to be sure, less and less easy to make any mechanical division between the lower and the higher journalism. There is little or no difference, except in length, between the best articles in such journals as the *London Times* or the *New York Evening Post*, and most articles in the monthly and quarterly periodicals. And the tendency toward assimilation has worked both ways. In the popular American magazines the essay gave way some time since to the "special article;" a fact which indicates pretty clearly that they have ceased to be "lit-

erary repositories," as the old phrase was, and have become journals. Recognizing this fact, the dailies and weeklies have not failed to apply the shoe to the other foot by publishing weekly and monthly "magazine numbers." From all this mixing of methods it may well happen that we find ourselves puzzled to gauge the merit of a given piece of writing. Is it a sketch, an article, or an essay? Does it illuminate or merely instruct? Does it belong to the lower journalism, to the higher journalism, or to literature?

II.

Mr. Kipling would probably make an end of the question by asserting that there is no question. Mr. Kipling came out of journalism by the easiest door,—the only door open to a born reporter. He might have succeeded in the higher journalism, for his opinions of men and things are always forcible, if not sound; but he seems to have had no taste for expressing his opinions except by way of fiction and verse. Mr. Kipling's method and spirit, however, are essentially journalistic. He does not hesitate to express his contempt for theories of literary art, and belongs, in short, to that sturdy class of inspired amateur which startles every generation in turn, to be forgotten in the next. The history of literature does, at least, indicate that the writer who is not in some measure impressed with his responsibility to law as well as to his own instinct can hardly hope to have his usefulness survive the moment. Mr. Kipling himself, artist though he is in his own field, has in the end lost from his inability to see life roundly as well as sharply. His frequent feats in the rôle of reporter (as shown for example in his treatment of the Gloucester fishermen) have proved that not even in his case can acuteness quite take the place of thoroughness; and that the rapid notes of an observer inevitably fail of the effect achieved by the broad interpretations of an artist.

III.

Mr. Henley made an entrance, or, as he suggests, a descent, to journalism by way of the literary art. He had devoted his best powers to "the pursuit of poetry," and had failed to gain the sort of pocketable recognition which comes to not more than two or three writers of verse in a generation. It is hardly necessary to suggest to those who know his work at all that he did not descend beneath the upper levels of journalism. As editor, for example, of the *Centenary Burns*, his production was that of a man of letters rather than of a journalist; and in reality he never quite gave up his pursuit of the poetic art. Some of his verses have from their vigor and melodiousness and ingenuousness become widely known; though it is probably their daring rather than any of these qualities which has thus far made them talked of. Mr. Henley early showed an inclination to mitigate the severities of ordinary usage in the employment of rhythm and rhyme. His verse never became quite formless, but it did sometimes become diffuse and prosaic. "There is something revolutionary," asserts Mr. Arthur Symonds enthusiastically, "in all Mr. Henley's work; the very titles, the very existence of his poems, may be taken as a sort of manifesto on behalf of what is surely a somewhat new art, the art of modernity in verse. To be modern in poetry, to represent really one's self and one's surroundings, the world as it is to-day, to be modern and yet poetical is, perhaps, the most difficult, as it is certainly the most interesting, of all artistic achievements." Whatever truth there may be in this postulate, one does not see that it applies particularly well to Mr. Henley's work, at least to the best of it. Attempts have been making since the memory of man to extend the range of poetry, but Apollo has not hitherto consented to figure as the india-rubber man. True poetry still insists upon dealing with the

same old inexhaustible human motives; and Mr. Henley's best poetry is concerned with two of the most elemental of them: the eager cherishing of joy and the stalwart endurance of pain. He was, more than any other modern poet in English, the poet of youth and spring, the poet of courage and hardihood. Impulse and combativeness are his themes, not self-restraint or resignation. He could compose with equal fervor a song like this:—

"It was a bowl of roses:

There in the light they lay,
Languishing, glorying, glowing
Their life away.

"And the soul of them rose like a presence,
Into me crept and grew
And filled me with something—some one—
O, was it you?"

And a ringing strain like this:—

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Few persons, however conventionally pious, can read these fine and now famous lines without a certain leap of the heart. They have, indeed, just that note of truculence which rings through any effective call to arms. Henley's war-lyrics are probably less known in this country than Mr. Kipling's, though they are much better poetry and equally spirited verse:—

"But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
Where the rain-rot spreads, and a tame sea mumbles the shore,

Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,

Sons of the sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song—

O you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

Mr. Henley produced another sort of verse than this, which, as it was odd, attracted much attention. When Mr. Symons speaks of his "modernity" he apparently has in mind less the strong simple lyrics from which we have quoted than the series of cockney quatorzains which Henley called *London Types*, and the group of songs inspired by an experience in a city hospital. All of the hospital poems appear to me to have been conceived in the journalistic spirit. They sketch scenes, they tell stories, they offer data; and most of them are cast in unrhymed, irregular metres not essential, let us hope, to the expression of modernity. Here is a stanza from a number called *Casualty*:—

"As with varnish red and glistening
Dripped his hair; his feet looked rigid;
Raised, he settled stiffly sideways:
You could see his hurts were spinal."

It must require, one supposes, some curious modernity of taste to appreciate this as poetry: from a more ancient point of view it is a versified report, nothing more. It should be said that this is an extreme instance. Much of the poet's descriptive verse is of great brilliancy, as in this sonnet, which does not appear in the *London Types*, though it is called *In the Dials*:—

"To Garryowen upon an organ ground
Two girls are jiggling. Riotously they trip,
With eyes aflame, quick bosoms, hand on hip,
As in the tumult of a witches' round.
Youngsters and youngsters round them prance and bound,
Two solemn babes twirl ponderously and skip.
The artist's teeth gleam from his bearded lip,
High from the kennels howls a tortured hound.
The music reels and hurtles, and the night
Is full of stinks and cries; a naphtha light
Flares from a barrow; battered and obtused

With vices, wrinkles, life and work and rags,
Each with her inch of clay, two loitering hags
Look on, dispassionate, critical, half 'mused."

This is the "nervous impressionist realism" for which the *Quarterly Review* praised Mr. Henley some years ago. It is certainly brilliant, vivid, everything but beautiful; a study, in short, and not a work of art at all in the strict sense. We must go back to those pure lyrics of love and of defiance to feel the power of Mr. Henley's art.

IV.

He never professed the pursuit of prose as an art; indeed, he did not, so far as we can learn, attempt any sort of creative prose. He was an honest and effective, but not especially sound critic; here again his "nervous impressionism" of method gives often the effect of force without finality. He could tell the truth as he knew it, but there were few aspects of truth of which his knowledge was passionate enough to develop a really noble form of utterance. There is plenty of vigor in his judgments, but not always the poise and dignity which could give them authority. Talk of the famous letter to the *Pall Mall Magazine* on Balfour's Stevenson has not yet ceased to reverberate in literary journals. It was altogether characteristic of Henley that he should have made an admirable point with such an appearance of personal irritation as to confuse the issue in the minds of most of his readers: "I take a view of Stevenson which declines to be concerned with this Seraph in Chocolate, this barley-sugar effigy of a real man. . . . For ourselves, let us live and die un insulted, as we lived and died before his books began to sell and his personality was a marketable thing." Naturally a public which did not know Mr. Henley considered this a treasonable utterance from a friend of the dead Stevenson's; they took for envy and malice what was really the expression of a generous nature. To the memory of Steven-

son, as well as to the world, Balfour's method of canonization was, in Henley's opinion, an insult; and he undoubtedly considered the catalogue of Stevenson's failings, which he proceeded to give, a vindication of his friend. They proved that he had been a man eager for life, and not an angelic invalid; they were a part, at all events, of the evidence as to what kind of man Stevenson really was. Henley was a humanist, not a moralist, and it was hard for him to be patient with the eligible hypocrisies of Anglo-Saxon convention:—

"A sigh sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years end long —
So they say.

"So let it be —
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three,
And we die."

A similar cry was raised over Henley's perfectly frank treatment of Burns, in the Introduction and Notes of the Centenary Edition. The world had chosen, in spite of all the evidence, to surround the memory of Burns with a golden aureole of optimism. Mr. Henley calls attention to the fact that he was not only an inspired singer, but, on occasion, a lewd rustic and a cad. It had been the fashion to treat him as a magnanimous nature continually suffering from a sense of his carnal frailty. Mr. Henley shows that, like most sentimental persons, he was commonly indifferent to questions which had nothing to do with his own comfort. Such services as this Mr. Henley performed for English criticism; and the character of the enemies they made for him constitutes perhaps their best praise.

V.

Apart from these performances, no prose of his is more interesting than the memoir of his friend G. W. Stevens, which has been prefixed to an American collection of that brilliant writer's best work. Journalism cannot conceiv-

ably have seemed a forlorn hope to Steevens; it offered precisely the means by which he could best express his absorbing interest in the things he saw. Kipling is a journalist who rose to literature, Henley a literary man who descended to journalism; Steevens was neither; he was born to journalism, and in journalism fulfilled his nature, apparently free from the unsettling desire to fulfill something else. He wreaked himself upon the moment, and was satisfied to be a part of life. It is not easy to bring into definition the quality in his work which we recognize as journalistic. Perhaps it was his indifference to the amenities of style, his frank preoccupation with the thing he had seen and was describing or interpreting. We cannot fancy him wearying over the choice of an epithet or the turn of a phrase. So much the better for him as a journalist;

but an artist has to be all the time meeting little issues, and work which is not made up of a series of victories is little likely to stand; it may attain the rank either of a useful treatise, or of an interesting atelier study, but it will not be a work of art.

There are in every generation writers like Mr. Symons who are troubled lest the work of the moment be not "modern" enough, and who are ready to discover "revolution" and "modernity" in any utterance which succeeds in being not illiterately odd. I for one fail to find in Mr. Henley, except in his descriptive verse, which is the essence of clever journalism, anything to stare at. I do not especially care to find anything of the sort. He was a strong, honest, full-blooded man, a good lover and a good hater, and singer of the best English lyrics during half a generation.

H. W. Boynton.

NEW LIGHTS ON BROWNING.¹

IN 1864 an Atlantic reviewer of Browning's *Dramatis Personæ* remarked that casual perusers of his work were like "vagrants in a gallery, who long for a catalogue, dislocate their necks, and anathematize the whole collection." In the twoscore years that have passed since that utterance the desires of those who wished for catalogues of the Browning collection have been amply gratified. The poet has been compassed murkily about by ravage of his commentators, and a coeval gloom has invaded the breasts of many of his true lovers. There has been dire need of some dolorous and

jarring blast, but nothing of the sort has been forthcoming. Walter Bagehot, Sir Leslie Stephen, and one or two others have written wisely and excellently of Browning, but their voices have availed little against the din of those whose criticism is "fainter, flushier, and flightier." Even some hard-headed and capable men of letters have been unable to withstand the contagion of the Browning jargon, and have written after the manner. In respect to strict biography, indeed, Browning has not been particularly unfortunate. Mrs. Orr's elaborate *Life* is well enough, and although many

¹ *The Poetry of Robert Browning.* By STOPFORD BROOKE, M. A. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

Robert Browning. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Biographic Clinics. The origin of the ill-health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. By GEORGE M. GOULD. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. 1903.

persons have published their recollections of him, and his own son has posted his love-letters in the market-place, he has been spared much of the tasteless biography, which, in the delicate phrase of Mr. Swinburne, enables the numerous multitude to "spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer." Yet the classical life is still to be written.

The recent volumes about Browning by Mr. Brooke and Mr. Chesterton are out of the ordinary run of "Browning Literature," critical and biographical. Each throws its ray of new light across the gloom, yet each, despite its marked individuality, shows curiously Browning's way of disturbing his critic's poise. Taken together, in connection with Dr. Gould's admirable piece of quasi-medical biography, they make an edifying exhibition of critical tumbling.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, one of the most learned and genial of writers upon English Literature and the author of a noble study of Tennyson, has brought a ripened enthusiasm to his treatment of Browning. Yet even Mr. Brooke's sturdy intellectual frame could not quite resist the Browning bacillus, and we have him here writing in a high-erected vein which not seldom reaches to tall talk and highfalutin. The texture of the book is largely of such terse and lucid pronouncements as this: "The first woman we meet in Browning's poetry is Pauline; a twofold person, exceedingly unlike the woman usually made by a young poet. She is not only the Pauline idealized and also materialized by the selfish passion of her lover, but also the real woman whom Browning has conceived underneath the lover's image of her."

Perhaps the best chapter in Mr. Brooke's book is that in which he writes of Browning's strangely un-Tennysonian treatment of Nature, with its comparative freedom from the "pathetic fallacy," and its singular fusion of a kind of primitive dualism with enlightened views on the descent of man; yet even in this chapter his hand is so — can we

say — subdued to the stuff it works in, that he is capable of making Nature smile mockingly and whisper in Browning's ear, "Thou shalt pursue me always, but never find my secret, never grasp my streaming hair!" It cannot be said that the image of the portly poet straining every nerve to seize Nature by the hair is particularly pleasing.

In short, Mr. Brooke's treatise is more remarkable for glowing rhapsody than for lucid discrimination; yet, as we shall see more clearly as we go on, it has been composed with an eye always on the book, and it is so rich with Browning's purple that for one who does not mind the extravagance it is extremely good reading. How resplendent, for example, is the prose-poem on Browning's color sense: —

"Again no one can help observing in all those quotations the extraordinary love of color, a love Tennyson has in far fainter measure, but which Browning seems to possess more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. Scott, knowing the Highlands, knew dark magnificence of color. But Browning's love of color arose from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure, clear, and brilliant, that color is more intense, and at dawn and sunset more deep, delicate, and various than it is in our land. Sometimes, as Ruskin said, it is not color, it is a conflagration; but wherever it is, in the bell of a flower, on the edge of a cloud, on the back of a lizard, on the veins of a lichen, it strikes in Browning's verse at our eyes, and he only in English poetry has joy enough in it to be its full interpreter.

"He sees the wild tulip blow out its great red bell; he sees the thin clear bubble of blood at its tip; he sees the spike of gold which burns deep in the bluebell's womb; the corals that, like lamps, disperse thick red flame through the dusk green universe of the ocean; the lakes which, when the morn breaks, —

'Blaze like wyvern flying round the sun;'

the woodland brake whose withered fern dawn feeds with gold; the moon carried off at sunrise in purple fire; the larch blooms, crisp and pink; the sanguine heart of the pomegranate; the filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped; the poppies crimson to blackness; the red fan of the butterfly falling on the rock like a drop of fire from a brandished torch; the star-fish, jacinth to the finger tips; and a hundred other passionate seizures of color."

There are many such passionate seizures in Mr. Brooke's treatise, and they serve to disguise its essentially academic character pretty effectually. Yet academic it is, both in its merits and in its shortcomings; in its close and complete following of the text as in its curious lack of detachment of mind, — its singular Browning obsession, which even Mr. Brooke's several set attempts at finding fault with his author do not avail to throw off. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, is, for better or for worse, quite other than academic; there is nothing to indicate that he has been so fond as to read Browning through more than once, and his detachment of mind is prodigious. Where Mr. Brooke is "academic," Mr. Chesterton is "journalistic;" where Mr. Brooke is rhapsodical, Mr. Chesterton is flippant. Yet passing from one book to the other is like coming out of Plato's idol-shadowed cave to daylight and fresh air. But it is precisely Mr. Chesterton's vigorous liveliness that makes his flippancies of attitude and method so lamentable. Often in reading his Browning one longs to revert to the language of that blessed age when literary controversy was still good manners and a wholesome exercise, — to style him roundly an "Itinerant Paradoxer," and so have done with the matter. But with all its faults as biography, the book is too vital to be so airily dismissed without laying one's self open to that most dangerous of dialectical thrusts, the *tu quoque*. It phrases certain true things about Browning bet-

ter than they have been phrased before, while it shows unmistakably the direction of the prevailing literary wind.

The reader who wants detail, whether of biography or of criticism, must look in other books than Mr. Chesterton's. His method has been to grasp Browning's temperament — which is the real theme of his book — by the genial act of ex-cogitation, pen in hand, rather than by any patient piecing of detail. He is never able to resist the temptation to preach to us, and the first third of his book is made up of a succession of homilies on the conduct of temperament, bound together into something resembling unity by an occasional allusion to Browning. Yet it is curious to note that with all his assertive independence, Mr. Chesterton, like Mr. Brooke, has his try at tall and unbridled talk. He tells us categorically that Browning had "the greatest brain with the most simple temperament known in our annals," that he "stands among the few poets who hardly wrote a line of anything else" — than poetry! that at a certain time in his life he was "delineating in great epics the beauty and horror of the romance of Southern Europe;" that Pippa Passes is "the greatest poem ever written, with the exception of one or two by Walt Whitman, to express the sentiment of the pure love of humanity." If this be speaking by the card, surely it were better to be undone by equivocation.

Mr. Chesterton's main thesis is the essential simplicity, the healthy primitiveness of Browning's temperament. On this point he has much to say that is both wholesome and fresh. Two passages, one about personality, one about poetry, will afford a taste of his quality:

"He pictured all the passions of the earth since the fall, from the devouring amorousness of Time's Revenges to the despotic fantasy of Instans Tyrannus; but he remained himself an Englishman of the middle class. The moment that he came in contact with anything that was slovenly, anything that was lawless,

in actual life, something rose up in him, older than any opinions, the blood of generations of good men. He met George Sand and her poetical circle and hated it with all the hatred of an old city merchant for the irresponsible life. He met the Spiritualists and hated them with all the hatred of the middle class for borderlands and equivocal positions and playing with fire. His intellect went upon bewildering voyages, but his soul walked in a straight road. He piled up the fantastic towers of his imagination until they eclipsed the planets; but the plan of the foundation on which he built was always the plan of an honest English house in Camberwell. He abandoned, with a ceaseless intellectual ambition, every one of the convictions of his class; but he carried its prejudices into eternity."

"Poetry" — and this is said particularly of Browning's poetry — "deals with primal and conventional things — the hunger for bread, the love of woman, the love of children, the desire for immortal life. If men really had new sentiments, poetry could not deal with them. If, let us say, a man did not feel a bitter craving to eat bread, but did, by way of substitute, feel a fresh original craving to eat brass fenders or mahogany tables, poetry could not express him. If a man, instead of falling in love with a woman, fell in love with a fossil or a sea-anemone, poetry could not express him. Poetry can only express what is original in one sense, — the sense in which we speak of original sin. It is original not in the paltry sense of being new, but in the deeper sense of being old; it is original in the sense that it deals with origins."

This is gay and sprightly writing, but, somehow, it lacks the sure accent of lucid truth. Unless we define "simplicity of temperament" as mere insular prejudice, it is not easy for the plain man to see just how it coexists with an intellect which goes on bewildering voyages, and with an imagination which piles up

fantastic towers to eclipse the planets. There was, to be sure, a certain coherence in Browning's moods. He was not subject to the vagaries and perturbations which are doubtless the affliction of the complex temperament; but a reading of Dr. Gould's essay, with its irrefragable scientific analysis singularly humanized by a keen sense of Browning's poetic quality, would have shown Mr. Chesterton that Browning, with his shrewd, recurrent headaches, his fidgetiness, his complete nervous exhaustion each summer, was no such healthy, primitive animal intelligence as he maintains. Nor is poetry — even Browning's poetry — so simple and primitive an affair as the confiding reader might suppose. There is a large body of excellent poetical reading which deals with secondary and modern desires, and there have been poems which have treated poetically desires even less "primal," if perhaps less conspicuous, than the craving to eat brass fenders.

Mr. Chesterton is too nimble a wrestler to afford one any good hold upon him, but what he has to say of *Fifine at the Fair* may serve as a point of issue. This "soliloquy of an epicurean who seeks half playfully to justify upon moral grounds an infidelity into which he afterwards actually falls" contains, says Mr. Chesterton, plenty of casuistry but no trace of cynicism. "It is difficult," he remarks, reverting to his definition of cynicism as that attitude of mind which sees good in nobody, "to understand what particular connection there is between seeing good in nobody and seeing good even in a sensual fool." To this one may object that the husband of Elvire was not precisely "a sensual fool," that, whatever he was, he is portrayed by Browning with something more than intellectual comprehension, and, finally, that it is not easy to conceive the casuistical mood, here seen in its intensity, without some corresponding involution of temperament.

In the main, Mr. Chesterton's liter-

any criticism is a matter, not so much of strictly ordered, compelling thought, as of the lively phrase, for ideas already well established. Nothing could be better than his distinction of the "hot wit" of Browning and Donne from the "cold wit" of the age of Pope; and there are many such felicities. Browning's curious vitality and emotional psychology, his love for passionate crises and tragic turnings, is excellently expounded by Mr. Chesterton in what he has to say of "the doctrine of the great hour," and his description of the source of power in *The Ring and the Book*—Browning's deep sense of the "absolute sanctity of human difference"—is remarkably good. Of Browning and his fellows he says: "Significance is to them a wild thing that may leap upon them from any hiding place. They have all become terribly impressed with, and a little bit alarmed at, the mysterious powers of small things. Their difference from the old epic poets is the whole difference between an age that fought with dragons and an age that fights with microbes."

Despite the novelty of Mr. Chesterton's phrasing and dialectical manoeuvres, his general verdict upon Browning is pretty much in accord with the opinions of the best exoteric critics. This is especially noticeable in his chapter upon Browning as a Literary Artist, where, with a fine air of discovery, he points out how Browning uses the grotesque as his chief poetic medium, gracefully abstaining from any mention of Mr. Bagehot, who, in his remarkable essay on *Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art*, made many similar observations. Here, however, one must speak carefully. "The truth about Browning," says Mr. Chesterton in his modest way, "is not that he was indifferent to technical beauty, but that he invented a particular kind of technical beauty to which any one else is free to be as indifferent as he chooses." Is this indeed the truth about Browning, or is it a kind of bull? A

man can invent a technique perhaps, but can he invent "technical beauty"? He may sometimes *attain* it, but can he *invent* it? It is quite true, as Mr. Chesterton observes, that Browning was a great hand at inventing metrical forms; it is equally true that his creative mood was usually so deep and vital that a noble structure and formal unity underlies most of his poems, but to the "form" that eternalizes he rarely attained. He had a style, but not style. His writing had life and tang, but a man who talks prose may have these virtues. It is hard to believe that his welded mass of queer words will ever be

"Approved beyond the Roman panoply
Melted to make it."

If, as Ben Jonson sturdily observed, "Donne for not keeping of accent deserved hanging," to what capital punishment is Robert Browning liable! In short, Mr. Chesterton's claim of poetic permanence for Browning's art on the score of his serious use of the grotesque is not an end of the matter. For many readers in his own age the charm of Browning's very preposterousness was invincible. But half the charm was the charm of surprise, and it is not easy to surprise successive ages, or the same reader twice. He has, indeed, one pervasive charm which has been but slightly noted, a power over the poetic atmosphere of strange and recondite beauty, a gift of conveying

"Faint sweetness from some old
Egyptian's fine, worm-eaten shroud;"

he has this strange sweetness, he has his grotesque vigor, and his amazing metrical triumphs, but how rarely does he reach the crystalline phrase, or the golden glory of those beautiful words, which are, as a prince of critics said long ago, "in deed and in fact the very life of the spirit." Yet such imperishable beauty is to be found in some of Browning's poems. It is a safe guess that it is not by his grotesque poems that he will be longest remembered, but rather by such perfect pieces as *Evelyn Hope* and the

Lyrics, in which his ruggedness was subdued to a stricter beauty; in which profound feeling is seen to be not inconsistent with purity of line, sweetness of tone, and a fine reserve, telling of the depth more than of the tumult of the soul.

Yet though Mr. Chesterton is disposed to assign what seems to the writer an undue artistic validity to Browning's grotesquerie, he is by no means blind to the disadvantages of the contorted manner. Once, even, his turn for paradox leads him rather inconsistently to style his poet "simply a great demagogue with an impediment in his speech." He is so alive to that "insane swift-ness" which is the chief superficial trait of Browning's style that he can parody it admirably; as in the incident of the man being knocked downstairs: —

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat below
stairs
Takes bump from back."

That insane swift-ness — though Mr. Chesterton, like more pious Brownings, passes it casually — is "the truth about Browning;" and despite all assertions to the contrary there are many who will forever find it hard to believe that this was not a matter of creative mood as well as of narrative effect. He was — and is — in a certain sense a woman's writer, Euripidean, never quite masculine in his literary conscience, never very careful for *ce lendemain sévère*, that stern to-morrow, with which, as Sainte-Beuve said, the great artist must reckon. Mr. Chesterton is doubtless quite correct in observing at the conclusion of his book that the voice which comes forth from Browning's vast assemblage of copious and casuistical apologists is "the voice of God, uttering his everlasting soliloquy," but the remark is no truer of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau than of Proverbial Philosophy or of the Course of Time. F. G.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE Missouri River as you see it on the map is the picture of a stream that has been forever dissatisfied with its channel, and, like a man who chafes under the conditions of his lot, it has a crooked career. It is always traveling sideways by the operation of eating away one of its banks, and thus on one shore or the other it has leveled the landscape as far as eye can see. There is not a season in which it does not succeed in calling the map a liar and teaching a pilot to swear. It takes away a man's farm, and adds what it pleases to the possessions of the man on the opposite shore, and in a general way does as it pleases, — that is, until it comes to one of Missouri's rock-ribbed hills in its sideward journey. It bares the hill to the bone, and when it can go no farther it impatiently doubles its speed and hur-

ries along to the end of the obstruction. Then it strikes off and builds prairie until it comes to a range of rock on the other side. It cleans the rocky wall as bare as a Thanksgiving turkey, and leaves it as flat as the side of a sky-scraper, but often much taller. Thus the lower river is shored with toppling walls and alluvial prairie facing one another, the scene alternating to opposite shores many times in a day's journey. And every foot of this prairie has at some time been in succession shore and channel of the river. On the down trip the steamer hugs the hills and makes good time as it shoots along in dangerous proximity to the rocky wall, where the channel is deep as well as swift, and where there are no sand-bars. But what with crossing and recrossing to hug the hills alternately the pilot has to know much of the shifty bot-

tom. On the up trip it does not pay to face the swift current next to the rocky wall, so you keep nearer the middle and trust to Providence for a channel. Some time you will strike a sand-bar and stop with a swash and a grind on bottom like "a rusty nail in monumental mockery." The black roustabouts put out the spar in front with rope and tackle, and start up the "doctor" engine in the bows, and you crawl back foot by foot and work the boat sideways after the manner of pulling the same rusty nail. For half a day the boat is loaded to the hogway with impatience and profanity. I have blushed in my day to know that a country preacher was a passenger on the General Meade.

Few craft now navigate this muddy drain except for short trips between the small towns. When the Pacific railways were built, the long cigar-shaped craft that used to make the twelve-hundred-mile trip were thrown out of employment, and sank one by one in the service on the lower river. In '86 the General Meade had long been the last of the race, and the only true Missouri boat afloat, plying from St. Louis in vast superiority to the little boats of the river towns, and so old that she had become a burlesque on Fate and insurance companies, for the companies have refused to take risks in those waters. Few passengers now know the Lower Missouri. In '86 the steward had occasion to make a few extra bunks in the long line of unused staterooms, and at the old bar over the boilers the captain kept one jug of peach brandy which could be partaken of without cost. If you had taken this route out of St. Louis, I could have assured you of being a distinguished guest. While you were aboard, the steward and Aunt Mary would have pie, — prune pie and mock-apple pie, of dry bread and vinegar, — a marvelous imitation. Thus you would have had an insight of the old days of Indians, and risky woodpiles, and the long Fort Benton trip, of which Aunt Mary was a sole survivor. And while the roustabouts sat along the

hogways with tin pans of delicious peach cobbler, the steward would get out his package of corn-starch, preserved for special occasions, and he would prepare for a season of custard pie "kase dey is a passengah abo'hd."

The Missouri fleet of long, lithe craft was built during the war of the Rebellion, and especially designed to encounter the dangers of navigation between St. Louis and Fort Benton in Montana. They were built extra long so that the bows could run high on a sand-bar, and yet leave the stern in deep water with a chance to get off immediately by means of the wheel. There was no fancy flummery of storied cabins and jig-sawed woodwork. The boats were intended to carry freight and passengers who were to be pioneers; to take necessities of life to the men at the fort and bring back booty of the plains.

Long before '86 all the fleet had succumbed to snag and sawyer and the dangers of fire and water. The long trips were a thing of the romantic past. In reaching the Northwest it was first the Oregon trail, then the Missouri fleet, and then the Pacific railways. But for a quarter of a century the General kept on regardless of the proprieties of history or the fact that she ought to sink or burn or blow up. She took farm machinery up river, and on the way down stopped for the piles of wheat sacks wherever a farmer displayed a red shirt on a pole. Whenever she sank it was in medium water, and she was soon at it again in victorious competition with the locomotives that whirled along the banks.

I used to wonder how she kept afloat twenty-five years on these most dangerous of waters, but now I only marvel how a boat could go through a single summer after the manner of the Meade. But I did not worry about the summer at the time. One need not worry on a boat that has run twenty-five years. When you figure on her sinking, there is only one chance in twenty-six for her to go down. And when a boat has gone

through all sorts of perils unscathed, one need not worry about taking dangerous chances. So life aboard the Meade went on in a careless and happy manner.

I recall several instances. It was considered dangerous for a boat to turn into the Osage River. One boat had met her fate by turning out of the muddy Missouri and taking into her pumps the clear aguish water of the Osage. The mixture caused the boilers to foam and sent boat and crew to the four winds. The General turned into the Osage every week. On but one occasion were there serious results. It was my duty to fill the water barrels with Missouri water before turning in, and I forgot. Shortly afterward, the boat was laden with chills and fever, in blue shirts and red, from drinking the Osage water. Along the long hogways of the hull two roustabouts would meet, one going to the warm boilers in the bow, and the other to look with longing eyes on the ice-box in the stern. Thus the crew circulated from stem to stern and stern to stem, always one to get warm and the other to get cool according as they had chills or fever. My excuse to the captain was that I had been giving the steward a lesson in arithmetic when the whistle blew for the Osage, — then the trees of the Osage brushed the smokestacks and it was too late. I did not wonder that the other boat blew up.

And there was the St. Charles bridge, which, according to all logic, should have sent us to the bottom. The current was swift there, and the piers obstructing the channel made it swifter still. Our only competitor — a high-cabin Mississippi boat — managed to make the passage and so did we. A train of freight cars ran off between the outer piers, still more obstructing the channel and increasing the current of the middle piers. As a result our competitor was "stalled" at a critical moment; the rudder failed to control her as she stood motionless with a full head of steam on; she swung against the masonry and sank.

This obstructed the channel still more. But the General Meade kept on running, and each trip managed to pull past the piers with extra firing. Sometimes when we were almost stalled between those piers, when the "niggers" were shoving the cordwood under the boilers, and we were running with forced speed and yet hardly moving, I would ramble astern and covertly take a look at the axle of the wheel. This piece of mechanism — an immense octagonal shaft of wrought iron — had been broken in the old days, and was mended with a ponderous casting clamped on with bolts. The blacksmith at St. Louis used to come down with big wrenches and screw it up whenever it had worked loose during a trip. Sometimes the axle sagged, and as it hung down continuously while the wheel went round, I felt with mechanical insight the grind and wrench in that place that *meant* something, especially between the piers. But the sweating backs managed to shove in the wood that sent us ahead foot by foot as though they were running a race, — which in fact we were. And in every race with that stone wall the General Meade won.

It was against the laws of our country to steam down the Missouri at nighttime, but the General Meade always ran nights on the down trip. It was by this means that she broke her own record and was presented with a locomotive headlight by the wheat-loving men of the St. Louis elevators. Not only did we ply the Osage, but on one trip with much close steering in the bends we went up to where the trees brushed the smokestacks on both sides, and we came across a farmer who had never heard a steam whistle. Consider for a moment that only one who knows steam power has ever heard this loudest voice of all, and imagine if you can how the noise would inspire an aguish human soul of the quiet woods to its first sensation of boundless power.

And suppose that you who lived in the backwoods with your fallow 'Lize, and

who had never heard Barnum's calliope or seen an elephant or a locomotive, should have this wondrous creation come round the bend and stop 'all on account of *you*, and raise its voice to hail you and your pile of wheat sacks, — what would you think about it? The farmer jumped up and down and yelled, "Toot her agin, boys; toot her agin. My wife 'Lize is sick up to the house, and kain't come down to see, but if ye'll toot her agin fer 'Lize I'll give ye a pair o' deer horns." Oh, deceitful humanity! The captain knew that John only wanted to hear it again himself. He turned her open on the siren blast, and added the deer horns to the headlight.

Not only did she end the last of her race, but with a part of the old crew in the person of Aunt Mary, the aged darky who helped the steward and baked the jar full of cookies for the spoiled captain whom she "brung up" in her slave days. And to him of a later generation than those who ran the Meade to Montana she used to tell the story of the time when the Meade came down from the fort with the smallpox aboard and Indians along the shore, and how she got into St. Louis with most of the crew buried along the Missouri.

Many river boats burn up. There was the queen of the rivers, the beautiful Natchez, — her immaculate white engine-room a triumph of mechanism.

How she used to walk up the current with seemingly no more slip to her paddles than if she were wheeling on land. Yet she (watched and tended like a queen) burned up with her gay passengers.

Not so the Meade. Her sheet-iron stove smoked up the cabin every morning when I made the fire, and the lids were so warped that you could always see without lifting them when to put in more wood. The cook often remarked, as he threw a handful of salt from the pantry into the kitchen so that the exact amount always fell into the soup-pot, that he would not trade it for any stove he ever saw.

The Meade did not burn, neither did she blow up. The corroded bell wire that ran all the length from the towering pilot-house to the engines in the stern, and went around divers corners into unseen places, never broke at a critical moment in all those years. When a roughening wind came, her long hull would bend lithely on the waters; she seemed to be getting better as time passed. Whenever she sank it was always in shallow water, — merely a sort of delay.

The insurance companies declared those waters unnavigable, in spite of the government snag-boats and the government lights on the whitewashed posts at the bends. Certainly they did not get their statistics from such boats as the General Meade. However, when I left her in '86 I had a secret idea that her time would soon come. Coming back after a couple of years in the South, I lost track of her. But she had not sunk or come to a violent end; she had simply disappeared. Lately I made it my business to ascertain what had become of her. She is not only afloat, but bearing on her back much of the cargo that goes down the Mississippi. She has been dismantled of engines and upper works and turned into a wharf-boat at St. Louis.

She now bears as much freight as dozens of other boats, — momentarily wheeled across her immortal buoyancy. During her life many a man who thought he had a fixed home on land has seen his farm eaten away and his house tumbled into the river. But the dangerous abode of the captain on the Missouri stuck like a mortgage on the waters.

The only conclusion I can draw is that it is dangerous to be safe.

THE Contributor who says, "Believe me, gentle writer, it is far better for posterity that your manuscripts should be rejected than that they should be accepted," assumes that hers is the usual experience, and that success affects us all in the same way. It seems safe to say "her." The inci-

Declined
with Thanks.

dent of the apple barrel and Irish Mary point to "her." *He* would have asked Mary to bring him the apple, having been pampered in that way since the time of Eve.

Very likely it would be better for posterity were most manuscripts rejected, but that does not appear to be the Contributor's meaning. She finds her wings clipped (perhaps one would better say her fishing-line entangled) by success, and posterity deprived of other and possibly better productions. There are those of us who could tell a different tale. Myself, for instance. I, too, sit with a beautiful, long morning before me. I have ideas which please me, and an opening sentence has formed itself on the paper. Let me but manage the attack and then try to live up to it! I write and erase, and write again. Quite suddenly *the word, the phrase*, leaps out of the void and writes itself. I take a turn around the room and write again. I am having a delightful time. Under no other circumstances do I like myself so well as when doing this thing which I am always intending and seldom accomplishing. Forgotten are cares and troubles, and even self-consciousness loosens its grip. Then the doorbell rings and the postman hands in a large envelope. No need to open it, — the address in the upper left-hand corner is enough. Nevertheless I do open it, and with a sickening sinking of the heart read the inclosed printed slip. The editor has read my manuscript with much interest, but regrets that it is not adapted to his special requirements, and he therefore returns it to me with thanks for my courtesy in submitting it. And he is quite right, I say to myself, as I open the deepest drawer in my secretary and thrust the manuscript into the farthest corner. Seldom indeed do I get courage to send it out a second time. What a fool I was to fancy there was anything good in it. No, I won't give up. I'll try again. I swallow my disappointment and return

to my writing; but now my ideas are commonplace and my style is crude. I cling to the belief that I really have something to say, but in vain I grope for it. The cover of the well is fastened down and defies every effort to lift it. At last I give up in despair and seek refuge in the most mechanical employment that presents itself, and for many a morning my pen lies idle, not at all to the disadvantage of posterity, but greatly to the detriment of my own self-respect.

On the other hand, let me have an experience like that of the Contributor. Let the postman come with the note of acceptance and the check. What an uplifting of the spirits! Then I really was n't mistaken, I really could judge! The manuscript which I sent off with a certain modest confidence was actually worthy of that confidence! The check is very nice to have as money, but how much more valuable as a sign that I can do the thing I want to do, and that I may have some small amount of faith in my opinion of my own performance. I put the check away (I do not, like the Contributor, indorse it, — that strikes me as an imprudent thing to do before one is ready to use it), and return to my work with a wonderful new energy. My head is full of ideas, and the right word does not escape me as often as usual. The "pretty, shining things" beckon alluringly.

This is the happiest time. That other day, when the postman leaves the magazine with the printed article, is, on the whole, a day of dread. I am horribly afraid to look at it in the irrevocable print. One would think that reading the proof would have taken off the edge of my apprehension. Not at all. I lay it aside and all day it is on my mind. I take up the magazine and read all around it, skipping it with half-shut eyes, lest by chance I may see some sentence which will bring me to confusion. Then at night, in shame of my own cowardice, I slowly, reluctantly, turn to it and read

it through. Heavens! What courage it takes. Yet on the whole it gives me pleasure. There are some things I long to change, — some things which make my cheeks burn with a sense of my own stupidity, but on the whole — yes, I like it pretty well, and lay it down planning with fresh courage to do better next time.

Believe me, gentle Contributor, we are not all made alike.

THERE was once a thoughtful man who owned a tall Tower — or perhaps he rented it, but that is only a technicality — in the midst of a large and ancient city. The city was set all round about and up and down a hill, and the Tower topped it, although not conspicuously. The people of that city were for the most part unaware of the Tower. It was not a landmark, like the Cathedral and the Castle and the Palace. It did not stand alone; it was neither the newest nor the oldest thing in the city; its label was dingy.

The man had filled his Tower full of hypotheses, and other possibilities. He had also been obliged to use a certain amount of space for the storing of books, beautiful books with their leaves uncut, editions that had failed to sell; books that the thoughtful man had thought the people ought to buy and care for, — and they ought, but they did n't. The man said that his Tower represented his theory of life; and this was almost true, but not quite. Most of us have more than one theory of life, at least part of the time.

One day he took me up to the top of his Tower, and on the way up he showed me a little of all the kingdoms of this world; but we surveyed them calmly. They were expressed in diagrams. Moreover, the man's attitude toward material things was never possessive, and his guests quickly caught his attitude and kept it — as long as the spell of his personality lasted, for he was a kind of wizard, as I discovered. By the time I

had climbed the Tower stairs, all but the last flight, which was very steep and narrow, I found that the kingdoms of this world were no temptation to me, — except in so far as I should have liked to make them all over according to my own somewhat advanced ideas, politically, socially, industrially, artistically, and sanitarily. But then, they never had been one of my great temptations. So, as far as I was concerned, the thoughtful man did not convert me to his way of thinking, he only convinced me that his way was mine, to a certain extent. We all have our reserves and our limitations.

The room at the top of the Tower was small and quite dark. I touched a table with my hand and moved around it to allow the wizard to squeeze in at the door. A loose cord flapped against my cheek. I could hear the wizard groping for something. Then there was a little squeak as of a slide or shutter being drawn aside, and suddenly, on the table, in a disk of ambient atmosphere, the city sprang to life, in miniature. Instinctively I moved aside to escape the pale purple-tinted smoke that curled upward from a chimney-pot immediately beneath my nose. But there was no reek. I felt the wizard's kindly smile in his voice as he said, "Only a *camera obscura*." I laughed with a little catch in my breath. "Of course," I said. But it was not *of course*.

It is not my purpose to explain the mechanism of the camera obscura. It is a thing that reflects: let that suffice.

Before me, in the circle of light on the table, lay the courtyard of the Castle, its cobblestones reduced according to scale. A group of tourists wandered over these stones, a gesticulatory guide in their midst; I imagined him voluble, but all our Liliput was wrapt in a pleasing mystery of silence. The tourists moved to the edge of the circle and vanished. A soldier came briskly across the courtyard; I listened for the click of his boot-heels on the stones. In an angle of the

Castle wall a girl waited, evidently for him. He came and stood beside her, and when she lifted up her face I could see that she smiled. Presently the soldier glanced around the courtyard; there was no one in sight. He kissed the girl. I felt abashed, I turned aside, and at my elbow I heard the thoughtful wizard chuckle.

By jerking the cord which dangled from the ceiling, the wizard transported us from one section of the city to another in a second's flash. It was swifter than the magic carpets in the Arabian Nights, and there was no danger of our being spilt over the edge. I have never really approved of those magic carpets, the motion must be so unpleasant.

There was a beautiful public garden in the city, at the base of the rock on which the Castle perched, a long green garden where children frolicked and students meditated. On a bench behind a flowering shrub there sat a middle-aged man reading a book.

"That is Professor — of our University," whispered the wizard; although why he whispered I do not know.

I gazed eagerly at the eminent scholar who thought he was alone. I watched him annotate the margin of his book, pause, lean his head wearily on his hand. Yes, I heard him sigh. Or was it the wizard who sighed? A trail of rushing smoke tore up a trench in the middle of the greenness.

"The London Express," said the wizard. "The line is sunk below the level of the garden."

The Professor arose from his bench with a shrug of impatience, and we also moved on.

"It is true," I said. "Your city is one of the most beautiful in all the world."

The wizard answered nothing; he only twitched the cord. And I remembered that the city was famous for its squalor and its wickedness as well as for its beauty. Old houses leaned outward, inward, and sidewise, along the narrow hilly

streets. In and out of black holes that the wizard said were covered alleys, children crawled like maggots. Filth strewn the sidewalks, and slime dripped from the roofs. Foul humanity choked the way. I breathed sparingly, imagining a stench.

In a little arid square at the bottom of the hill, below the congested region, a few gray children played. Suddenly, at a gallop, a carriage drove across the open place. The children scattered like frightened sparrows; but one wavered, moved this way, that way, uncertain, and the off horse struck it. The people in the carriage huddled together; the horses plunged as, for one brief moment, the driver reined them in. Then, there was some kind of sign from the occupants of the carriage; he gave the horses the whip, and they dashed on.

"Stop!" I shouted, and brought my fist down smash — upon the table. But the carriage slipped over the edge of the circle into the darkness.

"They were probably catching a train," said the thoughtful man.

The child lay very still in the square, the other little ones fluttering about it. Then a woman came out of a house, and I was glad we could not hear her scream.

"I do not often see anything so dramatic as this," observed the wizard.

"Thank God!" said I.

We came down the stairs in silence. By the light of that magic circle at the top I began to read more meaning into the diagrams which represented the excellences and deficiencies of the kingdoms of this world.

"You have given me a most stimulating afternoon," I said to the thoughtful man when I bade him good-by. "I mean to have a camera obscura of my own, when I go home."

"It is simple and inexpensive," he replied. "Observation, reflection, a high place, — these are the chief requisites. It never fails to amuse, and there are some people who get more than amusement out of it."

"I shall build my Tower higher than yours," I continued, "so as to have as broad an outlook as possible. And when it is finished I shall be at home to my friends. Do you think they will come?"

He hesitated, and then he said, "Perhaps they will if you serve tea."

I WONDER, now and then, as I watch the progress of humanity, just **On Progress.** where we shall stop. In matters of church finance, for instance, how will our children's children, a century hence, conduct themselves? No one can question that we have made tremendous strides in this direction. Economy and thrift in the adjustment of religious affairs have become matters of course. Abel, it will be recalled, offered to the Lord the firstling of his flock, and the Lord looked with respect upon the offering of Abel. But with the offering of Cain he was distinctly displeased, if one may trust the record. I often wish there were, among modern inventions, some sort of spiritual phonograph by which one might judge the attitude of the Lord toward the present mode of sacrifice. With a little effort of the imagination, one can conceive such an instrument treasuring up for future generations the record, "The United Church of Centreville offered to the Lord, last evening, a rummage sale; and the Lord had respect unto the offering of Centreville."

The ideal of the Puritan Fathers — which was essentially that of Abel, namely, to give to the Lord the best of the flock — has suffered many changes on its way to the rummage sale. But in each of them there has lurked a thrifty desire to get much and give little, a desire to win the respect of the Lord at a minimum expenditure. It has been reserved to the rummage sale, however, to achieve a degree of shrewdness before which the imagination is dumb. Think of the delight of the first woman to whom the idea presented itself. She was, doubtless, some level-headed matron of the church who had labored long in the

cause. She had baked cake for church fairs, and beans for church suppers, and made ice cream for festivals, and coffee for all three, till her soul was weary within her and her countenance reddened with fire. Then, in a flash, there came to her, some night, perhaps, when she laid her tired head upon her well-earned pillow and thought upon the future welfare of the church — there came to her a revelation of the possibilities of the attic. In her mind's eye she saw, as in a dream, the roofs lifted from a hundred homes and the contents of a hundred attics exposed to view, — a harvest for the Lord, — old dresses and chairs and tables and hats, boots and shoes — too small or too big or too thick or too thin for the present owners, but sure to find a purchaser somewhere in the congregation. The stuff that everybody rejected should become the head of the corner. The idea flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth and from home to home. Old garments were routed out, cribs and baby carriages cherished by barren women, bags and baskets and lamp chimneys, rolling-pins, stoves, and pie-tins, — church members appeared bearing them proudly in their hands, offerings to the Creator of the world.

The idea in its inception was a stroke of genius, — religious, commercial genius; and its execution has been no less happy. It has grown, indeed, in the brief years of its existence, to magnificent proportions. When it was found that, although every church member was willing, and glad, to contribute things that he did not want himself, he was sometimes inconvenienced by the burden of carrying them to the church, the furniture van was introduced, and a postal was sent to each member of the congregation announcing its arrival on a fixed date. There was still left to the individual contributor the labor of climbing the attic stairs and the mental exercise of choosing from among cherished relics the least desirable ones. But this amount of

sacrifice one renders cheerfully. One does not expect to get everything for nothing — even in church finance.

Certain features of the enterprise still remain to be adjusted. A perfect adaptation of means to ends has not yet been achieved. The sale, for instance, was at first held in some part of the church building, and the buyers were, for the most part, members of the congregation. But it soon became plain, even to the least enlightened type of mind, that more could be had for the money by enlarging the circle of buyers. A hall was hired outside the church and the public invited in. Then a curious sociological development took place. It was found that the chief buyers were old clothes dealers from the down-town district; and a second move was inevitable and natural. A room was taken in a part of the town more accessible to these buyers, notice was given from the pulpit that cast-off garments of every description would be especially acceptable for the prospective rummage sale, an advertisement of the date and place of the sale was put in the daily paper, and the circle was complete. Clothes that formerly filled the missionary box or went to clothe poor relatives were now thriftily sold and the money given to the Lord. What further reach of economy is to be achieved only the future can reveal. The "manufacturer's sale" has possibilities that appeal to the imagination. When the manufacturer sends samples of his goods for nothing, and the ladies of the church sell them for something, the problem of church support has been reduced to a science. The ladies of the future, it may be, will have only to sit in stalls gay with bunting and inscribed, "Eat Calkins' Breakfast Food For Red Cheeks," or "Ball's Blacking Is Best." The manufacturer's sale is only a variety of rummage sale. Its career is of necessity limited. And what will our children do then, poor things? It might almost seem that we have reached the limits of economy, and that a return

to the ways of Abel is open to us for consideration.

THE proper age for broken hearts has increased decidedly within a century. It used to be about fifteen. At that tender age woman once reached the height of her intellectual and physical charm. This is proved by the overwhelming testimony of biographers, poets, and novelists. Did n't Goethe, for example, who rivals Solomon not only for his wisdom, but also for the number and variety of his heart entanglements, fall in and out of love with his Lili when she was just at that proper age? At fourscore and over he still had a vivid recollection of her beauty, wit, and grace in those far-off days. Of course I am wandering from my subject a little here, for no hearts were broken in this transaction, as Goethe did n't finally get his Lili, and she made it lively for him during their brief engagement. But even if we set aside this case as not wholly belonging here, what are we to do with the testimony of countless biographers, poets, and novelists? Take the profoundly philosophical and wholly unsentimental Jane Austen, in her *Sense and Sensibility*, to make one illustration do for all. Does n't she let her Marianne finally marry the flannel-waistcoated, rheumatic colonel of nearly forty after her recovery from a broken heart due to "an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen"? No, whatever the scoffing may say, the proper age for broken hearts used to be about fifteen.

Before I became a Darwinist I was a scoffer and ignorant, too. I could not close my eyes to the fact that girls of fifteen are nowadays exceedingly crude, unformed, and trying, and in my ignorance I scoffed particularly at the old-time novelists. Darwinism has shown wherein they were right and I was wrong. I was ignoring entirely the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Our up-to-date novelists will hardly permit a broken

A Query Concerning Up-to-Date Novelists.

heart under twenty-five, and such an impaired organ at forty-nine is not at all uncommon. They are right, too. Any one who chooses to look carefully into the reasons for the rush citywards, the rising cost of beef, and the increasing age at which marriages are contracted, sees at once why the novelists were right then and are right now.

Of course, the broken heart is almost exclusively a prerogative of the fair sex. The male is, in general, the tougher animal. Besides, he has one privilege which every self-respecting novelist denies to woman, he can drown his cares in drink and so preserve his heart in alcohol.

But there is another psychological inquiry which is at present troubling me, and on which I should like to have light. Our novelists (I speak of novelists only, for biographers do not give testimony on this point, and we have no poets) invariably cause the hero to make all the advances when it comes to proposals of marriage. Are they right? Is there something in the make-up of the Englishman or American which causes him to be the aggressor in all affairs of this kind? My experience with the broken heart has taught me to be cautious about doubting novelists, but there are certain considerations which lead me to suspect that they are on the wrong track here.

The inquiry was forced upon me more than a score of years ago during my student days in Germany. In my strolls through the university city the most frequently recurring sight was some servant girl roaming about with her arm around her soldier's waist. Or perhaps they were sitting on a bench with her arm tenderly encircling his neck, while his head rested on her shoulder. Here evidently woman was the aggressor, and man the passive victim. Sometimes he would look ashamed, but she never. While in the contemplative mood caused by this oft-viewed specta-

cle, I ran across a French picture entitled *Love's First Kiss*. It represented a stalwart youth, with hands down at his side, while a pretty young woman (undoubtedly not a servant, but some sort of duchess, countess, or princess) stood on tiptoe with her arms resting on his shoulders, and in the fit attitude, not to receive, but to give, love's first kiss. Here, again, woman was clearly the aggressor.

This led me to consult Continental poets and novelists with this particular point in view. To my surprise they helped confirm the mute testimony of the servant girls and the picture by frequently making the hero the victim, not the victimizer, in those acts of aggression by which love comes into its own. One example may suffice for all. In his *Alexis and Dora*, Goethe, who is chosen again because he is such a past master in all that pertains to love affairs, lets the youth admire Dora as he might admire the beauty of the moon, but with no more desire to have her than he felt to make that pale orb his own. But, enticed into her garden where she gathers a basket of fruit for his journey, he suddenly finds her arms about him, and succumbs at once. When his ship sails away a few minutes later, we see him leaning against the mast in a veritable delirium tremens of love and jealousy.

But the most serious consideration is still to come. Lay hold of almost any one of your intimate friends, make him mellow by any agency in your power, and he will confess to you privately or in a circle of confidential friends that he is married simply and solely because his wife led him on. Men have even been known to say this in the very presence of their wives without contradiction. Such confessions seem to show, among other things, that the Continental novelists are not wrong in their practice. Hence the query, Is our up-to-date novelist up to date?